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RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER. I

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

FROM the southern twilight of my early childhood memories there blazes out the recollection of a tragedy which, time and again, returns to trouble the dreams of my old age. I was an eye-witness of the blowing up and destruction by fire of the Princess, the finest steamboat on the Mississippi in those days. The night before the disaster my father and mother had kissed me good-bye and gone on board of an old dismantled steamboat, which answered the purposes of a wharf, to await the arrival of the Princess, as they intended to take passage on her for New Orleans. Early the next morning I went down to the river to find out if they had yet left. The Princess had just drawn out into the stream, and as I stood watching her as she glided down the river, a great column of white smoke suddenly went up from her and she burst into flames. She was loaded with cotton. As though by magic the inhabitants of the town gathered at the riverside, and in the crowd I spied my brother-in-law, Charles La Noue, in a buggy. He called to me. I jumped in alongside him and we dashed down the river road in the direction of the burning boat. The road was rough and the horse was fast. The high levee on our right shut out the view of the river so that we could see only the great column of smoke. On our left were the endless fields of sugar-cane, with an occasional glimpse of a planter's house set in a grove of pecan trees.

At last, in a great state of excitement, we arrived at the plantation of Mr. Conrad. 'Brother Charlie' jumped out of the vehicle and ran toward the house, while I made the horse fast to a tree. I then mounted the levee, from where I could see floating bales with people on them; men in skiffs, from both sides of the river, were rescuing the poor terror-stricken creatures, bringing them ashore. From the levee I rushed into the park in front of Mr. Conrad's residence, and there saw a sight which can never be effaced from my memory. Mr. Conrad had had sheets laid on the ground amid the trees, and barrels of flour were broken open and the contents poured over the sheets. As fast as the burned and scalded people were pulled out of the river they were seized by the slaves, and, while screaming and shrieking with pain and fright, they were forcibly thrown down on the sheets and rolled in the flour. The clothes had been burned off of many of them. Some, in their agony, could not lie still, and, with the white sheets wrapped round them, looking like ghosts, they danced a wild hornpipe while filling the air with their screams. Terrified by the

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awful and uncanny scene, I hid behind a huge tree, so that I should not see it, but no tree could prevent me from hearing those awful cries and curses, which echo in my ears even now.

Suddenly, to my horror, one of the white spectres, wrapped in a sheet, his disfigured face plastered with flour, staggered toward my hiding-place, and before I could run away from the hideous object, it extended its arms toward me and quietly said, 'Don't be afraid, Jimmie. It is me, Mr. Cheatham. I am dying, — hold my hand!' And he sank on the turf beside me. Although dreadfully frightened, I managed between sobs to ask the question uppermost in my mind: 'Can you tell me where I can find my father and mother?' The ghostlike man replied with a cry which seemed to wrench his soul from his body, shivered for an instant, and then lay still. A slave passing by pointed to the body and casually remarked, 'He done dead.'

A Creole negro woman then came running toward me; she was stout and almost out of breath, but was still able to shout out to me in her native *patois:* 'Mo cherche pour toi partout; M'sieur La Noue dit que to vinit toute suite!'

When I found Brother Charlie, he was ministering to the maimed, but found time to tell me that my parents had taken another boat, and thereby had saved their lives. I returned at once to my home, where I was comforted in the strong arms of Katish, my old black nurse.

[These vivid leaves, taken at random from the first chapters of Colonel Morgan's memoirs, set the pace, so to speak, for a life-record of adventure that stands out even in these days, when our ability to react to the prodigies of modern warfare is almost exhausted.

James Morris Morgan, as he tells us in the earlier pages of his recollections, was born in New Orleans in 1845 — the spoiled youngest child of a large family which, when the great decision of 1860 came, was divided against itself. Willful and high-spirited, his first education was drawn largely from the racing stables of his relatives, on whose great plantations he ran wild until, at fourteen, he was offered an appointment as midshipman at Annapolis. The possibilities of a roving sea-life made an instant appeal to him, and, after much trial and tribulation, he squeezed past the examining board into the Naval Academy, where he found himself aboard the school-ship Constitution, with a number of boys as green as himself. Among these were Charles S. Clark, who brought the Oregon round South America during the Spanish War; Robley D. Evans, better known later as 'Fighting Bob'; Sigsbee, of the Maine tragedy in Havana harbor; Gridley, commander of Dewey's flagship at Manila Bay, and others of equal note. Young Morgan was in the midst of his training when the war broke out — but here he takes up his own story.]

I

By the end of 1860 a dark cloud had settled over our spirits and we no longer spent our few moments of leisure in skylarking, but, instead, discussed the burning question of secession. We did not know anything about its merits, but conceived the idea that each state was to compose a separate nation. Harry Taylor, afterwards rear-admiral, who was from the District of Columbia, said that he was going with New York because that state had more commerce than any other one, and necessarily would have the biggest navy. He was promptly called down by being informed that no one would be allowed to join any state except the one he was born in, and he was further humiliated by a

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much-traveled boy who asserted that he had been in Washington, and that the District of Columbia had only one little steamboat out of which to make a navy, and that one ran between Washington and Acquia Creek, and she was rotten. Personally, I was insulted by being informed that Louisiana had been purchased by the money of the other states just as a man buys a farm, and that, therefore, she had no right to secede. This was said in retort after I had made the boast that by rights many of the states belonged to Louisiana. So the wrangle went on day after day, until the news came that South Carolina had in reality seceded, and the boys from that state promptly resigned and went home. Then followed the news of the firing on Fort Sumter. The rest of the lads from the South resigned as rapidly as they could get permission from home to do so — I among the rest.

I passed over the side of the old Constitution and out of the United States Navy, with a big lump in my throat, which I vainly endeavored to swallow, for I had many very dear friends among the northern boys — in fact, affectionate friendships, some interrupted by death but a few others which have lasted for more than half a century. To my surprise, my captain, George Rodgers, accompanied me ashore and to the railway station, telling me, as I walked beside him, that the trouble would end in a few weeks, and that I had made a great mistake, but that even then it was not too late if I would ask to withdraw my resignation.

As we passed through the old gate opening into the town, — the gate which I was not to pass through again until my head was white, fifty years afterwards, — and walked along the street, Captain Rodgers kindly took my hand in his, and then for the first time I realized that I was no longer in the navy, but only a very unhappy little boy. But the Confederacy was calling me, and I marched firmly on. The call seemed much louder at Annapolis than it did after I reached my native land.

At that time I was very small for my age (fifteen), so small, in fact, that I was dubbed 'Little' Morgan, which nickname has stuck to me to this day despite my five feet nine and a quarter inches in height and over two hundred pounds weight. With as much dignity as my size at the time would permit of my assuming, I took my seat in the car and started for Washington. Then I commenced to size up the situation. I had only twelve dollars, all the pay that was due me when I resigned, and there was a thousand miles for me to travel to reach my home; but what worried me most was the fear that the authorities would arrest me if they found out that I proposed to offer my services to the Southern Confederacy. I had no civilian togs, but I had taken the gold anchors off my collar, on which they had left dark imprints, and put blue velvet covers, fastened by elastics, over the brass buttons of my jacket. This, with the glazed cover of my cap to hide the silver anchor which adorned its front, constituted my disguise, which I felt sure would be sufficient to enable me to slip through the enemy's capital without recognition. I was just beginning to feel comfortable when a motherly-looking old lady on the opposite seat disturbed my equanimity by asking me in a loud voice if I was 'one of those little Naval Academy boys who were going South.' That woman surely had the making of a Sherlock Holmes in her.

I had not an idea as to what I would have to do to reach home after I arrived in Washington; so, to throw the minions of Abraham Lincoln further off my trail, I went straight to the house of Captain Henry Maynadier, U.S.A., an ardent Union man who had

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married one of my first cousins. I told him that I wanted to get home and had no money, and then, washing my hands of all responsibility, left the rest for him to do. He did it. He obtained a permit for himself and me to pass through the lines, and, hiring a hack, we started on our adventure.

The Union pickets held the Long Bridge; half a mile below, on the Alexandria road, were posted the Confederate sentries. Of course, with the permit, we had no difficulty in crossing the bridge; but before we had proceeded very far on the road a man with a gun jumped out of the bushes and ordered us to halt. The fellow was an Irishman who had formerly done chores at Captain Maynadier's house in Washington, and, of course, he instantly recognized him, at the same time crying out gleefully, 'Begorra! we'll whip those dirty nigger-loving Yanks now that you are coming with us!'

The captain said a few pleasant words to him, told him that I was going South, and asked him to see that I did not miss my way to Alexandria where I was to catch the train. He also told me to jump out quickly and ordered the driver to turn around. I had hardly reached the ground when the driver put whip to his horses and the astounded picket, recovering from his astonishment, raised his gun. I begged him not to shoot, assuring him that Captain Maynadier was coming South later. He did — with Sherman! This occurred in the latter part of April. In November of that year, Captain Maynadier and I were shooting at each other at Island No. 10 on the Mississippi.

Arriving at the railway station in Alexandria, I found a great crowd wildly cheering ex-Senator Wigfall, who was a volunteer aide on General Beauregard's staff and who had received the sword of Major Anderson when Fort Sumter surrendered. Wigfall stood on the rear platform of a car, bowing his appreciation of the enthusiasm. I found an unoccupied seat on the train and was making myself comfortable, when a big, broad-shouldered, stumpy man waddled up to where I sat, and said, 'Sonny, as you are so small and I am so large, I think we will make a good fit for this narrow seat'; and, without further ado, he seated himself beside me, first asking me to move so he could have the place by the window.

The train started amid wild cheers for Wigfall, the hero of the hour, and at every station where we stopped crowds were gathered, demanding a speech from the great man. The stout fellow with the short legs who was seated beside me apparently took no interest in the proceedings and seemed engrossed by his own thoughts. It was some time after dark when we arrived at Lynchburg, Virginia, where the largest crowd we had yet seen was waiting for the train. Many of the men bore torches, but they were not cheering for Wigfall; they seemed to be in an ugly humor about something. Suddenly there were cries of 'Hang the traitor! Here is a rope! Bring him out!' as the maddened mob fairly swirled about the car. A man burst through the door, rushed up the aisle to where I sat, and said to my neighbor, 'Are you Andy Johnson?'

'I am Mr. Johnson,' replied the stout gentleman.

'Well,' said the stranger, 'I want to pull your nose!' and he made a grab for Mr. Johnson's face.

The latter brushed the man's hand aside, at the same time jumping to his feet. There followed a scuffle for a few seconds, and poor little me, being between the combatants, got much the worst of it.

The crime for which they wanted to lynch Mr. Johnson was the fact that he was reported to be on his way to Tennessee for the purpose of preventing

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that state from seceding. Mr. Wigfall came up to Mr. Johnson and asked him to go out on the platform with him. Wigfall at once addressed the mob and urged them to give Mr. Johnson a hearing, which they did. The latter commenced his speech by saying, 'I am a Union man!' and he talked to them until the train moved off, holding their attention as though they were spellbound. His last words were, 'I am a Union man!' — and the last cry we heard from the crowd was, 'Hang him!'

On relating the foregoing incident to Mr. George A. Trenholm, then Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, I expressed the opinion that it was one of the greatest exhibitions of courage I had ever witnessed; but Mr. Trenholm cast a damper on my enthusiasm by saying, 'My son, I have known Mr. Johnson since we were young men. He rode into prominence on the shoulders of just such a mob as you saw at Lynchburg, and no man knows how to handle such a crowd better than Mr. Johnson. Had he weakened, they probably would have hung him.'

It was the same Andrew Johnson, afterwards President of the United States, who granted Mr. Trenholm amnesty and a pardon in 1866.

II

Continuing my journey, I at last arrived at Montgomery, Alabama, capital of the Confederate States. My fears that the war would be over before I got there were somewhat allayed, for I had been told positively that it would not last six weeks before the South finished it victoriously. I found the new capital in a ferment of excitement. Nobody seemed to know exactly what it was about, but it was the fashion to be excited. From every house containing a piano the soul-stirring strains of the Marseillaise floated out of open windows. At the hotel where I stopped, champagne flowed like water. The big parlor was crowded with men dressed in uniforms designed to the taste of the wearer, so that it looked like a gathering for a fancy-dress ball. On the chairs and window-sills were bottles of wine and glasses, while at the piano sat a burly German who, of course, crashed out the everlasting Marseillaise while his enthusiastic audience sang it. A more ridiculous sight than a lot of native-born Americans, not understanding a word of French, beating their breasts as they howled what they flattered themselves were the words of the song, it was never before my bad fortune to witness.

There was a moment's halt in the music while some one made a war speech. The tired and sweating German musician took advantage of the respite to get a little air also, and, as he stood beside me, I heard him mutter, 'Dom the Marseillaise!'

The morning after my arrival, I went to the Capitol to offer my services, and the sword I intended to buy, to the government. There were numbers of employees rushing about the building in a great state of excitement, but with nothing to do. None of them could tell me where I could find the Secretary of the Navy. At last I ran across an intelligent official who informed me that 'There warn't no such person.' It appeared to be the custom of the attachés, when in doubt, to refer the stranger to Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the 'Pooh Bah' of the Confederate government, then Secretary of State. He informed me that there was not as yet any Confederate Navy, and further humiliated me by calling me 'sonny.' However, he was very kind and took me into the private office of President Jefferson Davis, who was kindness personified and told me to go home and tell my parents that, as soon as the government established

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a Naval School, I should have one of the first appointments. I left the presence of the great man crestfallen and convinced that the Confederacy was doomed. I had come to fight, not to go to school. I had just left the greatest naval school in the world — and here the best they could offer me was a place in some makeshift academy to be erected in the dim future! I felt that I had been deceived and badly treated, and I mentally comforted myself with the assurance that I knew more about drill and tactics than the whole mob of civilian generals and colonels who thronged the Capitol's corridors. But Mr. Davis did not know this.

I was a full-blown pessimist by the time I reached my hotel, where I was greeted by the sounds of the everlasting 'Enfants de la patrie,' being hiccoughed as usual in the parlor; and for the rest of the day I iterated and reiterated the German's prayer, 'Dom the Marseillaise!'

The only way to get from Montgomery to Mobile was by steamboat; and all the boats had been seized by the government for the transportation of troops. After much urging, the captain of one of the transports, as a favor, allowed me to pay for my passage to Mobile on condition that I would sleep on the deck, if I could find a place, and supply my own provisions. The boat would start when he received orders, but he did not know when that would be. A two days' wait followed, during which I stayed on the boat so as to be sure that I would not be left and consequently lose the price of my passage. That was important, as my finances were running low. Confederate money had not yet made its appearance, and gold was even then being hoarded. I had already lost quite a sum exchanging one state's money for another, as even the paper money issued in one county did not pass at par in the next (if accepted at all); but everybody was jubilant over the fact that the Confederate Congress had appropriated *fifteen millions* of dollars to carry the war on to a successful termination.

Finally, after endless delay, a swarm of volunteers took possession of the boat and we were off. The transport carried no guns, but she was armed with an instrument of torture called a 'calliope,' or steam piano, and as she backed out into the river it broke loose, shrieking an imitation of the Marseillaise, which, with few intermissions, was kept up during the two days and nights it took us to reach Mobile. When the calliope did stop, it was very soothing to hear the negro deck-hands break into song with their tuneful melodies.

The volunteers were composed of fresh youthful-looking men, and almost every one of them was accompanied by a 'body servant,' as negro valets were called in the South. They were also accompanied by a great number of baskets of champagne and boxes of brandy. Few aristocrats in those days ever drank whiskey, which was supposed to be a vulgar tipple. They also had huge hampers containing roasted turkeys, chickens, hams, and all sorts of good things, with which they were very generous. Every private also had from one to three trunks containing his necessary wardrobe. I saw some of these same young men in the muddy trenches in front of Richmond in 1865, when they were clothed partially in rags, and were gnawing ears of hard corn, and would gladly have exchanged half a dozen negroes or a couple of hundred acres of land for a square meal or a decent bed to sleep on.

III

My record of those crowded days is so voluminous that I pass over the events of the next few months, which led to my definite appointment as midshipman in

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the Confederate Navy. After having a hand in the desperate fighting at Island No. 10 in the Mississippi,[1] I was transferred for a short time to the James River, near Richmond, for gunboat duty, and then sent, by doctor's orders, to Charleston.

With all my state pride, I must acknowledge that the article of chills and fever handed to me on the James River was superior to the brand on the lower Mississippi, and complicated by chronic dysentery, it so sapped my strength that the doctor ordered me to show myself at the Navy Department and ask for orders to some other station. Commodore French Forrest was chief of the Bureau of Orders and Detail, and I really thought he had some sympathy for my condition when he looked me over. He asked me where I would like to be ordered to, and I quickly said that I should be delighted if I was sent to the naval battery at Port Hudson. The Commodore then asked if I had relatives near there, and on my assuring him that my mother and sisters were refugees and were staying at the plantation of General Carter, only a few miles distant, he turned to a clerk and said, 'Make out an order for Midshipman Morgan to report to Commodore Ingraham at Charleston, South Carolina. I don't believe in having young officers tied to their mothers' apron-strings.' And so to Charleston I went.

Commodore Ingraham, to whom I reported, was the man who, some years previously, when in command of the little sloop-of-war St. Louis, in the port of Smyrna, had bluffed an Austrian frigate and compelled her to surrender Martin Kotza, a naturalized American citizen, whom they held as a prisoner. This act made Ingraham the idol of the people at that time; if repeated in this day (1916), it would cost an officer his commission. Commodore Ingraham also commanded the Confederate gunboats when they drove the Federal blockading fleet away from Charleston.

I was assigned to the Chicora, a little ironclad that was being built between two wharves which served as a navy yard. She was not nearly completed, so I was forced to hunt for quarters on shore. Being directed to a miserable boarding-house, which was fourth-rate, and consequently supposed to be cheap, I found that the cheapest board to be had was at the rate of forty-five dollars a month, so I did not see exactly how I could manage it, as my shore pay was only forty. However, the generous hotel proprietor, when the situation was explained, consented to let me stay for that sum, on condition that I would make up the other five dollars if my friends at home sent me any money. The man was certainly taking a long chance. Where were my friends, and where was my home? My mother and sisters were refugees. As for my home, it was a wreck.

Lieutenant Warley, with whom I had served on the McRae, was the only human being I knew in Charleston, and the great difference in our ranks, as well as our ages, precluded the possibility of my making a companion of him; so, a lonely boy, I roamed the streets of the quaint old city. Evidently the war as yet had had no effect on the style

[1] For many years I have treasured a copy of an epitaph (evidently written by an 'unreconstructed rebel') which appears on a headstone in the Methodist Cemetery, St. Louis: —

Here lize a stranger braiv,
Who died while fightin the Suthern Confederacy to save,
Piece to his dust.
Braive Suthern friend
From iland 10
You reached a Glory us end.
We plase these flowrs above the stranger's hed,
In honor of the shiverlus ded.
Sweet spirit rest in Heven
Ther 'l be know Yankis there.

— The Author.

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kept up by the old blue-bloods, for I was amazed to see handsome equipages, with coachmen in livery on the box, driving through the town. Little did their owners dream that before very long those same fine horses would be hauling artillery and commissary wagons, and those proud liveried servants would be at work with pick and spade throwing up breastworks!

To my great delight, George Hollins, a son of my dearly loved old Commodore, a boy of about my own age with whom I had been shipmate on the Mississippi River, arrived in town, and the boarding-house man consented to allow him to share my little room at the same rate charged me. George had been in Charleston only a few days when yellow fever became epidemic. It was the latter part of August and the heat was something fearful. I had no fear of the fever, as I had been accustomed to its frequent visits to my old home; but with Hollins, a native of Baltimore, it was different.

One afternoon he came into our room and complained of a headache and a pain in his back. The symptoms were familiar to me, so I persuaded him to go to bed and covered him with the dirty rag of a blanket. I then went quickly downstairs and asked the wife of the proprietor to let me have some hot water for a foot-bath, and also to give me a little mustard. The woman was shocked at my presumption, but consented to give me the hot water; at parting with the mustard she demurred. As I was about to leave her kitchen, she demanded to know what I wanted with hot water, and when I told her that my friend had the yellow fever, there was a scene in which she accused me of trying to ruin the reputation of the house, and threatened me with dire punishment from her husband.

I made Hollins put his feet in the hot water and then I went to a nearby druggist, telling him the situation, and asking him if he would credit me for the mustard, explaining that neither Hollins nor myself had any money. The kindly apothecary gave me the mustard and told me I could have any medicines needed, and also advised me to go at once and see Doctor Lebby, who, he was sure, would attend to the case without charge. The doctor came and did all that was possible. Poor George grew rapidly worse; he seemed to cling to me as his only friend, and could not bear to have me leave him for an instant. We slept that night huddled up together in the narrow bed.

The next morning a strange negro man, very well dressed, and carrying a bunch of flowers in one hand and a bundle in the other, entered the room and proceeded to make himself very much at home. When asked what his business was, he said he was a yellow-fever nurse. I told him that we had no money and could not pay a nurse, at which he burst into a broad grin and said that he did not want any money; that he belonged to Mr. Trenholm, who had sent him there. Through the day all sorts of delicacies continued to arrive, and to every inquiry as to whom they came from, the reply was, 'Mr. Trenholm.'

The second night of his illness, George was taken with the black vomit, which, as I held him in my arms, saturated my clothes. A shiver passed through his frame and without a word he died. Leaving my friend's body in charge of the nurse, I went in search of Lieutenant Warley, who told me not to worry about the funeral as Mr. Trenholm would make all arrangements. George Hollins was buried in the beautiful Magnolia Cemetery, and immediately after the funeral, Mr. Warley told me that I was not to go back to the boarding-house, but was for the present to share his room at the Mills House, a fashionable hotel.

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IV

A few days after the funeral, as I was walking down Broad Street with Mr. Warley, we saw coming toward us a tall and very handsome man with silvery hair. Mr. Warley told me that he was Mr. Trenholm, and that I must thank him for all his kindness to my friend. Mr. Trenholm said that he was only sorry that he could not have done more for the poor boy, and, turning to the lieutenant, said, 'Warley, can't you let this young gentleman come and stay at my house? There are some young people there, and we will try to make it pleasant for him.'

I thanked Mr. Trenholm, and told him that I had recently been sleeping in the same bed with my friend, who had died of the most virulent form of yellow fever, and of course I could not go into anybody's house for some time to come; but the generous gentleman assured me that his family had no fears of the fever and insisted on my accepting his kind invitation. However, I did not think it right to go, and did not accept at that time; but a day or two afterwards, I again met him, with Mr. Warley, and he said, 'Warley, I am sorry this young gentleman won't accept my invitation: we would try to make it pleasant for him.'

Mr. Warley turned to me, saying, 'Youngster, you pack your bag and go up to Mr. Trenholm's house.'

That settled it and I went, arriving at the great mansion shortly before the dinner-hour. I did not, however, take a bag with me. If I had owned one, I should have had nothing to put in it.

I will not attempt to describe Mr. Trenholm's beautiful home. For more than half a century now it has been pointed out to tourists as one of the show places of Charleston, and has long since passed into the hands of strangers. I must confess that, as I opened the iron gate and walked through the well-kept grounds to the front door, I was a little awed by the imposing building, with its great columns supporting the portico. I could not but feel some misgivings as to the reception I would get, stranger as I was, from the family, whom I never had met. Still, I did not dare run away, and so I timidly rang the bell. A slave, much better dressed than I, and with the manners of a Chesterfield, appeared and showed me into the parlor; it was all very grand, but very lonely, as there was no one there to receive me. I took a seat and made myself comfortable; it had been a long time since I had sat on a luxurious sofa. In a few minutes, two young ladies entered. Of course I had never seen either of them before, but the idea instantly flashed into my mind that I was going to marry the taller of the two, who came toward me and introduced herself as Miss Trenholm.

While we were chatting, there arrived a Frenchman, a Colonel Le Mat, the inventor of the 'grapeshot revolver,' a horrible contraption, the cylinder of which revolved around a section of a gun-barrel. The cylinder contained ten bullets, and the grapeshot barrel was loaded with buckshot which, when fired, would almost tear the arm off a man with its recoil. Le Mat's English vocabulary was limited, and his only subject of conversation was his invention, so he used me to explain to the young ladies how the infernal machine worked. Now that sounds all very easy, but one must remember that Le Mat was a highly imaginative Gaul and insisted on posing me to illustrate his lecture. This was embarrassing, especially as he considered it polite to commence over again as each new guest entered the room. At last relief came when Mr. Trenholm arrived with a beautiful lady, well past middle-age, leaning on his arm; and I was intro-

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duced to my hostess, whose kind face and gentle manner put me at my ease at once.

Oh, but it was a good dinner I sat down to that day! After all these years the taste of the good things lingers in my memory, and I can almost smell the 'aurora,' as Boatswain Miller used to call the aroma, of the wonderful old madeira. It was in the month of September, and the weather was intensely hot; I had my heavy cloth uniform coat buttoned closely, and only the rim of my paper collar showed above. Dinner over, we assembled in the drawing-room, where we were enjoying music, when suddenly I found myself in a most embarrassing position. Dear, kind Mrs. Trenholm was the cause of it. Despite my protestations that naval officers were never allowed to open their uniform coats, she insisted, as it was so warm, that I should unbutton mine and be comfortable. Unbutton that coat! Never! I would have died first. I had no shirt under that coat: I did not own one.

When bedtime arrived Mr. Trenholm escorted me to a handsomely furnished room. What a sleep I had that night between those snow-white sheets, and what a surprise there was in the morning when I opened my eyes and saw a man-servant putting studs and cuff-buttons in a clean white shirt. On a chair there lay a newly pressed suit of civilian togs. I assured the man that he had made a mistake, but he told me that he had orders from his mistress, and that all those things and the contents of a trunk he had brought into the room were for me, adding that they had belonged to his young 'Mars' Alfred,' a boy of about my own age, whose health had broken down in the army and who had been sent abroad. I wanted the servant to leave the room so that I could rise. I was too modest to get out of bed in his presence and too diffident to ask him to leave; but at last I reflected that everybody must know that I had no shirt, so I jumped up and tumbled into a bath, and when the 'body' servant had arrayed me in those fine clothes I hardly knew myself.

After breakfast two horses were brought to the front of the house—one, with a lady's saddle, Gypsy by name, was one of the most beautiful Arabs I ever saw (and I have seen many); the other, a grand chestnut, called Jonce Hooper, who was one of the most famous racehorses on the Southern turf when the war began. He had been bought by Colonel William Trenholm, my host's eldest son, for a charger; but Colonel Trenholm soon found that the pampered racer was too delicate for rough field-work in time of war. Miss Trenholm and I mounted these superb animals, and that morning and many mornings afterwards, we went for long rides. In the afternoons I would accompany the young ladies in a landau drawn by a fine pair of bays, with two men on the box. Just at that time the life of a Confederate midshipman did not seem to me to be one of great hardship; but my life of ease and luxury was fast drawing to an end.

One day the distinguished Commodore Matthew F. Maury, then on his way to Europe to fit out Confederate cruisers, dined at the house, and, after dinner, joined the gay party on the piazza with Mr. Trenholm, who was the head of the firm of Fraser, Trenholm and Co. of Liverpool and Charleston, financial agents of the Confederate government. Suddenly, Mr. Trenholm came over to where I was laughing and talking with a group of young people, and asked me if I would like to go abroad and join a cruiser. I told him that nothing would delight me more, but that those details were for officers who had distinguished themselves, or who had influence, and that as I had not

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done the one thing, and did not possess the other requisite, I could stand no possible chance of being ordered to go. Mr. Trenholm said that was not the question: he wanted to know if I really wished to go. On being assured that I would give anything for the chance, he returned to Commodore Maury and resumed his conversation about the peculiarities of the Gulf Stream.

Imagine my surprise the next morning when, after returning from riding, I was handed a telegram which read: 'Report to Commodore M. F. Maury for duty abroad. Mr. Trenholm will arrange for your passage. Signed: S. R. Mallory. Secretary of the Navy.' It fairly took my breath away!

Mr. Trenholm owned many blockade-runners — one of them, the little light-draught steamer Herald, was lying in Charleston harbor loaded with cotton and all ready to make an attempt to run through the blockading fleet. Commodore Maury, accompanied by his little son, a boy twelve years of age, and myself, whom he had designated as his aide-de-camp for the voyage, went on board after bidding goodbye to our kind friends. About ten o'clock at night, we got under way and steamed slowly down the harbor, headed for the sea. The moon was about half-full, but heavy clouds coming in from the ocean obscured it. We passed between the great lowering forts of Moultrie and Sumter, and were soon on the bar, when suddenly there was a rift in the clouds, through which the moon shone brightly, and there, right ahead of us we plainly saw a big sloop-of-war!

There was no use trying to hide. She had also seen us, and the order 'Hard-a-starboard!' which rang out on our boat was nearly drowned by the roar of the warship's great guns. The friendly clouds closed again and obscured the moon, and we rushed back to the protecting guns of the forts without having had our paint scratched. Two or three more days were passed delightfully in Charleston; then there came a drizzly rain and on the night of the 9th of October, 1862, we made another attempt to get through the blockade. All lights were out except the one in the covered binnacle, protecting the compass. Not a word was spoken save by the pilot, who gave his orders to the man at the wheel in whispers. Captain Coxetter, who commanded the Herald, had previously commanded the privateer Jeff Davis, and had no desire to be taken prisoner, as he had been proclaimed by the Federal government to be a pirate and was doubtful about the treatment he would receive if he fell into the enemy's hands. He was convinced that the great danger in running the blockade was in his own engine-room, so he seated himself on the ladder leading down to it and politely informed the engineer that if the engine stopped before he was clear of the fleet, he, the engineer, would be a dead man. As Coxetter held in his hand a Colt's revolver, this sounded like no idle threat.

Presently I heard the whispered word passed along the deck that we were on the bar. This information was immediately followed by a series of bumps as the little ship rose on the seas, which were quite high, and then plunging downward, hit the bottom, causing her to ring like an old tin pan. However, we safely bumped our way across the shallows, and plunging and tossing in the gale, this little cockle-shell, whose rail was scarcely five feet above the sea-level, bucked her way toward Bermuda. She was about as much under water as she was on top of it for most of the voyage.

(To be continued.)

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THE INSANE ROOT

BY L. P. JACKS

I

Not many months ago an English family was gathered round the fire, reading various newspapers and magazines. In the group was a young officer who had taken part in the battle of Loos and escaped death by a miracle. All the party were silent except for an occasional remark or ejaculation. The officer was the eldest son of a large family and much beloved. In a few days his leave would expire and he would return to a most dangerous part of the line. The family knew well how great the chances were that they would never see him again after his departure. Yet there was no conversation.

The scene was characteristically English, especially in the pervading silence. But in this the party was in some degree under the influence of the young officer himself. He had been strangely reticent during his leave, especially about his own doings and experiences. To his parents and brothers and sisters he had been most affectionate and tender; but, as they would often say to one another, 'We can get nothing out of him.' Whenever the war was talked about he would look far into the distance with a strange, solemn expression on his face. But he would say nothing. After a time the family came to feel that his silence was more eloquent than speech, and ceased to ply him with questions.

That night it so happened that one member of the party was reading the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which there was an article describing the battle of Loos. It was one of the admirable articles on 'Kitchener's Mob.'

When the reader had finished, he laid down the magazine and said, 'Shocking, shocking!' whereupon the officer, very quietly, took up the magazine and read the article in his turn. 'Well, what do you think of it?' somebody asked. 'Oh,' he answered, 'it's quite true. But it's not shocking. No, not shocking at all.'

Then silence again fell on the group and the young officer resumed his gazing into the distance. Presently he broke out with some heat. 'You said the article was shocking. I tell you no *description* of anything is worth such a word. Fancy being shocked by what a man *writes!* Nothing that anybody can *say* or *write* about anything will ever shock me again. You should see what men *do*. You should see what they *suffer*. Oh, how I wish they'd all shut up!'

Ever since this incident occurred, these last words have recurrently echoed in my mind and I have been trying to fathom their meaning. It is a difficult undertaking; and the difficulty is greater because every attempt to *say* what they mean is at once checked by the words themselves: 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!' And yet, from the first I could not help feeling that they gave expression to something that was deeply moving, not in my own mind alone but in the minds of the men and women whom I meet every day. It has nothing to do with the articles on 'Kitchener's Mob,' at least not more to

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do with them than with a dozen articles I have written myself. All this talk about the war, the moralizing about it, the analysis of its causes, the lessons to be drawn from it, the professors' views of it, the preachers' views of it, the attempts to reconcile it with this or that, the proof that it is evil, the proof that it is good, all this mass of literature and speech-making to which the war is, before anything else, a theme for discussion — to what does it all amount when set side by side with the realities of the war itself?

In the space of two years, six million human beings have been slaughtered by other human beings, and the slaughter still goes on; thirty-five millions have been mutilated, and the mutilation still goes on; fifteen thousand million pounds' worth of property has been destroyed, and the destruction still goes on. On the one side a devastating whirlwind, a tempest of elemental forces, a wild chaos of death and ruin; on the other side, a chorus of talkers and speech-makers and article-writers; political philosophers building their cloud-castles; a monotonous sing-song about 'humanity' and 'society' and the 'world-state' and the 'social whole.' Visualize the six million slain and the thirty-five million wounded; look for one instant at this madness as a thing in being — and you will understand, even though you cannot express, the meaning of the words, 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!'

In presence of a fact so outrageous, so abominable, so unspeakable, there are moments when one feels that all a reasonable being can do is to hold his peace. There is no theory of human nature, no view of the world, into which such a thing can be fitted. Even if one holds, as I have recently heard it suggested, that man is the lowest of the carnivora, the situation is still inexplicable and meaningless. The carnivora do not make war on their own species; they make war on other species; they make it in a less cruel manner, and for a far better purpose, for their prey is their food. There is nothing in the life of the lowest of the beasts which can be compared for utter senselessness with this mutual rending to pieces of the nations. Even if we admit, as perhaps we must, that war develops the higher faculties of man, what an amazing numbskull man must be, to have found no better way of developing his higher faculties! And if war is the only way in which it can be done, does it follow that a war such as *this* is the best sort of war for the purpose? Is it necessary to kill and wound to the tune of forty-one millions in order to get our higher faculties into the best possible shape? Are our higher faculties so constituted that they need, not only war to develop them, but just that kind of war which enables you to blow the souls out of a thousand of your fellow men by pressing a button? Would not bows and arrows, and slings, and stone hatchets, and Roman swords develop our higher faculties just as effectively?

And what shall we say of our views of the world? Take the worst of them, and suppose the world to be utterly and irremediably given over to the Devil. What follows? Surely this — that the Devil is an unspeakable idiot. Hell does not make war upon *itself*. It makes war upon heaven: it conserves its own forces for the destruction of its opposite. This may be immoral, but in point of sanity there is no comparison with the spectacle before us. No devil has ever been constructed by the human imagination who would not look upon such proceedings with proud contempt. Gehenna itself seems to turn its back upon us.

Looking at the matter in this way, we begin to understand the mood of indignation which breaks loose in the cry,

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'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!' After all, the war itself is not the crowning absurdity. The crowning absurdity is the notion that this fools' business can be reduced to some sort of rational proposition by any manner of talking about it, explaining it, drawing 'lessons' from it, or pronouncing moral epigrams over it. 'The world is ruled by ideas,' say the talkers, 'and if only we can get the right idea of this thing all will come well. Let us therefore go on talking till the right idea emerges.'

Well, what kind of an 'idea' is it which decreed the killing and the wounding in two years of a number of human beings equal to the total population of the British Isles? Whose sapient brain conceived it? Whose wise discretion carried it into operation? The doctrine of ideas ruling the world is a two-edged sword, for it involves, not only that remedies come from ideas, but that the mischiefs to be remedied spring from the same source. But the facts say no! There never was an idea, either of man or devil, which can rightly be held responsible for the formless hotch-potch of murder which is now being enacted in Europe. It is the negation of all ideas moral or immoral, wise or foolish, that have ever visited the mind of man. As one views it in that light the heart grows hot with indignation against the whole tribe of preachers, philosophers, moralists, and essayists who nourish the delusion of their own importance in this hurly-burly; who think that what they can *say* about this thing will set it right or exercise any weight or influence whatsoever in a world which now before our eyes is trampling underfoot all that has been *said* hitherto by them and by their likes in every age.

It is possible that candid observers in America have not yet begun to share the feeling I am trying to describe. I observe from the American newspapers that are sent me that the proposal to form a league of peace among the nations is still being advocated with great ability and enthusiasm on the other side of the Atlantic. I have nothing to say against such a league, and sincerely hope it may be set on foot in some effective form. But just now in England it is difficult to work up much enthusiasm about the league of peace. When I mention it to my friends I often get an answer something like this: 'Yes — the league of peace is an excellent idea. But ideas far more excellent, proposals far more beneficent have been before the world for nineteen centuries — and they have n't come to much!' Or again, the same paper which contains on one side a list of three or four thousand casualties — and we have been searching them through, dreading that a particular name might meet the eye — contains on the other side an admirable epigram by President Wilson which has just been cabled round the world and puts the whole situation in a nutshell. 'How true!' we say to one another. But alas, alas! the world is not ruled by moral epigrams. The best that can be done in that line was done by the Lake of Galilee a long time ago — but it did not prevent this war.

To such a pass of skepticism do men come who for two years and more have been gradually growing familiar with a reality whose nature as we come nearer to it seems more and more to baffle speech, and to elude, by its ugliness and irrationality, all the known categories of human thought.

This sort of skepticism, I say, has been growing on us here in England. Two years ago it hardly existed. We were under certain obsessions, which, though they have an academic origin, are by no means confined to academies. We had an unlimited faith in that mode of governing the world which consists in describing how the world ought to be

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governed. We believed that, if only we went on long enough repeating our sing-song about 'humanity' and the 'social whole,' something really good would come of it. We believed that the world could be steered into right courses by preaching and pamphleteering and holding conferences and passing resolutions and making speeches. This last especially. When Mr. Asquith or President Wilson made a speech, we devoured it almost before we had read the news of the day, and went home from our clubs depressed or elated as the case might be. We saw that things were in a bad way, but we thought that, if only somebody of sufficient weight would make a certain sort of speech, or issue a certain sort of programme, all would be well. But *now!* We are growing into tough subjects. When we hear of the 'lessons' the war is teaching, we ask, 'Will the lesson be *learned?*' When we hear of programmes for reconstructing the world, we ask, 'Will the programme be rehearsed?'

We are all more or less like Dante when the women saw him in the streets of Ravenna. We have sniffed the fumes of the pit and been bitterly salted by its fires. In sympathy with those whom we love, we have been through experiences which reveal the vanity of speech-making. We have learned something from those young men who come back to us now and then after rubbing elbows with death for many months — something, but not a thousandth part of what we shall learn hereafter when the survivors come back in their millions. What is it we have learned? What is it we are going to learn? Not a new theory of life. Not a new view of the universe. Not anything which can be reduced to a doctrine, a formula, a lesson; but an indefinable mood, of which a faint echo may be caught in the words of the young officer, 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!'

This may seem a somewhat lamentable conclusion. But it is not so. Unless I am much mistaken, the mood I am trying to indicate has had something to do with every notable renaissance of the human spirit. 'Your solemn assemblies my soul hateth. Your hands are full of blood.' It is an old story, and a promising one from the moment when men begin to *feel* its significance.

II

And here I wish to make a recantation — not because I regard my opinions as important to others, but because I observe that many persons, who are wiser than I am and have more to lose by confessing their errors, would be glad to make the same recantation. Two years ago, I thought and wrote that *human nature* is responsible for the war. A thing is known by its fruits, and since the war was plainly the doing of man, what better evidence could we have of the sort of being man really is? The war seemed to me at the moment to represent both the height and the depth, the best and the worst, of which man is capable — the best in the heroism, courage, sense of duty which are everywhere abundantly displayed, the worst in the ferocity, the hatred, the blood-lust, and the cruelty.

I could not make up my mind as to which of the two sides was preponderant. Sometimes it seemed the one, sometimes the other. But as the war went on and developed its general character and proportions, I began to feel that it could not be interpreted in terms either of the good side or the bad side, either taken singly or taken together. It gradually took on the character of a vast exhibition of insanity, not amenable to the categories either of evil or of good; so that if my original proposition about human nature being responsible were true, the only conclu-

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sion I could draw was that man was essentially mad. And it was madness of a curiously complicated kind, of a kind so extraordinary indeed that it may well be doubted if the most experienced alienist has ever encountered anything comparable to it among the most dangerous class of lunatics. Here was a group of great peoples, enlightened by all that science, philosophy, and religion have to teach, slaughtering and mutilating one another to the tune of forty-one millions in two years — and all for what? To settle a type of quarrel which, if it had broken out between six sensible individuals, instead of so many 'Great Powers,' might have been amicably settled in a few minutes over a pipe of tobacco.

But that was only half the story. The other half came, not from the war, but from the people who stay at home and discuss the war and think that these Bedlam proceedings can be stopped and prevented for the future by launching programmes or by pronouncing epigrams. It seemed to me incomprehensible that these people should be unaware that their talking method had had its day, had had a fair trial through many centuries, with such results as we are now witnessing; and so, of all the madmen who were making their contributions to the reigning pandemonium, these wiseacres seemed to me the maddest of the lot. So I began to listen with sympathy when I heard people saying ugly things about human nature — as that man is the lowest of all the carnivora, the most irrational of all created beings, the biggest fool in the universe, the one animal who is incapable of managing his own affairs, and so on. All this seemed to follow if I stood firm to my original proposition that human nature is responsible for the war.

Then I looked round on the men and women I knew; I even thought of certain Germans whose friendship had been mine in happier days. I thought of men of other races whom I had met in my travels, men of many religions, of different colors and of skulls with curious shapes. Plainly these people were not mad or bestial. They were far superior to the highest of the carnivora. I was bound to admit some exceptions. But taking them all in all, they were a very decent, kindly, sensible lot. They had no desire to blow one another to pieces. I could not remember meeting one who wanted even to blow *me* to pieces. I could indeed recall a conversation with an angry German professor who assured me in excellent colloquial English that one of these days 'Germany would knock the bottom out of the British Empire'; but if I had suggested that he should make a small beginning on the spot by sticking a bayonet through my body, he would have turned sick at the thought. I certainly had no wish to bayonet *him*. And so all round. The forty-one millions killed and wounded represent what none of these decent, sensible, kindly individuals *wants*. It represents something which every one of them abhors. If only these men and women were *left alone* to express their own nature in its own way; if only they were allowed to live without interference from foul spells of one kind or another, they would never be such fools (to use the mildest term) as to make the exhibition of themselves which an astonished universe has now to witness. And I turned aside from my books on 'The Philosophical Theory of Human Solidarity' and began repeating the 'Battle of Blenheim' — about Old Caspar and Little Peterkin.

As I considered these things it suddenly flashed upon me that human nature is not responsible for the war, and that I had been wholly and disastrously wrong in thinking that it was. I saw

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that human nature has been dragged into the business against its will — dragged into it by some malign power. For something or somebody is plainly responsible for the war — else it could never have taken place. What is it?

Pondering this question, I found a certain indignation rising within me, and it moved in three directions. First it moved against myself for having ever done my species the foul wrong of thinking that human nature is responsible for this war. Secondly, it moved against the writers (of whom again I had formerly been one myself) who are constantly declaring that what the peoples want is a change of heart. Thirdly and chiefly, it moved against our philosophical theorists, — of whom I had never been one, thank God! — who have erected the State into something semi-divine, if not divine altogether. *For I had begun to see that it is precisely State-nature, and not human nature, which is rightly responsible for all this devilry.* Of this I will try to speak more fully.

III

The State, as philosophers represent it, is an organization by means of which individuals pool their personalities, their wills, their minds, their energies, and their resources for the common good. It appears to be an admirable arrangement, and, in the eyes of many, it is adorable. Not only is the 'common good' promoted as it could be by nothing else, but the individual who lends himself to the State, body, soul, and spirit, gets back his individuality enlarged and enriched with the wisdom, the grandeur, the morality of the vast being whom he has thus made his creditor. Thus, the State draws both the selfish and the unselfish into its net and provides salvation for both. To the selfish man who wants to have the best possible time, the State says, 'Surrender to me and serve me, for only thus can anybody have a really good time.' To the unselfish man who would sacrifice himself for others, the State says, 'I am here, a standing opportunity for self-immolation. Serve me!'

All this is true and would be helpful were it not for a single drawback. The State which the philosophers describe exists nowhere on the earth. What does exist is a group of states, whose characteristics, if you take them one by one, and still more if you take them all together, are very different from those of the philosophers' 'State,' and to a large extent its opposite.

To begin with, even if we assume (what is doubtful) that each of the existing states is organized for achieving the highest good of its own members, we must not overlook the fact that some of them are organized for doing the utmost harm to the members of other states. The philosophers tell us very little about this; yet surely it is a point that ought to be taken into consideration before we surrender ourselves to the State in the name of the 'common good.' Again, a state may be extremely wise in its dealings with its own members but extremely stupid in its relations with other states; so that my surrender to it will involve me in becoming a party to its external stupidity as well as to its internal wisdom, and perhaps leave me at the end of the chapter a bigger fool than if I had stayed outside altogether and stood on my own individual legs.

And not only do these existing states differ from and contradict the philosophers' conception, but they differ widely and flagrantly among themselves. Surrendering my individuality to the State is one proposition if I happen to be born a German, or a Mexican; it is another proposition if I happen to be born an American or an Englishman. In either of the latter cases the proposi-

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tion is one which a wise man may consider on its merits: in either of the former he can only cry, *Retro, Sathanas!* He would do as well for himself by surrendering his personality to the Devil.

Philosophers do indeed remind us from time to time that the 'State' of which they discourse has as yet no actual embodiment on the earth. But they ought to be more explicit in showing us how we can serve this ideal State and surrender ourselves to it, and at the same time do our duty to a real State which contradicts the ideal in so many important respects. My duties to the ideal State of the philosophers require me to promote the good of all mankind; my duties to the actual State to which I belong require me to give up a third of my income and the whole of my energy, not to speak of things more precious still, to help in the work of overthrowing another state and destroying the individuals who are fighting on its behalf.

The two things are not easily reconciled. Even our pacifist friends can hardly claim to have overcome the difficulty. For while in the name of the ideal State they consistently refuse to fight for the actual State, they none the less accept quite contentedly the immense benefit of the protection which the actual State, by fighting, secures for them, and even pay the taxes which provide their defenders with arms. Indeed, I know of no form of conscientious objection or passive resistance which could free us from complicity in the deeds of the State to which we belong. Even the act of speaking the language of one's country involves us, when we come to think of it, in sharing the guilt, if it be a guilt, of the general proceedings which have made and are still keeping our nation what it is. There is no escape from these responsibilities for any of us. Pacifists and militarists alike, we are all tarred with the same brush — and the hand which wields the brush is not the ideal State of our philosophy but the actual State of our political allegiance. By these actual states the world of to-day will be justified; and by them it will be condemned.

What then is the true character of these states? There are two modes of arriving at the answer and it is highly important that they should be distinguished.

The first mode is to take one of the more advanced of them and consider its *internal* structure. It is this mode of studying the State which generally leads us to give it a good character. We see before us a public organization which, in spite of many blunderings and much waste of words, is obviously intent on the good of the community, promoting all kinds of arrangements for rendering people as happy and as wise as circumstances will permit. This State, we say, is both moral and intelligent, and on the whole seems to be growing more moral and more intelligent. It is guided by the ablest brains, and is not uninfluenced by noble ideals of humanity. Looked at in isolation, it stands for a splendid achievement, and though no such state has yet fulfilled the ideal of the philosopher, there is good reason to believe that the gulf has been bridged between the actual and the ideal; that, in short, we are on the right road. Seen from this angle of vision the particular State we are studying is an altogether admirable institution. It is the view on which the modern worship of the State stands founded. It comes to us in times of peace, permeates our political philosophy, and is the commonplace of young men's debating societies. No other view of the State has any currency in normal times.

But there is another mode of determining the character of the State, which yields a very different impres-

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sion. Instead of looking at the single state in its *internal* structure we may look at the whole group of states in their *external* relations to one another. Here we are confronted with a scene of disorder, stupidity, and immorality which, if the actors in it were individual men instead of individual 'powers,' would at once be recognized as a scene in some asylum for criminal lunatics. 'The State,' say the philosophers, 'is a larger individual.' Very well then, let some dramatist 'stage' the international situation accordingly. Let these large individuals be personified and given names as though they were men: let them appear on the boards before the public eye, and then in dumb show let them faithfully enact the history of European international politics during the last fifty years; let them reveal by their actions and attitudes the absurd and childish misunderstandings, in all their protean imbecility, which have characterized that period, and let them end by dividing into two groups and proceeding to tear one another to pieces, as the States of Europe are now doing. What impression would the play make on any person in the theatre who happened to retain possession of his wits in presence of a spectacle so appalling? 'This,' he would unquestionably say, 'is Bedlam in dumb show.'

Belonging as I do to one of the more advanced states of the world, I am willing to concede to it all the good qualities which it can claim in virtue of its internal structure. I admit further my duty to serve it to the best of my ability. And I question nothing of what the philosophers say of the resulting benefit to me as a man — to wit, that this, my service of the State, makes me more of a man in every essential regard, that it enlarges my individuality and clothes me, according to my faithfulness, with the strength of the whole body politic and the wisdom of the common mind. But unfortunately that is not the end of the matter. This State to which I belong as a member is itself a member of a larger group. It is a state among states; so that I, in belonging to it, become involved in the affairs of the whole group to which *it* belongs. Here, the extension of my personality, the enrichment of my manhood, the enlargement of my reason, and so forth, which have gone on merrily enough while my relations to my own State were in question, come to a dead stop. From that point onward the process is reversed. To begin with, I become involved in all sorts of jealousies, misunderstandings, suspicions, and foolish antics, which if they took place between man and man would be disgraceful, if not idiotic. And finally, when the states begin to tear one another to pieces, I am made a party to ferocities of which the very brutes are incapable. In fact, all that has been said about the State being a better and wiser sort of individual vanishes when we come to consider the group which is formed by all the states and by their external relations to one another. All that my humanity has gained by having its place in the single community is not only lost but converted into its opposite by participation in the total chaos of international affairs.

So, then, I can share and indorse every argument which bids me honor the well-ordered State to which I happen to belong; I can extend a like respect to certain other states, as well ordered as my own; I can even understand the condition of mind which runs to state-worship when internal structure is alone in question; but as to worshiping the whole lot in their external relations to one another I would rather, to borrow Huxley's phrase, 'worship a wilderness of monkeys.' And yet the fact remains that, in spite of our reasonable contempt, in spite of the horror

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with which human nature everywhere shrinks from the business in which it is perforce engaged, there is hardly a man or woman in Europe at the present hour who is not in some sense a party to the appalling antics of this 'wilderness.' It was well said the other day by a German prisoner (and better said by a German than by anybody else) to one of his captors, 'A spell has been cast over human nature. We are all mad together.'

The State of which philosophers discourse is essentially a pacific individual, who possesses arms, indeed, but is too much intent on the 'common good' to brandish them in anybody's face; is in fact somewhat ashamed of them as incompatible with its character of general benevolence. It represents the common will embodied to our imagination as a wise and fatherly governor, full of tender solicitude for his charges, attentive to our just demands, a *civil* personage, somewhat imperious perhaps, but gaining his ends by argument and reasonable entreaty. The war has suddenly revealed the actual states of the world in a very different character. It has shown us that in their relations to one another they are essentially *fighting units*. As fighting units they negotiate with one another. If a conference of the states of Europe were called to-morrow we should therefore wholly misconceive its character by picturing a group of benevolent frock-coated gentlemen at a round table. We should be nearer the truth if we were to think of a group of wild men armed to the teeth, whose mere proximity to one another, with nothing but the breadth of a table between them, would inevitably cause the shooting to begin. What would happen to a peace conference so constituted is well indicated by the remark which an Irishman once offered as a crowning argument in favor of Home Rule: 'When we get a United Ireland, and a Parliament of our own, begorra, we'll have a row!'

To this view of the matter the objection may be taken that it fails to discriminate between the different parts played by the various states involved in the complications of European diplomacy, and lays upon all the iniquity of one. There is truth in the objection, and as the partisan of my own country — not of that discredited abstraction called 'the State' — I would be the last to deny it. But the truth contained in the objection only enhances the tragedy — if the word tragedy can be given to iniquity so formless. As the states of the world have hitherto stood related to one another, it is enough that one of them goes mad to drag all the others down with itself into the abyss. If five peaceable states have in their midst a sixth state which chooses to arm itself to the teeth for aggression, — a design all the more promising in view of the peaceable intentions of its neighbors, — the five have no resource but to arm themselves in the same way, and when all the six are armed to the teeth together, a general mêlée becomes sooner or later inevitable, no matter what diplomacy may do to keep the peace.

This, you in America are beginning to find out. Your peaceable intentions are no safeguard to you, so long as the other states of the world maintain their character as fighting units. There is nothing analogous to this in the relations of individual men and women who are capable of reasonable intercourse with one another. Among the lowest savages, or among civilized men who have reverted to the savage state, some analogy might perhaps be found; but not in any group whose members are prepared to deal with one another as reasonable beings. Nothing confirms me more strongly in the belief that human nature, instead of being represented at its best in a world of state

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relations, is not represented there at all, no, not to the extent of one grain of common sense. And it was in the world of state relations that the present war was born.

What then is to be done? It seems to me that the alternatives before us may be reduced to two which may be briefly described as more government and less government.

1. By 'more government' I refer to that whole class of proposals which aim at controlling the destinies of the nations by some kind of league, federation, or agreement which can enforce peace upon mankind, or at least regulate the occurrence of war, and can otherwise legislate for all matters in which the interests of 'all humanity' are supposed to be concerned. The states in short are to be brought together into some kind of unitary state.

Of this class of proposals I will only say that its success depends upon one condition. Before the states can effectually form such a corporation, they must divest themselves of their character as fighting units. A federation composed of fighting units cannot do otherwise than fight — and the proposal thus becomes a contradiction. It looks as if the proposal were involved in a circle. To divest themselves of their fighting character is the first object for which the states are to come together. And yet unless the states had already dropped their fighting character before they came together, it is doubtful if they would agree upon anything.

The character of the existing states as fighting units is overlooked in every argument in favor of International Federation which has so far come under my notice, and seems to me to destroy entirely the analogy on which these arguments are based. The question is usually raised in this form: since individuals have found a way of adjusting their disputes without fighting, by means of national law, why should not states do the same by means of international law? But the great difference is forgotten, that the individuals who settle their disputes in court *come into court unarmed*. If a court of the nations were formed to-morrow, every member composing it, judge, jury, counsel, plaintiff, and defendant, would have a loaded gun in his pocket. Every component state would be in a posture, more or less formidable, for resisting the findings of the court. And the idea that all the other members of the court would automatically combine to shoot down any dangerous member who threatened to draw his weapon, is a pure fiction of the imagination. Almost every question submitted to international jurisdiction would have a tendency to split the court into fairly even halves, just as happens in national party politics. The ordinary relations of majority and minority would indeed be repeated, but with this important difference — that both sections would be armed. And history does not suggest that armed minorities can be stopped from fighting by the fear of armed majorities — especially if the two happen to be nearly equal.

2. By 'less government' I refer to something which it is not easy to formulate into any kind of definite proposal. It is not negative, for it involves the tremendous effort required to turn one's back on the whole idolatrous state-worship, with its rites and mummeries, which has held possession of us for ages; the effort of resolutely refusing to interfere with matters which are beyond human control, but which at the same time our meddlesome habits of mind, encouraged by centuries of false philosophy, are constantly leading us to interfere with. I refer to the gradual abolition of the whole cumbrous machinery of Chancelleries, Foreign Offices, and ministries of all sorts

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of things that cannot be ministered to, which in their joint action prevent the natural relations between man and man and produce that intolerable mess of stupidity known as international politics.

My own sympathies, I need hardly say, are with the second alternative, and I imagine it has more sympathizers than have yet made themselves heard. With human nature there is nothing fundamentally wrong, but with state nature there is something fundamentally wrong which can be better remedied, perhaps, by ending than by mending. At all events, whatever we may be thinking and planning at home, there are millions of men now at the war who will presently come back with the cobwebs shaken from their brains, and who will have something to say in these matters. What will they say? I think they will address themselves to all this array of gold-laced pretense and verbosity; and their words will be summed up in the ejaculation of the young officer, 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!'

EXILE AND POSTMAN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

It used to make me homesick, in our little African clearing, to see the albino woman. She would move about among her brown companions like a flame — and her white body, that flickered in the sun and glimmered in the shade, used to knock at the door of nostalgia. Homesick people always long for a visit, and that albino was so white!

Once, to our neighborhood, where in those days white women did not come, there came a white woman. She did not lodge with us; she lodged with the white officer because she was an officer's wife. We used to wonder if she would call upon us. One of us had a pair of field-glasses, and we used to watch her little figure coming and going about the clearing on the government hill. When one day she was seen to come down into our valley by the zigzag trail, we thought we had a Visit. I cannot tell you how anxious we were, in that little bark house, to make a good appearance — or what fresh disposals were made, with our eyes upon that descent, of our properties. I do not wish to make you too sad, but that white woman did not visit us. She went away. She did not know about us, or about exiles — that they are always dreaming of a Visit.

It seems a hard thing, sometimes, when night closes the doors of all the little trails, that the day has passed without a visitor. It is true of exiles that they have the most unreasonable expectations of the sort, based perhaps upon the migrations of swallows, and not relinquished until the hour of dusk. Yes, then the little trails of the forest are perceived by the mind's eye — which like a cat's eyes sees them better for the dark — to wander away into an infinite distance and a solitude.

Dusk is altogether the most illuminating hour for the exile; he then knows

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so exactly where he is; he has a perfectly visual sense of his surroundings. He sees where he is, but how came he to be there? The geography of his circumstance is plain, but not the logic. He who has no other companions than himself suspects this companion, in that hour of dusk, to be a fool. It must be a poor fool, he thinks, who has drifted into such a clearing by such a river!

The forest of the Cameroon is as good a place as any to be homesick; but I will not be saying that the members of my profession — and I am a missionary — are chronic sufferers. Missionaries are, in the main, gay, and for excellent reasons — some of them pagan reasons, for they are little brothers of Antæus; some of them Christian reasons, for they are of the company of successful fishermen. A fisherman with a good catch can defy even the dusk; his string of silver fish is a lantern to his feet.

No, if there were an altar and a service to placate nostalgia it would not be that fisherman who would most attend that service. The path to that altar would be worn brown by the feet of the trader. I think the trader is lonelier than the missionaries are; he is better versed in solitude. He goes into the forest with a backward look; he comes out of the forest sometimes with a secret and a stricken countenance. More than missionaries do, he does. More often than they, he builds out of his lonely horror and the license of solitude a perverse habitation for his soul. Sometimes — and this is very sad — he is afraid. He lingers and lingers on the margin of that green sea of forest.

'The heart,' say the Bulu, 'has gone to hide in the dark.' And this is a Bulu way of saying that the heart is not worn upon the sleeve. Well, upon the sleeve of the white-drill suits that beach-traders wear there is, I will agree, no device of hearts. But those lonely inland traders, — those that have traveled ten, twenty, thirty days from their kind, — what is that they sometimes seem to wear upon the sleeve of their singlets? And who cares where he wears his heart if there is never a white man's eye to fall upon it! In those little bark huts on the trading posts, where young white men pale with the passing hours, there comes to be a careless fashion in wear, whether of hearts or of collars. In the warm dusk of those little houses, where there is an earthen floor, where there are tin trade-boxes as bright as jockeys' jackets, where there are trade-cloths printed with violent designs, where there is salt fish and cheap scent and tobacco, — where all these desirable things may be had for ivory and rubber, — there the trader may wear his heart upon his sleeve without shame. None of those brilliant eyes, set in those dark faces, know a white man's heart when they see it. There in his hut is a monotony of brown bodies quick with vehement gestures; there is a tumult of controversy in a tongue he does not know. The sudden glitter of brass ornament is there and the glitter of brass spears. There are fantastic head-dresses studded with buttons and shells and beads, and scented with the odor of wood-fires. Between those brown bodies and the body of the white man lies the counter. More lies between them than this. There are between them such barriers that the white man is not more lonely when he is alone.

Yet how still it is of an idle day under the thatched leaves of that little house! The sun does its exaggerated violence to the yellow earth of the clearing; the forest hangs its arras over its secret. How far it is, in this place not named on the map, from Manchester! How, when the rain falls, it is other than rainfall on the Clyde! How the pale fruit that hangs high on the *ajap* tree is not like the apples that ripen in Wishaw!

Do not speak of apples! Nostalgia in

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her cruel equipment carries a scented phantom apple.

At night there is about that young trader a trouble of drums that never rest. There is the sharp concerted cry of the dancers. There is the concerted wail for the dead. There is about him all the rhythmic beating of the mysterious life of his neighborhood, tormenting him where he lies under his mosquito net. For this he will rise and walk about, the ember of his pipe drifting back and forth in the dark, and his gramophone, roused by himself, making its limited obedient effort.

There is this about a gramophone: it is a thing that speaks the home tongue. I have seen him sitting under the eaves of his little hut, by his little table spread with a checkered cloth, his gramophone beside him, trying, with its tale of the old grouse gunroom, to divert that lonely meal. Now that I think of it, the gramophone is a kind of hero of my little piece — a kind of David with five tunes to do battle with nostalgia. Back in the tent broods Saul, and this poor patient David plays the endless round of five tunes. Until some day there is a javelin in the wall, and a proud black man goes away with a gramophone into the wilderness.

The night sky does more permanent ministry to the homesick, and of all the bright ministers the moon is the most effectual. It is the great reflector of lights; there it comes, swinging up its old path in the sky, and the fires of home are mirrored on its disk. You who read have spread your hands, in your hour of homesickness, to those phantom fires — and other hands are always spread. Some of us were sitting on our heels about a little flame in a new clearing; all of us were alien in that clearing; one of us was white. And the black women said to the white woman when the moonlight fell upon all those women faces, —

'The moon looks upon the villages and upon the home village. We black people, when we sit in the towns of strangers and the moon shines, we say, "Now by the light of this same moon the people at home dance to the drums!" However far we walk, we look upon the moon and we remember our friends at home.'

Upon another moonlight night, sitting in a forest camp with young black girls for companions, these sang for me a little set of songs — the songs, they told me, of the moon: —

'Ah, moné zip, alu a danéya! Ah, moné zip!'

This little refrain they sang, clapping their hands ever so lightly, and the meaning of the singing was a warning:

'Ah, little gazelle, the night has deepened! Ah, little gazelle!'

It was a song of the moon, a song for wanderers. And the moon on that remembered night, dragging its net of broken silver cords in among the trees of the forest, caught everywhere the wandering hearts and drew them back on the little rough trails to the home fires. Every night that is a moonlight night there is the casting of that silver net upon far rivers and forests deeper than rivers — wherever aliens make a bed of leaves or sleep on a canvas cot.

On such a night, and caught in such a net, I have met the postman. Yes, on just such a night, when the world appeared as it hangs in space, a crystal globe, and when so observed from a little clearing in an African forest, it was seen to be charted for voyagers, and all its little paths ran readily about the globe to that gilt side which is home. On such a night, and upon such a path, I met the postman.

To hang upon a little wicket gate under the moon at the end of a moon-filled clearing in a breach of the forest, — to see the black body of the postman suddenly darken the checkered light

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upon the path from the west, — how to speak of this adventure with moderation! How to speak of postmen at all with moderation! And of those postmen who thread the lonely forests of the world, their loads upon their backs, their rations of salt fish on top of their loads; how to recall their aspects, their monthly or bi-monthly or semi-annual arrivals, the priceless treasures they carry! how speak of these things to men and women who have never followed the little gazelle into those forests where the night has deepened; who have never felt the divinity in postmen!

Imagine that there is a people in this world who let a postman walk up the path unattended, and who wait until he knocks on the door! Who do not shout to their neighbors when they receive a letter, and who receive one every day! These items alone prove the truth of the Bulu proverb that there are tribes and tribes, and customs and customs.

And I will agree that there are, even on the trails of the wilderness, postmen and postmen. There are even, though I hate to dwell upon it, postmen whom I do not trust. Not all postmen have wings upon their heels. The ideal postman does of course fly. He is like

> The bird let loose in eastern skies
> When hastening fondly home.

He avoids idle wanderers. But they do not all do so. I remember to have been wakened one night in a village by the gossip of two old headmen. They had met before my tent; there in the moonlight they chatted together. All the little life of the village was sleeping; the two old men alone were abroad. They were about the business of the post. It is a pioneer custom in Africa, east and west, that the white man's local letter is franked from town to town. The black man to whom the white man gives his letter carries it to the headman of the next settlement, who carries it in turn to his brother headman down the trail; and so from hand to hand, by day and by night, with a glance from any passing white man, the letter goes forward. Such a letter — carried as the custom is, in a split rod from which there hung, like a flag, a bit of turkey red — changed hands that night before my tent. And now I write it in a white man's book that the postmen loitered.

To stand and chat there in the moonlight with the exile's letter in your hands — how could you do that, you two old heartless headmen? I watched you from my little green tent. It is remembered of you that you so delayed, while in some lonely hamlet under that same moon a white man sickened for a letter. And when one gave the forked stick to the other, it was then too late. If indeed, as you would say, you spoke no more than five words of gossip one to the other, those words were five too many. It is remembered of you, and a thousand nights since when I have waited for the mail, if it were a moonlight night, I have told myself with an extreme self-pity and a bitterness, 'The carrier is gossiping in some clearing.' I have seen in my heart that man with the load of mail upon his back, standing for hours by a friend of his, laughing and asking news one of the other. This conjured vision of two black men holding up the mail is the sad issue of an imagination infected beyond cleansing. You see, *I saw them do it.*

Some postmen have come in late because their feet were sore. And some, in passing through their home town, have permitted themselves an illness or a marriage. Some have waited, with the mail in their loads, to bury the dead. Such a postman, so given to misadventures and clumsy ill-timed tragedies, was once late to the tune of eleven days. Who remembers what delayed him or what exquisite reasons he gave? And who of us in that little clearing forgets the long hours of that year of days?

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Another postman, of an extreme beauty and an extreme speed, arrived before his time. There was a shouting when he came. All the inhabitants of that little settlement of white men called to each other; the four or five of them filled a room of a bark house — those white faces that were growing daily like the face of the Asra, 'bleich und bleicher,' were all lit by the flame of the mail. In all that little commonwealth, with its pioneer trades and its pioneer gardens and its pioneer hospital and school and church — in all that settlement all the busy crude wheels of industry slackened and stood still while the white men opened the load of the mail.

'Now they will be reading the *books* from home!'

And of Ebengé, that young carrier, it is still remembered that he arrived before he was due. 'Ah, Ebengé,' you still say to him from time to time, 'that was a fine walking you walked that walk so long ago when you slept but three nights with the mail!'

Another postman, never to be forgotten by those exiles whom he served, never came at all. This was a boy, too young, you would think, for his great office. The letters in his little pack were from husbands to wives, and they must travel a hundred miles of forest-trail in time of war. Not twenty miles they traveled when the postman, surrounded by black soldiers, was called to deliver. He did not deliver. He could not give the white man's letters to another hand. He said, No, he could not. And for this they killed him. That young body tarried forever upon the trail, witnessing in that interminable delay — as Ebengé had witnessed in his swift coming — to the sacred element in the mail.

Here is the king's touch for the king's evil — the hand of the postman dropping a letter. For this the victims of nostalgia do long service. For this they scribble, in their lonely and various dwellings, their letters. There is a night, in those alien settlements all about the world, that is unlike other nights. It is the night before the mail is closed. The lamp is full of oil that night, and the cup of coffee is at the elbow. On and on, while the stars march, the white man's hand runs upon the page. In villages where there are no street lamps, the white man's window is a lamp all night of the night before the mail. From steamers that are tied to trees among the rushes, in rivers that you do not know, the officer on watch may look all night through such a window at such a man writing, writing a long, long letter — the beating heart of man, articulate in all that heartless darkness.

How quick a seed, you would say, the seed in such a letter! How such a letter must bear, some sixty-, some an hundred-fold! Yet myself I saw this: I saw the harbor-master of Kabinda, a settlement of white men on the west coast of Africa, come aboard the monthly steamer to get the mail. He was an old Portuguese, coffee-colored in his gray linen suit. A long time he had been harbor-master, and many times he had taken the brown bag of mail ashore. This day, when he lifted his bag, he 'hefted' it: the lightness of it in his hand made him smile. Some irony that was the fruit of his long experience of exiles and their letters made that old indifferent man curl the lip. I think that in Kabinda that night there went white men hungry to bed. I would not like to live in Kabinda, where the postman is so old and so wise. These white postmen know too much; they can count more than ten. And other things they know: they know a thing too sad to tell. Better Ebengé, who ran so swiftly with his load, or little Esam, who thought that for a load of letters some would even dare to die.

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THE POMEROON TRAIL

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

RAM NARINE gave a party. It was already a thing of three months past, and it had been an extremely small party, and Ram Narine was only a very unimportant coolie on the plantation of the Golden Fleece. But, like many things small in themselves, this party had far-flung effects, and finally certain of these reached out and touched me. So far as I was concerned the party was a blessing. Because of it I was to travel the Pomeroon Trail. But it befell otherwise with Ram Narine.

It was, as I have said, a small party. Only two friends had been invited, and Ram and his companions had made very merry over a cooked cock-fowl and two bottles of rum. In the course of the night there was a fracas, and the face of one of Ram's friends had been somewhat disfigured, with a thick club and a bit of rock. He spent two months in the hospital, and eventually recovered. His injuries did not affect his speech, but, coolie-like, he would give little information as to his assailant.

And now the majesty of the law was about to inquire into this matter of Ram's party, and to sift to the uttermost the mystery which concerned the cooked cock-fowl and the rum, and the possibilities for evil which accrued to the sinister club and the bit of rock. I was invited to go, with my friends the Lawyer and the Judge, and our route lay from Georgetown westward, athwart two mighty Guiana rivers.

My mission to British Guiana was to find some suitable place to establish a Tropical Research Station, where three of us, a Wasp Man, an Embryo Man, and a Bird Man, all Americans, all enthusiastic, might learn at first-hand of the ways and lives of the wilderness creatures.

After seven years of travel and bird-study in far distant countries, I had turned again to Guiana, the memory of whose jungles had never left me. In New York I had persuaded the powers of the Zoölogical Society that here lay a new, a worthy field of endeavor, hidden among the maze of water-trails, deep in the heart of the forests. For these were forests whose treasury of bird and beast and insect secrets had been only skimmed by collectors. The spoils had been carried to northern museums, where they were made available for human conversation and writing by the conferring of names by twentieth-century Adams. We had learned much besides from these specimens, and they had delighted the hearts of multitudes who would never have an opportunity to hear the evening cadence of the six-o'clock bee or the morning chorus of the howling monkeys.

But just as a single photograph reveals little of the inception, movement, and dénouement of an entire moving-picture reel, so an isolated dead bird can present only the static condition of the plumage, molt, and dimensions at the instant before death. I am no nature sentimentalist, and in spite of moments of weakness, I will without hesitation shoot a bird as she sits upon her eggs, if I can thereby acquire desired

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information. But whenever possible, I prefer, for my own sake as well as hers, to prolong my observations, and thus acquire merit in the eyes of my fellow scientists and of Buddha.

I hoped the Pomeroon might prove such a desirable region, and fulfill my requirements to the extent that I might call it home for a season. So I accepted the invitation with a double pleasure, for I already knew what excellent company were friends Lawyer and Judge. As a site for my researches the Pomeroon failed; as an experience filled to the brim with interest and enjoyment, my visit left nothing to be desired.

Besides, I met Ram.

The big yellow kiskadees woke me at daybreak; my bedroom wren sang his heart out as I splashed in my shower; and before breakfast was over I heard the honking of my host's car. We glided over the rich red streets in the cool of early morning, past the thronged and already odoriferous market, and on to the tiny river ferry.

This was on a Monday, but Ram Narine was to have yet another day of grace, by a twist in the nexus of circumstance which envelops all of us. The Lawyer's orderly had failed to notify his cabman that the Georgetown steamer left at six-fifty instead of seven. So when we finally left the stelling, with a host of twittering martins about us, it was with sorrowful faces. Not only were the master's wig and gown missing, besides other articles less necessary from a legal point of view, but the ham for luncheon was lacking. The higher law of compensation now became active, and the day of postponement gave me the sight of the Pomeroon Trail. This delay solved the matter of the wig and gown, and the ham was replaced by a curry equal to a Calcutta cook's best. This was served in the Colony House at the village, where one ate and slept in full enjoyment of the cool trade-wind which blew in from the clear stretch of the Atlantic. And here one sat and read or listened to the droning of the witnesses in the petty cases held by the local magistrate in the court-room below stairs.

I chose to do none of these things, but walked to the sandy beach and along it in the direction of the distant Spanish Main. It was a barren beach, judged by the salvage of most beaches; few shells, little seaweed, and the white sand alternating with stretches of brown mud. I walked until I came to a promontory and, amid splashing muddy waves, climbed out and perched where I ever love to be — on the outermost isolated pile of an old wharf. Scores of years must have passed since it was in use, and I tried to imagine what things had come and gone over it. Those were the days of the great Dutch sugar-plantations, when plantations were like small kingdoms, with crowds of slaves, and when the rich amber crystals resembled gold-dust in more than appearance. What bales of wondrous Dutch lace and furniture and goodies were unloaded from the old high-pooped sailing ships, and what frills and flounces fluttered in this same trade-wind, what time the master's daughter set forth upon her first visit to the Netherlands! Now, a few rotted piles and rows of precise, flat Dutch bricks along the foreshore were all that was left of such memories. Inland, the wattled huts of the negroes had outlasted the great manor-houses.

Out at sea there was no change. The same muddy waves rose but never broke; the same tidal current swirled and eddied downstream. And now my mind became centred on passing débris, and in a few minutes I realized that, whatever changes had ruffled or passed over this coastal region of Guiana, the source of the muddy waters up country was as untouched now as

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when Amerigo Vespucci sailed along this coast some four hundred and seventeen years past. I forgot the shore with its memories and its present lush growth and heat. For in the eddies of the wharf piles swirled strange things from the inland bush. First a patch of coarse grass, sailing out to sea, upright and slowly circling. On the stems I could distinguish unwilling travelers — crickets, spiders, and lesser wingless fry. Half-hollow logs drifted past, some deep and water-soaked, others floating high, with their upper parts quite dry. On such a one I saw a small green snake coiled as high as possible, and, serpent-like, waiting quietly for what fate should bring.

And now came an extraordinary sight — another serpent, a huge one, a great water-constrictor long dead, entangled in some brush, half caught firm and half dangling in the water. Attending were two vultures, ravenous and ready to risk anything for a meal. And they were risking a good deal, for each time they alighted, the brush and snake began to sink and allowed them time for only one or two frantic pecks before they were in water up to their bodies. They then had laboriously to take to flight, beating the water for the first few strokes. For several minutes one loop of the snake became entangled about a sunken pile, and now the scavengers boldly perched in the shallow water and fairly ducked their heads at each beakful. Next came a white ants' nest on a lichened trunk, with a multitude of the owners rushing frantically about, scores of them overrunning the confines of their small cosmos, to the great profit and delectation of a school of little fish which swam in the wake.

Most pitiful of all was a tiny opossum, with a single young one clinging tightly about her neck, which approached as I was about to leave. She was marooned on a hollow log which revolved in an arc while it drifted. As it turned, the little mother climbed, creeping first upward, then turning and clambering back, keeping thus ever on the summit. The tail of the baby was coiled about her mouth, and he was clinging with all his strength. It was a brave fight and well deserved success. No boat was in sight, so I could not hesitate, but, pulling off my shoes, I waded out as far as I could. At first I thought I must miss it, for I could not go in to my neck even for an opossum. But the wind helped; one or two heavy waves lapped conveniently against the sodden bark, and I succeeded in seizing the stub. As I reached for the little creature, the young opossum gave up and slipped into the water, and a ripple showed where a watchful fish had snapped it up. But I got hold of the mother's tail, and despite a weak hiss and a perfunctory showing of teeth, I lifted her and waded ashore. The last view I had, showed her crawling feebly but steadily along a branch into the heart of a dense thicket.

I climbed back to my outpost and dried my clothes in the sun, meditating on the curious psychology of a human which wanted opossums and which would unhesitatingly sacrifice a score of opossums for a real scientific need, and yet would put itself to much discomfort to save a single one from going out to sea. Sentimental weakness is an inexplicable thing, and I finally made up my mind — as I always do — not to yield again to its promptings. In fact, I half turned to go in search of my specimen — and then did n't.

The tide had reached full ebb and the sun was low when I started back, and now I found a new beach many feet farther out and down. Still no shells, but a wonderful assortment of substitutes in the shape of a host of nuts and seeds — flotsam and jetsam from far up-river, like the snake and ants and

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opossum. There were spheres and kidney-shapes, half-circles and crescents, heads of little old men and pods like scimitars, and others like boomerangs. Some were dull, others polished and varnished. They were red and green, brown and pink and mauve, and a few gorgeous ones shaded from salmon into the most brilliant orange and yellow. Most were as lifeless in appearance as empty shells, but there were many with the tiny root and natal leaves sprouting hopefully through a chink. And just to be consistent, I chose one out of the many thousands piled in windrows and carried it high up on the shore, where I carefully planted it. It was unknown to me at the time, but later I knew that I had started one of the greatest of the jungle trees on its way to success.

Ahead of me two boys dashed out of the underbrush and rushed into the waves. After swimming a few strokes they reached a great log and, heading it inward, swam it ashore and tied a rope to it. Here was a profession which appealed to me, and which indeed I had already entered upon, although the copper-skinned coolie boys did not recognize me as one of their guild. And small blame to them, for I was an idler who had labored and salvaged a perfectly good opossum and the scion of a mighty *mora* for naught. Here I was, no richer for my walk, and with only damp clothing to show for my pains. Yet we grinned cheerfully at each other as I went by, and they patted their log affectionately as they moored it fast.

Dusk was not far away when I reached Colony House and the Lawyer and I fared forth to seek a suit of pajamas. For the orderly had with him both luxuries and necessities, and so we went shopping. I may say at once that we failed completely in our quest, but, as is usually the case in the tropics, we were abundantly compensated.

We visited emporiums to the number of three, — all that the village could boast, — and the stare of the three Chinawomen was uniformly blank. They could be made in three days, or one could send to Georgetown for most excellent ones; we could not make clear the pressure of our need. The Lawyer grumbled, but the afterglow was too marvelous for anything to matter for long. Indeed, things — wonderful and strange, pathetic and amusing — were so numerous and so needful of all our faculties, that at one time my mind blurred like an over-talked telephone wire. My enthusiasm bubbled over and the good-natured Lawyer enjoyed them as I did.

Here were two among the many. There was the matter of the poor coolie woman who had injured a leg and who, misunderstanding some hastily given order, had left the hospital and was attempting to creep homeward, using hands and arms for crutches. Her husband was very small and very patient and he had not the strength to help her, although now and then he made an awkward attempt. While we sent for help, I asked questions, and in half-broken English I found that they lived six miles away. I had passed them early in the afternoon on the way to the beach, and in the intervening four hours they had progressed just about two hundred feet! This was patience with a vengeance, and worthy of compute. So, astronomer-like, I took notebook and pencil and began to estimate the time of their orbit. It was not an easy matter, for mathematics is to me the least of earth's mercies — and besides, I was not certain how many feet there were in a mile. By saying it over rapidly I at last convinced myself that it was 'fivethousantwohunderaneighty.'

I gasped when I finished, and repeated my questions. And again came the answers: 'Yes, sahib, we go home. Yes,

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sahib, we live Aurora. Yes, sahib, we go like this ver' slow. No, sahib, have no food.' And as he said the last sentence, a few drops of rain fell and he instantly spread his body-cloth out and held it over the sick woman. My mind instinctively went back to the mother opossum and her young. The coolie-woman ceaselessly murmured in her native tongue and looked steadily ahead with patient eyes. Always she fumbled with her dusty fingers for a spot to grip and shuffle ahead a few inches.

Two hundred feet in four hours! And six full miles to the coolie quarters! This was on the fourteenth of a month. If my calculation was correct they would reach home on the tenth of the following month, in three weeks and five days. Truly oriental, if not, indeed, elemental patience! This planet-like journey was deviated from its path by a hospital stretcher and a swift return over the four-hour course, although this cosmic disturbance aroused comment from neither the man nor his wife. I checked off another helpless being salvaged from the stream of ignorance.

From serio-comic tragedy the village street led us to pure comedy. At the roadside we discovered a tiny white flag, and beneath it a bit of worn and grimy cloth stretched between a frame of wood. This was a poster announcing the impending performance of one 'Profesor Rabintrajore,' who, the painfully inked-in printing went on to relate, 'craled from ankoffs' and 'esskaped from cofens,' and, besides, dealt with 'spirits INvisibal.' The professor's system of spelling would have warmed the heart of our modern schoolteachers, but his séances did not seem to be tempting many shekels from the pockets of coolie spiritualists.

After tea at the Colony House, I leaned out of my window and watched the moonlight gather power and slowly usurp the place of the sun. Then, like the succession of light, there followed sound: the last sleepy twitter came from the martin's nest under the eaves, and was sustained and deepened until it changed to the reverberating bass rumble of a great nocturnal frog.

In the moonlight the road lay white, though, I knew, in the warm sun it was a rich, foxy red. It vanished beyond some huts, and I wondered whither it went and remembered that to-morrow I should learn for certain. Then a ghostly goatsucker called eerily, 'Who-are-you?' and the next sound for me was the summons to early coffee.

During the morning the missing orderly arrived, and with him the wig and gown and the ham. And now the matter of Ram Narine became pressing, and my friends Lawyer and Judge became less human and increasingly legal. I attended court and was accorded the honor of a chair between a bewigged official and the Inspector of Police, the latter resplendent in starched duck, gold lace, spiked helmet, and sword. Being a mere scientist and wholly ignorant of legal matters, I am quite like my fellow human beings and associate fear with my ignorance. So under the curious eyes of the black and Indian witnesses and other attendants, I had all the weaving little spinal thrills which one must experience on being, or being about to be, a criminal. There was I betwixt law and police, and quite ready to believe that I had committed something or other, with malicious or related intent.

But my thoughts were soon given another turn as a loud rapping summoned us to our feet at the entrance of the Judge. A few minutes before, we had been joking together and companionably messing our fingers with oranges upstairs. Now I gazed in awe at this impassive being in wig and scarlet vestments, whose mere entrance had brought us to our feet as if by religious

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or royal command. I shuddered at my memory of intimacies, and felt quite certain we could never again sit down at table as equals. When we had resumed our seats there was a stir at the opposite end of the courtroom, and a half-dozen gigantic black policemen entered, and with them a little, calm-faced, womanly man — Ram Narine, the wielder of the club and the rock. He ascended to the fenced-in prisoners' dock, looking, amid all his superstrong barriers to freedom, ridiculously small and inoffensive, like a very small puppy tethered with a cable. He gazed quietly down at the various ominous exhibits. A and B were the club and the rock, with their glued labels reminding one of museum specimens. Exhibit C was a rum-bottle — an empty one. Perhaps if it had been full, some flash of interest might have crossed Ram's face. Then weighty legal phrases and accusations passed, and the Judge's voice was raised, sonorous and impressive, and I felt that nothing but memory remained of that jovial personality which I had known so recently.

The proceeding which impressed me most was the uncanny skill of the official interpreter, who seemed almost to anticipate the words of the Judge or the Clerk. And, too, he gestured and shook his finger at the prisoner at the appropriate places, though he had his back fairly to the Judge and so could have had none but verbal clues. Ram Narine, it seems, was indicted on four counts, among which I could distinguish only that he was accused of maltreating his friend with intent to kill, and this in soft Hindustani tones he gently denied. Finally, that he had at least done the damage to his friend's face and very nearly killed him. To this he acquiesced, and the Court, as the Judge called himself, would now proceed to pass sentence. I was relieved to hear him thus rename himself, for it seemed as if he too realized his changed personality.

And now the flow of legal reiteration and alliteration ceased for a moment, and I listened to the buzzing of a *marabunta* wasp and the warbling of a blue tanager among the fronds. For a moment, in the warm sunshine, the hot, woolly wigs and the starched coats and the shining scabbard seemed out of place. One felt all the discomfort of the tight boots and stiff collars, and a glance at Ram Narine showed his slim figure clothed in the looped, soft linen of his race. And he seemed the only wholly normal tropic thing there — he and the wasp and the tanager and the drooping motionless palm shading the window. In comparison, all else seemed almost Arctic, unacclimatized.

Then the deep tones of the Court rose, and in more simple verbiage, — almost crude and quite unlegal to my ears, — we heard Ram Narine sentenced to twelve months hard labor. And the final words of the interpreter left Ram's face as unconcerned and emotionless as that of the Buddhas in the Burmese pagodas. And the simile recurred again and again after it was all over. So Ram and I parted, to meet again a few weeks later under strangely different conditions.

Robes and wigs and other legal properties were thrown aside, and once more we were all genial friends in the little automobile, with no trace of the terribly formal side of justice and right. The red Pomeroon road slipped past, and I, for one, wished for a dozen eyes and a score of memories to record the unrolling of that road. It was baffling in its interest.

The first ten or twenty miles consisted of huge sugar estates, recently awakened to feverish activity by the war prices of this commodity. Golden Fleece, Taymouth Manor, Capoey, More Success, Anna Regina, Hampton

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Court — all old names long famous in the history of the colony. In many other districts the Dutch have left not only a heritage of names, such as Vreed-en-Hoop and Kyk-over-al, but the memory of a grim sense of humor, as in the case of three estates lying one beyond the other, which the owners named in turn, Trouble, More Trouble, and Most Trouble. Unlike our southern plantations, the workers' quarters are along the road, with the big house of the manager well back, often quite concealed. The coolies usually live in long, communal, barrack-like structures, the negroes in half-open huts.

This first part of the Pomeroon road was one long ribbon of variegated color. Hundreds of tiny huts, with picturesque groups of coolies and negroes and a smaller number of Chinese, all the huts dilapidated, some leaning over, others so perforated that they looked like the photographs of European farmhouses after being shelled. Patched, propped up, tied together, it was difficult to believe that they were habitable. All were embowered in masses of color and shadowed by the graceful curves of cocoanut palms and bananas. The sheets of bougainvillea blossoms, of yellow allamandas and white frangipani, the temple flowers of the East, brought joy to the eye and the nostril; the scarlet lilies growing rank as weeds — all these emphasized the ruinous character of the huts. Along the front ran a trench, doubling all the glorious color in reflection, except where it was filled with lotus blossoms and Victoria Regia.

As we passed swiftly, the natives rushed out on the shaky board-and-log bridges, staring in wonder, the women with babies astride of their hips, the copper-skinned children now and then tumbling into the water in their excitement. The yellows and reds and greens of the coolies added another color-note. Everything seemed a riot of brilliant pigment. Against the blue sky great orange-headed vultures balanced and volplaned; yellow-gold kiskadees shrieked blatantly, and, silhouetted against the green fronds, smote both eye and ear.

We were among the first to pass the road in an automobile. Awkward, big-wheeled carts, drawn by the tiniest of burros and heaped high with wood, were the only other vehicles. For the rest, the road was a Noah's Ark, studded with all the domestic animals of the world: pigs, calves, horses, burros, sheep, turkeys, chickens, and hordes of gaunt, pariah curs. Drive as carefully as we might, we left behind a succession of defunct dogs and fowls. For the other species, especially those of respectable size, we slowed down, more for our sake than theirs. Calves were the least intelligent, and would run ahead of us, gazing fearfully back, first over one, then the other shoulder, until from fatigue they leaped into the wayside ditch. The natives themselves barely moved aside, and why we did not topple over more of the great head-carried loads I do not know. We left behind us a world of scared coolies and gaping children.

The road was excellent, but it twisted and turned bewilderingly. It was always the same rich red hue — made of earth-clinker burned under sods. Preparing this seemed a frequent occupation of the natives, and the wood piles on the carts melted away in the charcoal-like fires of these subterranean furnaces. Here and there tiny red flags fluttered from tall bamboo poles, reminiscent of the evil-spirit flags in India and Burma. But with the transportation across the sea of these oriental customs certain improvements had entered in, — adaptations to the gods of ill of this new world. So the huts in course of alteration, and the new ones being erected, were guarded, not only

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by the fluttering and the color, but by a weird little figure of a dragon demon himself drawn on the cloth, a quite unoriental visualizing of the dreaded one.

As we flew along, we gradually left the villages of huts behind. Single thatched houses were separated by expanses of rice-fields, green rectangles framed in sepia mud walls, picked out here and there by intensely white and intensely Japanesque egrets. Great black muscovy ducks spattered up from amber pools, and tri-colored herons stood like detached shadows of birds, mere cardboard figures, so attenuated that they appeared to exist in only two planes of space.

The rice-fields gave place to pastures and these to marshes; thin lines of grass trisected the red road — the first hint of the passing of the road and the coming of the trail. Rough places became more frequent. Then came shrub, and an occasional branch whipped our faces. Black cuckoos or old witch-birds flew up like disheveled grackles; cotton-birds flashed by, and black-throated orioles glowed among the foliage. Carrion crows and laughing falcons watched us from nearby perches, and our chauffeur went into second gear.

Now and then some strange human being passed, — man or woman, we could hardly tell which, — clad in rags which flapped in the breeze, long hair waving, leaning unsteadily on a staff, like a perambulating scarecrow. The eyes, fixed ahead, were fastened on things other than those of this world, so detached that their first sight of an automobile aroused them not at all. The gulf between the thoughts of these creatures and the world to-day was too deep to be bridged by any transient curiosity or fear. They trudged onward without a glance, and we steered aside to let them pass.

The grass between the ruts now brushed the body of the car; even the wild people passed no more, and the huts vanished utterly. Forest palms appeared, then taller brush, and trees in the distance. Finally, the last three miles became a scar through the heart of the primeval jungle, open under the lofty sky of foliage, the great buttresses of the trunks exposed for the first time to the full glare of day. The trail was raw with all the snags and concealed roots with which the jungle likes to block entrance to its privacy; and, rocking and pitching like a ship in the waves, we drew up to a wood-pile directly in our path. Standing up in our seats, we could see, just beyond it, the dark flood of the Pomeroon surging slowly down to the sea. Seven years ago I had passed this way *en route* from Morawhanna, paddled by six Indians. *Maintenant ce n'est qu'une mémoire.*

For centuries the woodskins of the Indians had passed up and down and left no trace. Only by this tidal road could one reach the mouth of tributaries. And now the sacred isolation of this great tropical river was forever gone. The tiny scar along which we had bumped marked the permanent coming of man. And his grip would never relax. Already capillaries were spreading through the wilderness tissues. Across the river from our wood-pile were two tiny Portuguese houses— those petty pioneers of to-day whose forefathers were world-wide explorers. Around us, scarcely separable from the bush, was the coffee plantation of one Señor Serrao. He and his mother greeted us, and with beaming courtesy we were led to their wattled hut, where a timid sister gave us grape-fruit. I talked with him of his work and of the passing of the animals of the surrounding forest. Tapirs were still common, and the wild pigs and deer waged war on his vegetables. Then a swirl drew our eyes to the brown flood and he said, 'Perai.'

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And this was the end of the tropical trail which had started out as a road, with its beginning, for me, in the matter of Ram Narine. Along its route we had passed civilization as men know it here, and seen it gradually fray out into single aged outcasts, brooding on thoughts rooted and hidden in the mystery of the Far East. From the water and the jungle the trail had vouchsafed us glimpses and whispers of the wild creatures of this great continent, of the web of whose lives we hoped to unravel a few strands. The end of the trail was barred with the closed toll-gate of memory.

MAUNA LOA, 1916

BY C. H. BONESTEEL

I WAS on my return to Hilo from an inspection trip to Kohala. It had been a hard ride over the mountains that morning, raining hard most of the twenty-five miles, and the wind blowing a regular gale. As I drew up in front of the little hotel in Waimea to fill my faithful steed with the necessary gasoline and water, and also to pick up my sergeant instructor, whom I had left there on my way over to the north coast, a crowd of people were talking excitedly, and I concluded that something out of the ordinary was up. I was right, for one of the crowd came over and said, 'Mauna Loa's in eruption.' The expected had happened, and Pele [1] was once again on the rampage. In answer to my question as to the location of the flow, each had a different story to tell. One, that the flow had already come down from the mountainside and crossed the government road near Kailua, North Kona. Another, that the flow was farther south, and was nearing Honomalino, South Kona. Another, that both these were wrong, and the flow would cross the road somewhere near Waiahinu, Kau.

I concluded that nobody knew much about it, and that the best thing to be done, if I wanted to see the flow, was to open the throttle and make for Hilo, sixty-five miles away. Once there, I expected to get something definite; so off we started. The less said about this part of the trip, the better; but at four o'clock I drew up at my house in Hilo, having come the sixty-five miles in about four and a half hours. That does not sound like speeding, does it? But try to travel stretches of that road between Honokaa and Laupahoehoe, where five miles an hour is fast time, and you will change your opinion.

On our arrival at Hilo, we found a deserted town — few people on the streets, and hardly an automobile. It took only a few moments to realize that Hilo *en masse* had gone to pay a call on the Goddess Pele. I had thought the reports at Waimea a little inaccurate, but they were nothing to the rumors circulating in Hilo. It would seem that the whole island was being covered

[1] The Hawaiian Goddess of Fire. According to legend she was residing in Halemaumau, the fire-pit of Kilauea volcano. — THE AUTHOR.

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with lava. I decided at once that, if I wanted to know anything definite, I had better get started and see for myself.

My steed by this time had worn herself rather thin, especially as regards tires, so I made arrangements to go with three of my Hilo friends who were just starting out. This arrangement precluded taking my family, and you may be sure I got no royal send-off. It did seem a shame that they could not go too; but there was not an automobile to be found, as all the garages had closed up, and Hilo itself had shut up shop as soon as the news of the outbreak arrived. I finally compromised by arguing that the trip might be dangerous at night, and by promising to be back early the next morning (about one hundred and eighty miles to do in the meantime).

At a quarter to five I was off again. As long as I live I shall never forget the ride of that afternoon and night. We were among the late starters, and, as you may imagine, that only stimulated our desire to get — I was going to say 'there,' but as yet we did n't know where 'there' was. We were only 'on the way.' We all speak of that night as the 'Rush.' Those people, fortunate or unfortunate, who have gone through a gold rush or a land-settlement rush, will have a good idea of it. Every kind of automobile, big and little, old and new, was going or trying to go — somewhere. And each driver apparently thought his life depended upon passing the car that happened at that moment to be in front. Providence must have had an eye on Hawaii that night. A narrow country road, speeding automobiles, and no fatal accidents, do not often go together. It was a night to remember.

On we flew. Past Olaa, the ten-mile-long sugar-plantation. Then to the first steep rise at Mountain View. Next, Glenwood, the terminus of the railroad, slid past. We were now climbing in earnest, and soon the glow of Kilauea, our well-behaved volcano, came in sight. The lava must have been boiling merrily, for the glow from Halemaumau seemed to have an added brilliance. As we were not seeking any tame or domesticated volcanoes that night, we gave Kilauea only a hurried and very disrespectful glance.

On the rise just before reaching Kilauea, we got our first view of what we were seeking, the glare from the new outbreak, high up on the slope of old Mauna Loa. It was an awesome sight. Far to the southwest, the entire heavens were illuminated with a brilliant, fiery-red glow. Now we felt sure that we should soon see a real lava flow, so on we dashed, leaving Kilauea and her house of everlasting fire behind. From this time on, we had the wonderful sight of the glare from two active craters — Kilauea behind us, the outbreak from Mauna Loa in front.

Next, we came to Pahala, but with that terrible and beautiful spectacle in the sky to draw us on, we made no stop. On through Honuapo, until finally we had to stop at Waiahinu to give our panting steed a drink. Here it was that we met the first of those who had returned from the front. The news was disappointing, for we heard that no lava could be seen, but only that terrific glare in the sky. There was a rumor, however, that a flow was somewhere near Honomalino, but that one could not get to it through the forest. Not having been to the front, we of course knew a lot better than those who had, and said to ourselves that surely we would see something worth while.

So once more we headed our car toward the glow, and on the top of the great hill to the west of Waiahinu, we got our first real view of that glow, miles above us, high up on the slopes of

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Mauna Loa. Oh! the thrill of it, and deep down in the heart of each one of us, the reverence for nature's forces! About seven miles from Waiahinu we came to the Kuhuku Ranch Gate, and here we found Hilo, or at least most of the inhabitants of that deserted town. Here were about one hundred automobiles — some stationary, some wanting to go on, while others wanted to go back. The road is rather narrow at this point, and is built over an old lava flow, so you may imagine that there was some confusion. Hawaiian policemen from Hilo were working to straighten out traffic, and to get some semblance of order.

As we came up, right in the midst of it all was an excited Japanese, half-standing in his Ford. The car was moving forward and backward about ten feet each way, and the man all the time yelling like a Comanche Indian. He was not the only one, either, who had apparently lost his head for the time being that night. Having a friend at court, in this instance in the person of a policeman, we managed with some backing and filling, and much time lost, to break through and resume our dash Kona-ward.

We were now passing through the Kau Desert. Here, for centuries, flow after flow of molten rock had poured down the slope of Mauna Loa, each making its way to the sea, and leaving behind a country the most desolate, fantastic, and weird that can be imagined. For miles the road traverses a land of desolation and destruction. Nowhere have I seen such land. Nothing but masses of lava, for the most part 'a-a,' as the Hawaiians call it, consisting of rough, individual, scoriaceous pieces which look like slag, or again stretches of 'pahoehoe' lava, which, when hot, runs like molasses. Yet not absolute desolation, for here and there were bunches of fern, and that tree which seems to flourish on lava, the flowering *lehua*, with its brilliant crimson blossoms. At the end of the desert you come to the forest. Tall *ohia*, the silver-colored *kukui*, and the ever-present guava, rose as a wall to block our advance.

It was about here that we met a returning automobile, and were told that police officials were stopping all cars a few miles farther on, and turning them back. It was feared that the flow would soon cross the road near Honomalino, and people were being warned back to prevent any one from being caught. We were told also that the forest was so dense that nothing could be seen. In fact, we could see very much more right where we were, for ahead the trees effectually shut off all view, even of the glowing heavens. It was impossible to see anything from the road, and no one knew for certain where the head of the flow was. In any event, it meant miles of walking over lava, through a totally unfamiliar forest. So, heavy-hearted, and sorely disappointed, we decided that it was useless to push on. Around we turned, and began our ninety-mile ride back to Hilo, all the enthusiasm of the early night gone.

At the Kuhuku Gate we stopped awhile to talk it all over with those who had stayed behind. We added our bit of information to that already going the rounds, and in return were given the latest rumors. Off at one side of the road, a crowd of Hawaiians were sitting around a fire, the women cooking, and the men singing to the accompaniment of the *ukulele;* and all the while every one of us watched, with eyes fastened on that far-off glow, fascinated and unwilling to leave. However, realizing that we had a long, hard trip ahead, we bade them 'Aloha' and were off. Earlier in the evening, that tremendous glow ahead had made us feel sure that we should presently see the river of fire

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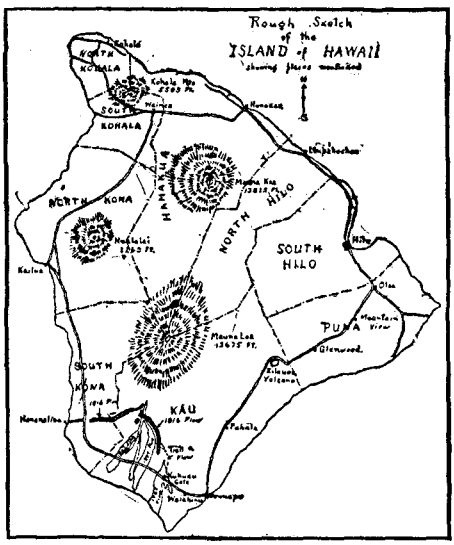
itself creeping down the mountainside; but all we had actually seen was the vivid reflection in the sky of this molten stream. Ordinarily this sight alone would have repaid us ten-fold for all our trouble, but now it only accentuated our disappointment. What we had set out to see was there, but we could not get to it. The sun was just coming up, far out on the Pacific, as we made our way through Olaa again, and in a half-hour more we were back in Hilo, a tired-out, sleepy, and disappointed set of men.



My work, however, was just half done, for I had n't forgotten the promise I had made to the family the afternoon before. Hoping against hope that they would not want to go, I told them what I had seen, and told it in a very unenthusiastic manner; said there was not much to see, that the flow was far up the mountain, and the trip a long and tiresome one. No luck — they were all excited and ready to go. So after much preparation, and an hour or two of rest for me, off we started — wife, baby, nurse, little son, and my sister. My only instructions were that I should be kept awake, for a moment's doze would land us in a ditch; and landing in a Hawaiian ditch, strewn with lava boulders, is more or less dangerous. Two drivers the night before had gone to sleep at the wheel, and the escapes from death were miraculous.

It was the same trip over again, only now we were traveling by day, and that fiery glow in the sky could not be seen. There was none of the glamour or excitement of the night before, and taking it slowly, we arrived at Waiahinu in mid-afternoon. We made ourselves comfortable at Becker's, a delightful little inn which weary travelers eagerly look for when nearing Waiahinu. It was here that we got the first definite news of the flows. Two of these were in action. The larger, at that time, had reached a point within a few miles of the belt road, and was moving very slowly through the forest towards Honomalino. The smaller was headed in the general direction of Waiahinu. It was still high up on the mountainside, but moving rapidly.

After a good supper, we all bundled into the automobile and climbed the Waiahinu hill. It was getting dark as we arrived at the Kuhuku Gate, and we watched the glow from the flows begin to come out. At first it gave a pinkish tinge to the sky, hardly perceptible; but as the night came on, and darkness increased, the whole heaven was illuminated with the light from the rivers of fire.

How enthusiastic the family were, and how appreciative of being able to see even that much! Now and then great banks of clouds would rise, their lower surfaces fiery red, imperceptibly shading upward to a duller red, then a salmon pink, which grew fainter and fainter, finally blending into the darkness above. Now and again the glow would brighten and the sky seem to blaze, as if the lava at that moment

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were tearing its way through a forest, setting fire to and consuming everything in its path. For a long time we watched and wondered, and it was with difficulty that we finally tore ourselves away. As I had been riding more or less continuously for forty hours, bed and its concomitant, sleep, were an inviting prospect.

As we were getting ready to turn in, Professor Jaggar, the scientist in charge of the observation station at Kilauea volcano, came in, telling of his experiences, and mentioning that he had been invited to go on horseback up the mountain next morning to get right alongside of the Kau flow. How I wished to go along! But not being able to invite myself, there was nothing to do but be resigned, and hope that the mountain would come to me, instead of my having to go to the mountain. However, I began to think it all over. If he could get up, why could not I? The longer I thought, the more determined I was to go, if a guide and the necessary horses could be procured.

At breakfast next morning, I mentioned my idea to a friend from Hilo, who immediately became enthusiastic, and together we started out to see if a guide and horses could be found. Luck was with us, for we soon found a Hawaiian cowboy who was thoroughly familiar with the up-mountain country. Horses were arranged for, and it was all quickly settled. During the negotiations, a *haole* [1] resident of Waiahinu said that he would like to go along too, and as no objection was made, he was allowed to do so, making the fourth member of our party. Back to the hotel we hurried to get together blankets, *kaukau*,[2] and water, for we did not know how long we were to stay on the mountain. Above certain levels there is no water, while higher up vegetation ceases, and at the summit of Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet above the sea, snow and ice can be found the year round. Somehow, snow and ice on the top of an active volcano have always seemed rather paradoxical to me. But to get back. We soon had everything in readiness, and having sent the horses on ahead, rode in the automobile to the Kuhuku Gate, the point where we were to leave the road and strike the mountain trail. When the horses arrived, we packed up, slinging our bundles and blankets from the saddles; and leaving a note pinned to the automobile telling of our destination, we hit the trail *mauka*,[3] the guide leading, my friend R. T. and I in column behind him, and our volunteer haole friend bringing up the rear.

The trail was one used by the cowboys of the Kuhuku Ranch to get to the paddocks high up on the mountain. At first it was fairly easy, and our horses, mountain-bred and sure of foot, made good going. The trail led through scattered lehua trees for a while, until we began to climb in earnest. The forest was now closing in. Giant fern trees growing thick among the ohia soon made the trail the only apparent way through. I was told, however, that cowboys out on the hunt for cattle ride all over this country. How they do it, is beyond me.

At one point I started to pick a crimson flower from the lower branch of a lehua, when R. T. saw me and laughingly said, 'Don't do that — it will bring rain.' The old Hawaiians firmly believe that rain will surely follow the picking of a lehua blossom. I did not pick the flower, but some one somewhere else must have, for we had plenty of rain later on. Up we climbed, giving our horses a breathing-spell now and again, until the last water-hole was

[1] *Haole.* White man or foreigner.

[2] *Kaukau.* Food; anything to eat.

[3] *Mauka.* Toward the mountain; in this case, up the mountain.

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passed, and from there onward we had to rely on just what we had carried with us. The trail was getting steeper now, and to make matters worse, very much rougher; nothing but bare lava, with little or no earth underneath.

Stopping again for one of our breathing-spells, we heard, through the forest above, voices of people approaching. In a few moments Professor Jaggar and the manager of the Kuhuku Ranch, with a party of cowboys, hove in sight, and told us they had been right up to the flow itself, had followed it along for some time — and a lot of other things that made us hurry on and resume our climb. A light rain had now started, and we hoped that it did not presage a mountain fog. We thought that it must be raining quite hard farther up the mountain, for we heard what at first we believed was thunder, a low rumbling sound. As we approached, the sound grew louder and louder, and we soon realized that it was not thunder, but the noise made by the object of our search, the river of molten rock forcing its way down the mountainside. Higher and higher we climbed, until at last, by the clearness of the sound, we knew our goal was not far off. The noise now was not a steady rumble like thunder, but more a mingling of many sounds, a sort of grinding, tinkling, hissing, all combined.

As yet we had seen nothing of the flow itself, on account of the heavy forest which surrounded us. Here lehua had given place to mighty *koas* (Hawaiian mahogany): koas one hundred and fifty feet high, with wide-spreading branches and trunks that it would take three men with arms outstretched to girdle. Continuing on our way, we passed through a clearing where a forest fire in times gone by had swept bare the mountainside, leaving only a few dead trunks, looking like wraiths in the misty rain. Then, immediately before us, we came upon a sharp rise or ridge made by some prehistoric flow; and as the noise now seemed so near, we decided to dismount, go up the ridge, and from its height see if we could not actually get a glimpse of the flow. This we did, and, to our great delight, way up the mountain in the distance an occasional red line of fire could be seen. We had reached our goal.

I cannot well describe the feeling that came over me at that first sight— a great deal of thankfulness, combined with a mixture of dread and awe. The flow was coming our way, but we could not see it distinctly, so decided to get back to the horses, make a détour, and catch it higher up. This done, our next stop brought us to the flow. Oh, that sight! Never shall I forget it. A river of molten rock flowing majestically by, not five hundred yards off. Up the river about a thousand yards was a cascade, a true cascade with red-hot lava running and dashing over its front, while downstream it was running on top of an old 'a-a' flow, called Pele-O-Iki. A hundred yards away, and high above us, was a new flow which had apparently stopped moving; but in its cracks and holes fiery gleams still shone out. Human nature is surely an elastic element. I had at first a feeling of awe and respect; then in a little while, a feeling of confidence; until, later on, when we got within ten or fifteen feet of the moving mass, there came upon me a sense of perfect enjoyment, as if the whole affair had been planned just for my benefit.

The moving flow was about four hundred yards off, so out we started for it, over the old lava bed, passing the head of the now stationary part of the flow. Those who have never walked over an 'a-a' surface have no idea what hard work it is, with millions of sharp, jagged lumps of rock under your feet, none firmly seated. You cannot make

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fast time over it. I had been told that these stationary fronts were dangerous, as one could never tell when the forward movement had entirely ceased, or when a new start might be made. Flows, apparently stationary, have taken a sudden spurt due to accumulated pressure, and for a time have moved very rapidly; so you may believe I kept a weather eye open on that stationary flow, lest it decide to start up again. The moving head at this time was traveling at the rate of about fifteen feet a minute, and was a wall or bank about ten feet high.

The head of an 'a-a' flow moves, not as a solid stream, but rather by a continuous falling or breaking down of the front. The walls are constantly breaking, and the top parts falling down. The effect is more that of an avalanche than anything I know; a tremendous force from behind is shoving and pushing the crumbling wall in the front. Great boulders, some the size of a small house, sailed by until they reached the brink, when over they would go, scattering everything before them. Luckily for us, a stiff breeze was blowing and we were well to windward, so that we did not have the disagreeable effect of the fumes and gases to contend with, and it also allowed us to get very close, as the heat was blown back. Now and then an explosion would rupture the mass, and a scattering of molten rock would follow, while in the meantime that sound, peculiar only to an 'a-a' flow, went on continuously. Imagine millions of pieces of glass breaking, crashing, and clinking, and you get a fair idea of the weird sound. It was surely an awe-inspiring sight: tons and tons of molten and red-hot rock, rushing and crashing on, with a force no man-made barrier could withstand.

By now, the front wall or head had passed considerably below us, and we were left standing on the edge; so we decided to retrace our steps and make for a point lower down, to watch the head pass by again. A détour of seven or eight hundred yards, and we had again caught up with 'our' flow. Another stop to watch the tremendous force pass on, and again another ride downward to watch the same thing. Fascinating is not the word for it. The ever-changing surface of the molten mass, the roar and crashing, gave surfeit to the emotions. Here, at the fourth stopping-place, the flow suddenly started to spurt, and as we could see the end of the Pele-O-Iki flow, with the forest below it, we decided to make for a vantage-point still farther down. There we knew we would see the sight of our lives — a molten river tearing and forcing its way through the giant koas.

As we had had nothing to eat since early morning, we felt that supper would be appreciated, especially as our table was sure to be brightly lighted. Tying our horses at a safe distance, we undid our bundles and moved up on foot to where we judged the flow would strike the forest. At the foot of the old flow was a deep ravine, one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards across, and it was on the near bank of this ravine, among the trees, that we spread our feast. Scarcely had we begun our meal, when the head came crashing down. As if it knew that the hardest part of its task was before it, the front wall had banked up, and, as it rushed into the ravine, was about thirty feet high. It was now getting dusk, and the color effects were beyond imagination. Pandemonium reigned. Great trees, every branch and leaf on fire, came crashing to earth. One monster tree was carried along upright for about a hundred yards, when suddenly it burst into flame, and came thundering down. Smaller trees, when the flow hit them, would be snapped off at

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the base and a log-jam would form, till all of a sudden, by an extra spurt, they would all be buried under tons of molten rock, incinerated instantly, and the gases imprisoned. Then in a few minutes an explosion would follow, and high into the air red-hot lava would fly. In some cases, no explosion followed, but the imprisoned gas would escape with a tremendous flame, and accompanied by a noise for all the world like the exhaust of a giant locomotive. At first, the puffing would be slow, then faster and faster, till at last you could imagine the engine rushing along at sixty miles an hour. Very soon we had to move our position, as falling trees were getting too close for comfort. It was quite dark now, and as we moved higher up the side of the ravine, we could see the flow for a distance of about two miles up the mountainside: a true river of fire — blue, green, gold, and white lights playing over the fiery surface. It was a sight which had to be actually seen to be fully realized, and we felt that we were indeed fortunate.

Back to the horses again, and another détour *makau*[1] to get ahead of the flow. We had no difficulty, as our way was as bright as day, from the glow of that awful fire. As we were watching, this time on horseback, not thirty feet from the flow, out of the gloom, as unconcerned as you please, walked a solitary Japanese. He did not know that any one was within miles of him, yet here he was, out on a little 'look see' for himself. When we left, he was still there, apparently unafraid, and enjoying himself hugely. We had come prepared to stay all night if necessary, but there was a decided chance that the flow would take a turn to the east, and in so doing cut us off from the only trail back. We had been alongside of the flow for hours, and had seen it in all its different aspects and phases, so we decided to hit the trail down the mountain before it should be too late. For a little while, the going was good, for the light from the flow illuminated the trail fairly well; but as we got farther along, and deeper into the forest, every bit of light was shut out until there was nothing but blackness as deep as pitch.

That was a very exciting ride. All we could do was to trust to our horses, and this trust was not misplaced, for after a four hours' slide down that so-called trail, we came to the more open portions of the forest, and below us we could see the lights of automobiles at the Kuhuku Gate. Reaching the road without mishap, tired out, wet, and bedraggled, this time there was no disappointment, for we had seen a real lava flow, close to, and in action. It was with a sense of full satisfaction and thankfulness that we tumbled into bed.

[1] *Makau.* Toward the sea; in this case, down the mountain.

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ALCOHOL AND PHYSIOLOGY

BY EUGENE LYMAN FISK

I

THE opponents of alcohol as well as its apologists have always been prone to injure their arguments by exaggeration. The postulate that the alcoholic is always a defective is no more sound than the postulate that the criminal is always a defective. No man is perfect, and while a mental or nervous defective of a pronounced type is usually, though by no means always, an easy victim for alcohol, what alcohol will do to individuals far above this line is often a matter of circumstance and environment. I have seen men with bad inheritance and many stigmata of nervous instability, develop, under proper encouragement and suggestion, a successful resistance to alcohol, and build up will-power and self-control; while on the other hand, I have seen men with good endowment, — men who by no stretch of the imagination could be considered defective in a pathological sense, — buffeted by fate, tempted by environment, and prodded by suggestion, gradually yield to the steady use of alcohol — sometimes to complete downfall, sometimes to woeful lack of achievement. Every reader of this magazine can call to mind many fine men who have fallen by the wayside through alcohol, — men whom it would be scientifically ridiculous to call defective.

After all, who are the 'defective'? Where shall we draw the line? Who are the perfect men, these men who are above all manner of temptation, for whom alcohol is innocuous? While there are many men who have inherited or acquired a stability of mind or nervous system that doubly assures them against attack, I have yet to see the man for whom the more or less steady use of alcohol did not carry some menace. In fact, we are considering the mass of the people, and not exceptional types such as the common drunkard, the insane, or the super-man. Among the mass of the people circumstances plus alcohol often constitute a dangerous combination; and alcohol often is responsible for the circumstances that make it dangerous.

The naïve assumption that alcohol impairs only the fundamentally unfit will not bear analysis, and the development of such a hypothesis into such theories as those of Archdall Reid, who holds that alcohol, by weeding out the unfit, acts as a beneficial evolutionary influence, may easily be carried to a *reductio ad absurdum*. Such arguments apply with equal force to plague, yellow fever, consumption, pneumonia, and the other communicable diseases, as it is well known that those of low resistance usually succumb to such diseases. Let us then allow them full swing in order to eliminate the non-resistant! The problem of the survival of the unfit must be met in other ways consistent with modern science and altruism, and not through the aid of the corner saloon.

The question as to what the effects might be upon a group of men controlled in such a way that the influence of

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so-called moderate drinking could be restricted to the degenerative or toxic effect on organic tissue, while the individuals are protected from life's vicissitudes, is almost purely academic. It could never be duplicated in real life. A group of insured lives must be considered in the moving equilibrium of actual workaday existence, and the many varied relations of that existence to the more or less steady use of alcohol in the quantities used by the mass of the people who drink, must be the touchstones applied to the life-insurance statistics presented in the previous paper.

We must bear in mind that even so mild an indulgence as one or two glasses of champagne or beer three times a month would, in the course of twenty years, make seven hundred and twenty exposures to alcoholic temptation, in addition to whatever disturbing effect on the moral, psychic, or physical condition such doses may have. Among two million individuals, even such slight indulgence would mean, in the course of one year, seventy-two million exposures to such varied adverse effects as there may be in small doses. Among those drinking every day two glasses of beer, the exposures to temptation and to further drinking among two million men would be in the course of one year seven hundred and thirty million, and in twenty-five years eighteen and a quarter billion.

Eighteen and a quarter billion exposures to alcohol might be compared to very distant artillery fire directed at an enemy. Many thousand shells are fired to produce a few fatalities. Many fail to hit, but in the long run there is a definite fatality. The impact of eighteen and a quarter billion doses of alcohol on a group of two million men must certainly place the group at a disadvantage as compared to a group that is not exposed to such impact, provided of course that we find that the total effect of alcohol in the doses usually taken as a beverage is ever so slightly injurious in a direct way and carries any distinct danger of temptation to increased indulgence to the point where common observation shows it to be a deadly, destructive poison. What is the evidence along these lines?

Is there any sound reason to suspect alcohol of being the underlying cause of the greater part of the extra mortality unquestionably obtaining among users as compared to non-users? If we were confronted by an experience with users of ether or chloroform compared to non-users (ether is widely used in East Prussia, not a prohibition state), should we for one moment question the fact of these drugs being the essential poisonous agent? Even though used in moderate quantities, should we question that cocaine or morphine or hashish or any other habit-forming drug was the chief factor in any extra mortality shown by its users? Only well-supported evidence showing that alcohol in the average quantities used by so-called moderate drinkers produces no bodily ill effects, either directly or indirectly, could justify seeking any other explanation than the influence of alcohol to account for the trend of mortality in the life-insurance experience.

Is there any well-supported evidence that the drinking of the average man is harmless? The laboratory must answer this question.

The most important work that has yet been done in the study of alcohol is that of the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, under the direction of Professors Raymond Dodge and E. C. Benedict.

The work of Benedict and Atwater in establishing the fact that small amounts of alcohol, not to exceed 2.4 ounces daily, are completely oxidized in the body, and that by its tissue-sparing qualities alcohol may theoreti-

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cally take the place of food, is well known. It is not so well known that Atwater condemned the use of alcohol as a food because of its cost and its possible ill effects on the nervous system.

Desiring to carry further these researches, a very elaborate plan has been outlined by Professor Dodge. The immense and comprehensive scope of the investigation planned may be judged by the fact that the physiological division of the research, as tentatively laid out by Dodge and Benedict after conferences either by letter or in person with the leading physiologists and research workers of the world, includes seven main sections and one hundred and sixty subdivisions.

The psychological programme, which has already been carried out with the coöperation of Dr. F. Lyman Wells, includes four sections, covering an investigation of the effect of moderate doses of alcohol on the simpler reflex nervous mechanisms in the lower levels of the spinal cord, and also tests of its effect on certain higher and more complex functions, as well as on memory and free association.

Benedict rightly says, with regard to the important higher mental and moral processes, 'There is at present scant probability of securing experimental data of scientific reliability, owing to the difficulty of measuring them in any direct way. This technical defect is a serious limitation to all experimental investigation of the psychological effects of the ingestion of alcohol, since it is precisely in these directions that our general and scientific experience indicates that the effects of alcohol are most serious.'

For example, the effect of alcohol on the mental processes of a subject quiescent in the laboratory, where it is impossible exactly to reproduce the conditions under which alcohol is usually taken, may be different from what they would be in social life. In convivial company there is a certain relaxation of control of the higher centres and a reinforcement of the lower centres which may reverse the effects of alcohol as shown in the laboratory. In working with small doses of alcohol we are operating within very narrow margins, and manifold factors may disturb the equilibrium of the experiment, even apart from varying individual susceptibility. It is well to bear this in mind in interpreting the facts just given to the public in the voluminous report of the Nutrition Laboratory.

The report is couched in rigidly technical and formal language, giving in detail the technique and results of the experiments. It is free from any suggestion of propaganda, either scientific or sociological, and practically free from any discussion of the application of the knowledge in the solution of the alcohol problem.[1]

II

Before proceeding to a summary of the results of these experiments it is desirable to state briefly the evidence previously presented by the world's leading investigators and note to what extent it is confirmed by the Nutrition Laboratory with its wealth of scientific apparatus, some of which, such as the electrocardiograph, has only lately become available for research work and has added much to the delicacy and precision of the psychological measurements.

The most important work along these lines has been done in Germany,

[1] The investigation is planned to cover about ten years in time, and premature generalizations are distinctly avoided. Nevertheless, there is presented exceedingly important and definite evidence of the effect of alcohol in moderate doses, which has very significant bearing upon the interpretation of the life-insurance statistics. — The Author.

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and it is there that scientific opposition to the use of alcohol is strongest. Kraepelin and his pupils have contributed most to our knowledge of the psychological effects of alcohol; they have done much to dispel the dogma that alcohol possesses stimulating properties and have plainly labeled it a narcotic. The work of Kraepelin, Kürz, Aschaffenburg, and others, has shown a distinctly narcotic or depressing effect from even small doses, such as a half to a whole litre of beer. A distinct impairment of the power to memorize numbers was found after the consumption of two to four glasses of beer. Habitual association of ideas and free association of ideas were also interfered with.

Vogt, of the University of Christiana, in comparatively recent experiments on his own person, confirmed the results of Kraepelin and Smith, and found a reduction of 18 per cent in the power to memorize Greek poetry. Six months later, when the poetry was reviewed, it was found that the lines learned on alcohol days were less readily relearned, thus suggesting the hypothesis that they were less clearly impressed on the memory while alcohol was circulating in the brain. Vogt found that about 15 cubic centimetres (four teaspoonfuls) of whiskey on an empty stomach, or 25 cubic centimetres with food, distinctly impaired the power to memorize.

Aschaffenburg found that moderate doses of alcohol lessened the amount of work done by printing compositors and increased the liability to error. In his and Kraepelin's experiments, the reaction time, or the interim that elapses between an irritation and a responsive movement, which can be measured within one one-thousandth of a second, was at first shortened under small doses of alcohol and later lengthened, suggesting a depression of the higher inhibitory centres and a release of the lower nervous mechanisms, with an acceleration of action characterized as 'premature.'

The testimony as to the effect on muscular efficiency and fatigue is somewhat conflicting, owing to the varying susceptibility of the many individuals used in the tests. Such workers as Dubois, Schnyder and Hellsten have found a total loss of working power, occasionally preceded by a temporary increase, variously ascribed to primary increase of interest, temporary stimulation or even temporary paralysis of the higher centres, resulting in acceleration of the lower. Experiments with the ergograph — an instrument for recording the value of work done by muscular contractions — showed that any apparent stimulation was reflected in an increase in the number of movements, but not in their force or range, giving some support to the view that the effect of alcohol was a release of susceptibility or irritability rather than a driving force.

Rivers, in 1908, noted the discrepant findings of various investigators, and was inclined to view the results of previous experiments as seriously affected by the personal equation and accessory factors other than alcohol, and by lack of proper checks and controls.

His own carefully checked and controlled experiments had failed to show, on the whole, any stimulating effect on muscular efficiency from moderate doses of alcohol — 20 to 40 cubic centimetres. (Four cubic centimetres are equal to one teaspoonful.) He states that sometimes a dose of 40 cubic centimetres of pure alcohol may produce a decided increase in the amount of work executed with the ergograph, but at other times the increase may be wholly absent and may possibly be replaced by a decrease.

With regard to mental work, Rivers concluded that the available evidence

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pointed to a decrease in the amount of work under the influence of alcohol, when there is any effect at all; but there are great individual differences. The analogy between the effect of mental fatigue and the effect of alcohol on muscular work is a striking feature of Rivers's work, and supports the view of Kraepelin that the effect of alcohol is essentially central, acting directly on the brain and spinal cord.

The dulling of mental activity by fatigue is compared to the dulling of mental activity by alcohol; and the increased muscular activity noted by Rivers on his own person following mental fatigue is likened to the muscular activity sometimes noted after doses of alcohol.

The fact of wide variation in individual susceptibility is a matter of extreme importance in explaining the unfavorable effects of alcohol on large masses of men. In such masses will always be found a very large percentage of people who react unfavorably to it, as such subjects are always found in the small groups that have been selected with great care as supposedly normal subjects for investigation.

Also, as Rivers suggests, the similarity between the action of alcohol and that of fatigue should make one very chary of concluding that any stimulating effect of alcohol on muscular activity is an indication of a physiological action which is beneficial to the organism as a whole, even in those supposedly favorable subjects where it is found to occur.

With regard to muscular efficiency, Quensel says of the investigations already mentioned that they 'afford a full objective support for the truth of what practical experience teaches. From the sporting and military life many experiences are at hand which demonstrate the undesirability of using alcohol when the point is to keep the body for a longer period at its greatest point of strength and endurance.

'Experience has furthermore shown that it is difficult and responsible work which suffers most from the influence of alcohol. Endurance, energy, concentration, suffer in the first place, while ability to execute an already familiar piece of work, or purely mechanical occupations, are inhibited to a far less noticeable degree.' The danger of increasing indulgence being also freely admitted, it is difficult to understand his point of view that moderate indulgence in alcohol as a source of relaxation after work or fatigue is not to be condemned from the hygienic point of view.

The indictment which Quensel himself brings against the use of even moderate doses under ordinary circumstances does not consist very well with his indorsement of it as something to play with in relaxation. A wild animal that must be watched is no very safe playfellow, and the record of alcohol in its influence on mankind certainly justifies the claim that it needs watching.

William James aptly characterized the psychic effect of alcohol as that of 'narrowing the field of consciousness.' Expansive as the drinker may feel, his intellectual world is restricted by alcohol, according to common observation and the testimony of many unprejudiced brain-workers. The man who leans on alcohol cannot, of course, do creative work without it until he is put in a normal condition; but there is little evidence that alcohol releases any higher mental activities, unless we except the case of the psychopath, whose brain cannot function without the drug upon which it has become dependent. This will receive further consideration in discussing the findings of the Nutrition Laboratory.

Another important system to consider in its relation to alcohol is the so-

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called 'autonomic system,' the nervous mechanism for maintaining in equilibrium the circulation of the blood, the activity of the heart, and the tone of the blood-vessels, as well as other glandular and organic functions. The most extensive use of alcohol in medicine has been that of a heart stimulant. In every form of heart-failure, whether of acute shock or the depression of acute illness (especially in typhoid and pneumonia), alcohol was formerly a standard routine remedy, to be used on the first signs of a falling circulation, in traditional tablespoonful doses at intervals of several hours, and occasionally in much larger quantities. We now know that such value as it possessed in acute illness was largely due to its fuel-value, to its property of sparing tissue and thus replacing nutrients in the diet which were often mistakenly withheld in the graver stages of acute illness.

While there are still a few authorities who believe that alcohol has some beneficial effect on the circulation, in spite of its absolute failure to show any value as a direct heart stimulant, the pendulum has swung very far in the other direction, and alcohol is now seldom used in acute illness except as a substitute for food and in cases where previous steady drinking has made it unwise to withdraw it. Crile, Cabot, Dennig, Hindelang, Grünbaum, and others, have failed to show any increase in blood-pressure from its use in therapeutic doses in man. Although very small doses in animals have shown some slight stimulating effects, the depressant after-effects are very quickly reached. Blood-pressure, however, is not an infallible test in this regard, and there is other evidence to show that alcohol not only depresses the nervous centres controlling the tension of the blood-vessels and thus lowers blood-pressure, but depresses the inhibitory nervous centre that controls the rate of the heart, thus accelerating the heart beat without adding to its power. It takes the 'brake' off the heart, but adds nothing to its driving force.

As a food, too, it is discredited in acute disease, and substances like sugar are now employed as affording almost equal fuel value without the possible dangerous effects on the circulation and nervous system. The 'high calorie' diet in typhoid, for example, now elbows alcohol out of the sick-room, even as an alleged emergency food.

On the protective qualities of the blood, its complex and as yet only dimly understood mechanism for resistance to infection, alcohol exerts very definite effects. While there is much conflicting evidence, there has grown up, not only a clinical aversion to the use of alcohol in such conditions as tuberculosis and other infections, but a body of evidence justifying this reversal of former clinical practice.

Fillinger found the resistance of the red blood-cells much reduced after administration of champagne to healthy human subjects, and similar results were found in dogs and rabbits. Weinberg confirmed these results by similar methods, showing that 20 per cent of the red cells lose their resistance after the administration of 450 cubic centimetres of champagne. Little effect was found on the white blood-cells by Parkinson in a series of careful tests, except when very large doses were continuously taken: that is, the power of these cells to destroy bacteria (phagocytosis) was not materially affected.

Laitinen was convinced that very small doses, 15 cubic centimetres, for instance, distinctly lowered the resistance to typhoid after prolonged administration. Muller, Wirgin, and others have shown that alcohol restricts the formation of 'antibodies' (the function of which is to resist infection) in

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the blood of rabbits. Rubin demonstrated that alcohol, ether, and chloroform, injected under the skin, render rabbits more vulnerable to streptococcus (blood poison) and pneumococcus (pneumonia) infection.

Our knowledge on the subject has lately been reinforced by Reich, of the University of Munich. He failed to show any increase of protective activity (phagocytosis) against tubercle bacilli in the white blood-cells of abstainers as compared to alcohol users, but noticed that phagocytosis of typhoid bacilli by the cells of abstainers was more readily effected. The bactericidal qualities of the blood serum of abstainers were also more active against typhoid bacilli. Furthermore, the resistance of red blood-cells to salt solution was lowered in proportionate relationship to the degree of alcoholic indulgence. Laboratory or clinical evidence is of course lacking as to the effect of small doses of alcohol on the kidneys, liver, and the structure of the blood-vessels. Such minute and chronic changes as there may be cannot be readily ascertained by such investigations, and we must draw our conclusions as to the probable effect of continuous so-called moderate drinking on these organs from the well-known effects of excessive drinking in bringing about degenerative changes in the liver, kidneys, and blood-vessels.

It is possible that light may be thrown on this matter by the researches of the Nutrition Laboratory. From the insurance experiences we are at least justified in assuming that even the moderately drinking classes are more subject to these chronic organic affections than those who abstain.

So far as the direct action of alcohol on the stomach and its functions is concerned, there is little evidence that in dilute solution (less than 10 per cent) it exerts any restraining influence on digestion. Indeed, its use tends to encourage over-feeding and add excessive food-consumption and absorption to the fuel-value of alcohol. Indirectly, it may thus tax the digestive system, and by causing undue accumulation of weight, — especially among beer-drinkers who drink to excess, — add the peril of obesity to that of the toxic effect of alcohol on brain and circulation.

It may be asked why, if alcohol thus promotes nutrition, it is not serviceable in wasting diseases. The answer is that the price paid in toxic effect is too high. The unfavorable influence already noted on the brain and blood and circulation counterbalances its food-value for those who need to gain weight, and for those who are already in the heavy-weight class it is a double handicap.

In the past few months further light has been thrown upon the alleged food-value of alcohol. The one great therapeutic stronghold still held by alcohol is diabetes. Even Ewald, and others strongly opposed to the use of alcohol generally as a therapeutic weapon, concede its value in this disease because of its alleged action in preventing the development of acidosis when starches and sugars are withdrawn or greatly reduced in the diet. That this view is based on dogma and not on scientific fact has lately been shown by Higgins, Peabody, and Fitz in their experiments at the Carnegie Institution and at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, where carefully controlled experiments on normal human beings showed not only an absolute lack of 'antiketogenic' or acidosis-preventing influence on the part of alcohol, but an actual acceleration of such conditions by its use, the measurements being made by the most delicate and accurate methods available to science (oxygen tension of alveolar air).

This evidence concerns normal people

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as well as diabetics, because the trend of modern diet is toward the over-use of acid-forming foods, such as eggs, meat, fish, cereals, and an insufficient use of base-forming foods, such as most fruits and vegetables. Those who eat inordinately of these concentrated flesh foods and also drink alcohol, are increasing the tendency to acidosis, a condition which in its milder form is often given the absurd misnomer of "biliousness." [Bile never has anything to do with the symptoms usually charged against it.]

Without going further into the physiological and psychological effects of alcohol as ascertained, we may sum up the evidence prior to Dodge and Benedict's researches by stating that alcohol has been found to be a depressant, a narcotic, often exerting, even in small daily doses, an unfavorable effect on the brain and nervous functions and on heart and circulation, and lowering the resistance of the body to infection.

[*In a concluding paper Dr. Fisk will discuss laboratory tests dealing with human efficiency and alcohol.* — THE EDITORS.]

THE CULPRIT

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I

THE postman came out of the cobbler's shop on the morning of Columbus Day as Officer Harrigan was going in.

'Fine weather for the parade,' the postman said.

'Dago luck!' growled Officer Harrigan. 'Remember the hell-of-a-blizzard we had on the seventeenth of March?'

The postman's answer was lost down the alley between the cobbler's shop and the paper-box factory. There was a tenement in behind, where twelve Italian families, including the household of Angelo the cobbler, reproduced the atmosphere and sanitary conditions of certain quarters in Naples. The shanty shop, blocking the alley, toned in admirably with the local color.

Inside, Angelo and his pretty Giuseppina hung in perplexity over a long white envelope which the postman had left on the cobbler's bench. At intervals they pawed it gingerly, turned it over, turned it back again.

'Will I read it for yez?' volunteered Officer Harrigan.

'An-ge-lo Martini,' said Angelo. 'I read my name aw right, — but —'

'W'at make a bird here?' queried Giuseppina.

'P-h-o-e-n-,' murmured Angelo.

'I-x,' continued Officer Harrigan. 'You been takin' out fire insurance?'

Angelo fixed large, dazed eyes upon the policeman's face: 'Fire insure —? Yes.'

'Well, this here 's it.'

Angelo's eyes sought the envelope. 'P-h-o-e-,' he murmured again.

'Feenix, you son of — Columbus,'

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shouted Officer Harrigan. 'It's a burrd they use for a trade-mark. Open it!'

'Oh, *Angelo mio*, you have buy me a bird?' cried Giuseppina. 'A bird to sing for me?'

'A rroast turkey,' Officer Harrigan explained genially, with a wink at Angelo. 'That's him a-roastin' in them flames.'

Giuseppina clasped her hands: 'For the *festa!* We eat him? W'ere iss he?'

Angelo had slit the long envelope, and a ray of intelligence slowly illumined his countenance. 'No, *carina;* you no listen him; he jolly you. No turkey; no dicky bird; American eagle.' He glanced at Officer Harrigan for confirmation and was rewarded by an amiable nod. 'I make my shop insure by him, my ledther, my shoe, my new *macchina* for sew; everyt'ing safe by American eagle. "In God we trust."'

Giuseppina's innocent, bewildered eyes searched the insurance policy anxiously and then were lifted up to her husband with blank faithfulness. '"In God we trust,"' she repeated.

Angelo had an inspiration. '*Peppina mia!* You know lottery, *tombola*, in Messina? — *Ebbene;* this American lottery. I pay for ticket; this — ticket; and if my shop burn up I win t'ree hun' doll'.'

'T'ree hun' doll',' repeated Giuseppina.

'*Mille cinque cento lire,*' Angelo translated.

'*Mille cinque cento lire!*' gasped Giuseppina, suddenly alive to the situation. 'When you burn him up? When you make fire? To-night? To-morrow morn'?'

The unrestrained mirth of Officer Harrigan shook the shop; but Angelo's pleasant smile faded. He waited sullenly for the guffaws to cease.

'You shut up your jolly,' he said when he could be heard. 'My wife no damfool.'

'Sure, she ain't,' assented Officer Harrigan. 'She's a suffragette.'

'You get out my shop.' Angelo's courteous voice had turned surly.

Giuseppina laid a timid hand on his arm.

'Aw, come off, Angelo!' said Officer Harrigan. 'I'm handin' 'er out compliments.'

Angelo had turned his back and was running a finger tentatively along the row of mended shoes on the shelf above his head. Giuseppina looked up at the big policeman with amiable reproach.

'Why you laugh at me?' she asked.

'It's an American joke, missis. You would n't understand.'

Angelo had turned round with a pair of small, patched shoes in his hand. '*Senta*, Peppina, listen,' he said; 'the one w'at buy the ticket, he no can burn up the shop. It ain't the game. *Non è permesso*, is not permit. Anoder person have to burn up the shop. The one w'at buy the ticket no can burn up the shop. If I no play the game, I no get the mon'.'

'No get the mon',' repeated Giuseppina.

'Ain't she the quick thinker!' grinned Officer Harrigan.

'She think aw right in Italian,' Angelo flashed. 'She in America now one year. You in Italy one year, you no speak, you no think, you no unnerstan'. You big damfool. Here your Mikey shoe; twen' fi' cen'.'

Officer Harrigan received his Mikey's shoes with a rapid change of countenance. 'Twenty-five cents!' he ejaculated. 'Since when?'

'Since now to-day,' growled Angelo.

'And you think you can skin me like that, when you put half soles on Paddy's shoes and never charged me nothing? You think that's business? You can whistle for it.'

'I mend your Mamie shoe,' cried Angelo, 'I mend your Tommy shoe,

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your Willie shoe, your Maggie shoe, your Mikey shoe, your Paddy shoe, your Jimmy shoe; how many chil'ren you got? I never charge you nothing. You laugh my wife; you jolly my Giuseppina. Now you pay. I gotta live. I gotta pay my fire insure. You pay me twen' fi' cen'.'

'You damned ungrateful Guinea!' yelled Officer Harrigan. 'I could a' pinched you any Sunday this six weeks for keepin' this shop open; an' did I?'

'You think you scare me for a joke,' shrieked Angelo. 'I keep American law. I am here t'ree year in this country. I no spit on the floor. I no carry stiletto,' — he flung up his hands with a revealing gesture, — 'I no shoot the dicky bird.'

'Well, you leave this shop open next Sunday and see if it's a joke,' the big policeman threatened loudly. 'You just try it on.'

'Grrafter!' screamed Angelo, who had taken out his first papers for citizenship. 'Grrafter! How I can mend shoe for poor man if I no work Sunday? Workingman gotta wear shoe Monday, Tuesday, Friday, all days; bring him in Sunday for mend him. You pinch me, I tell the judge; I tell him I mend six, seven, nine pair shoe for you, an' you did n't pay me notting.'

Officer Harrigan laid three nickels and a dime in a little pile on the cobbler's bench. 'Grafter, am I?' he said, quite softly, and with narrowed eyelids. 'I'll not forget that.'

Giuseppina went to the door and watched him stalk down the street. 'O Angelo *mio*,' she sighed, lapsing into her native dialect now that courtesy no longer demanded English, 'why didst thou enrage him? If he was our friend he would perhaps burn up the shop for us. But now, who would venture to ask him!'

'He is policeman,' explained Angelo sharply. 'It is not permitted to the policeman to burn the houses. And if I ask my friend to burn my shop, is it not as if I make that fire myself? No; I must not know who makes that fire. Neither police; neither nobody. Now, go thou and array thee for the *festa*. We shall see the Knights of Columbus make a procession upon the avenue. We shall take with us the *bambini* to hear *la musica*. *Andiamo cara*, come! If we have the good luck, we shall receive those *mille cinque cento lire*. If we have the bad luck, no.'

'I shall light a candle to Madonna,' said Giuseppina. '"In God we trust."'

II

'Where's the karosene can, Aggie?'

Officer Harrigan was straying around his wife's kitchen on the afternoon of Columbus Day, with a grimy lump of shoemaker's wax in one hand and a dingy rag in the other.

'It's on the top shelf of the cupboard. Since that Maloney kid drunk half a pint I'm not takin' any chances,' said Mrs. Harrigan. 'What do you want of karosene? What are you doin' with that wax? Don't you know no better than to use a dirty rag like that to take out spots? It ain't karosene you want, it's naphtha. Gimme that rag. Now where's your spot?'

Mrs. Harrigan had returned from two hours of hope deferred on the Avenue, with smarting feet and an irritated impression that parades did not pay.

'Aggie, I want that rag,' complained Officer Harrigan meekly, — 'and I'm due to report on my beat in ten minutes. Gimme.'

'Where's your spot?' repeated Mrs. Harrigan, dabbing at imaginary blemishes on his tunic, and revolving him on his heels at a touch of her fingers.

'Don't be talkin' like a sapolio ad,' he fretted; 'I tell you there ain't no

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spot. It's just a joke I'm pullin' off on a Guinea that's been givin' me lip.'

Escaping from her ministrations, he took down the kerosene can from the shelf and poured a little on the rag and the wax.

'If you put them dirty things in your pocket you'll smell like a dyein' and cleaner's shop for a week,' warned Aggie. 'Who's the Guinea?'

Officer Harrigan gazed uncertainly at the little wad in his hand and then closed his fingers upon it. 'It's that cobbler,' he explained. 'What do you think of him chargin' me twenty-five cents for Mikey's shoes?'

'And all you've done for him!' cried Aggie. 'Ain't that like these dirty ungrateful foreigners. What you goin' to do?'

'I'm goin' to make him eat out of my hand, I am,' said Officer Harrigan, extending his fist with the soaked rag clenched in it. 'I'm goin' to learn him to count ten before he calls me a grafter next time.'

'Grafter!' exclaimed Mrs. Harrigan.

But the door banged and her husband was off on his beat.

A half-hour later the fire-alarm rang, and she put her head out of the window to see the chemical engine go galloping around the corner.

'Where's the fire?' she asked a running boy.

'That dago's shoe-shop, somebody told me,' he called back over his shoulder.

Mrs. Harrigan put the window down and crossed the room to her rocking chair. After a minute or two she wiped her hand across her forehead and drew it away wet and cold. She sat a long time in her chair without moving.

Around the corner, in the courtyard behind Angelo's shop, the firemen found Officer Harrigan dashing desultory pails of water into a heap of smouldering rubbish banked against the rear wall of the little shanty. An ancient Neapolitan sibyl tottered in his wake, rattling her knotty fingers and muttering supplications to the saints.

'Ain't it the devil!' cried Officer Harrigan, sweating copiously. 'An' every soul of them off to the parade but this old lady. Play on the paper-box factory, boys, for the love o' Mike!'

The fire had already crept up the back wall of Angelo's shop, to the roof, and little flames were licking the rotten shingles. A fireman knocked in the rickety door with an axe and the whole shanty quivered and leaned into the court.

'Come on out o' here, gran'ma,' said Officer Harrigan, propelling the old woman hastily through the alley. 'They'll take charrge.' He had a big bunch of half-burned rags in his hand, which he thrust under the nose of the chief fireman, standing out on the sidewalk. 'Smell that,' he said. 'That'll do for Angelo.'

'Kerosene,' nodded the fireman. 'What makes you think he done it? May be one of them other dagoes had a grouch on him.'

'He's just took out insurance,' remarked Officer Harrigan.

The other pursed his lips into a silent whistle and then remarked, 'Say, ain't these Guineas the limit for intellect!'

At this point the roof of the shop fell in and there was a shower of sparks.

'Keep a lookout on the box factory, boys,' shouted the Chief. 'How's it behind there in the tenement?'

Then a well-directed stream of water hit the little shanty and the four walls slithered together and collapsed.

The spectators on the other side of the street yelled.

'She'll do now,' the Chief observed to Officer Harrigan. 'But it might a' been a damn ugly job, and I hope he gets the limit.'

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'He will, you bet, if my testimony counts for anything,' the officer assured him. 'Why, if I'd been five minutes later! — Dirty little fire-bug! — I'll fix him!'

The drenching streams of water had rapidly reduced the little bonfire to cinders and a smell. The odor of burned leather exerted a dispersive effect, and by the time Angelo and Giuseppina came down the street, each carrying a sleepy and sticky *bambino*, the chemical engine was tooting its farewell and only Officer Harrigan and three or four of the returned inhabitants of the rear tenement were at hand.

'*Jesu Maria!*' exclaimed Angelo, in his native tongue. 'Has happened a miracle! Who would have believed it! What!'

He was immediately the centre of neighborly condolence and explanation. The old sibyl held out her arms for the *bambini*.

'What's he say?' asked Officer Harrigan of a bystander.

'He ver' surprise.'

'He is? Well, he'll be worse surprised when I get through with him. What's she say?'

Giuseppina at her husband's elbow, silent at first, had now lifted her sweet eyes to his face, questioning, anxious.

'*Mille cinque cento lire?*' she asked.

'I think they gotta insurance,' said the bystander. 'I think they not lose nothing.'

Then Officer Harrigan, edging into the gesticulatory circle, laid a hand upon Angelo's shoulder. Perhaps it was not strictly according to law, as this was a case for a warrant, but Angelo's ignorance could be counted on. Angelo gaped.

'Aw, don't try none of your innocence dodges on me,' said Officer Harrigan. 'What was you in such a devil of a hurry for, anyhow? Could n't you wait a week?'

'Wait a week!' cried Angelo. 'I wait t'ree, six week. I mend you nine pair shoes. I get twen' fi' cen' for nine pair shoes!'

'Quit your bluffin',' growled the officer, yanking him abruptly out of the friendly circle. 'Who's talkin' about shoes? Look a' this!' And he wiped the kerosene-soaked rags unceremoniously across the cobbler's face.

Angelo choked, and struck out wildly with his free arm.

'Come now, ain't arson enough for you, you crazy fire-bug?' said the policeman; 'are you goin' to add assault and battery?'

'Fire-bug!' cried half a dozen astonished voices.

'Fire-bug?' screamed Angelo. 'Fire-bug you! You set my shop on fire to make me troub'! You grafter! You — *Amici, sentite!* Friends, listen!' And he had launched upon a lurid account of the morning's quarrel, in a voluble Italian wholly unintelligible to his adversary.

In this way they started down the street, Angelo in the policeman's grip, pouring forth invective, Giuseppina clinging to her husband's sleeve and murmuring, '*Cosa è?* — What is it? — *Che cosa? — Cosa vuole?* — What does he want?' — and behind them their neighbors and compatriots streaming.

'You go home, missis,' said Officer Harrigan to Giuseppina, not unkindly. 'Somebody take her home. Go back to your kids, Mrs. Martini.'

'What you make to my Angelo?' asked Giuseppina. 'He not owe you nothing.'

'He say I make that fire,' Angelo cried, turning upon her.

'*Ma che!*' exclaimed Giuseppina. 'My Angelo no make that fire, Mr. Policeman. If he know who make that fire, how he can get the mon'? He plays the *tombola*.'

'I know who make that fire,' shouted

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Angelo. 'He make it! He come my house and put dirty rag with kerosene behind my door! Now he say I make it!'

'It is Madonna who make it,' said Giuseppina soothingly. 'I have light for her a candle. She bless my candle.'

Angelo turned a startled look upon his wife, studied her guileless face a moment in silence, and then addressed her in low, rapid Italian.

'What's he say?' inquired Officer Harrigan, pausing *en route* and regarding his prisoner suspiciously.

'He tell her to go home and shut her mouth,' volunteered an interpreter. 'He tell her good-bye.'

'He tell her you make the fire,' added another maliciously. 'Go home and say nothing. Soon he will come home. Not say nothing to nobody. Nothing, nothing. The wife must obey to her husband, he say. I not know what else he say.'

They had reached the station house, and Giuseppina, as at a command, lifted her face to Angelo's and he kissed her cheeks.

'Policeman make that fire,' he said in English.

'Policeman make that fire,' she repeated obediently. '*A rivederti, Angelo mio.* Soon come home.'

'*Subito! Subito!* Soon!' he reassured her. And she turned back submissively to her children.

III

The young Harrigans had gone to bed when their father came off his beat on Columbus Day.

'I was detained with the Martini rumpus,' he explained as he laid aside his belt and coat and pushed up his shirtsleeves. 'You heard about the fire?'

Mrs. Harrigan was setting out his supper on the kitchen table. 'Paddy and Jimmy was there,' she said briefly.

'Did you hear he accused me of settin' that fire? Me! Now what do you know about that!' His voice resounded with honest self-righteous grievance.

Mrs. Harrigan paused between the stove and the table, her back to him. 'Yes, I heard,' she answered.

He had driven his knife and fork into the corned beef and was cutting off a thick slab. 'If I had n't acted prompt, pinchin' him first, he could have made it hot for me, smellin' of karosene and all. There was n't no witness I could have called to prove the fire was burning when I went in the alley, except that old grandmother of the Minellis that's wandering in her wits. I tell you, it pays to have a clean record. It pays to stand in with them higher up. I always said so. Arson! Me! The boys is guyin' me somethin' fierce.' He laughed his loud, care-free laugh, and filled his mouth with corned beef.

His wife still halted with her back to him, between the stove and the table. When he laughed she wiped her hand across her forehead and on her apron.

'Aggie, you forgot the salt-shaker,' he said; and she roused herself to wait on him.

Later, when she was washing up, and he leaned back on two legs of the chair, picking his teeth, something — her unusual silence, or the weary droop of her shoulders — caught his attention, and his eyes followed her speculatively as she moved about the kitchen.

'I'm kinder sorry for his wife,' he remarked. 'She begun sayin' somethin' on the way to the station, I could n't catch, and he shut her up quick. Them dagoes sure have got their women where they want them. I wonder,' he mused, 'would you keep your mouth shut if you knew I'd set fire to a buildin'?'

Mrs. Harrigan was hanging the dishtowels on the rack above the stove.

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'I have n't never opened my mouth about that disorderly house on the next block, you don't close up, have I?' she asked quietly. Her husband's eyes rounded with sudden astonishment. 'Nor about old man Nolan's tenement you don't report to the Board o' Health. Nor about —'

'That house,' expostulated Harrigan, — 'you know well enough whose orders that is. I'm holdin' down my job, I am.'

'Well, I have n't opened my mouth about it,' she repeated. 'Have I? I don't need a Guinea to show me how to keep my mouth shut.'

He stared at her in stupid silence while she wound the clock, but when she crossed the room to fasten the kitchen window, he got up and went after her and put his big, muscular policeman's arm round her neck. 'Say, old lady, I did n't go to hurt your feelin's that time,' he protested. 'Mad?'

She turned her face to his and shook her head, mute; and he kissed her quivering lips noisily. 'All right, now?'

'Jim,' she said, her anxious eyes searching his, 'you'll go to confession Saturday night, won't you?'

'Confession!' he cried. 'What for?'

'What for?' she echoed blankly.

'Confession!' he reiterated. 'When it's two months yet to Christmas? Father Murphy'd throw a fit if he saw me comin'. What would I be confessin', I'd like to know, in the middle of October?'

'Well, if you ain't the limit, Jim Harrigan,' she gasped, pushing him away from her; and she began to cry; and then she began to laugh, and to cry again.

'Good Lord, Aggie, you've got hysterics, do you know it?' he exclaimed. 'Be quiet now, will you! Drink some water; here! Do you want the neighbors to think I'm beatin' you up? Aggie, you'll wake the kids.'

She got herself in hand then, leaning against the sink and letting him mop her face with cold water.

'Whatever made you jump the trolley like that?' he queried. 'You never done that before. What's the matter with you to-night, anyhow?'

'My feet hurt,' she sobbed. 'They hurt somethin' fierce.'

IV

Subito, like most Italian adverbs of time, is a purely figurative expression. Months dragged by before Angelo's case came up for trial. And as he could not find bail, and arson is a state's prison offense, he spent the months in jail.

Characteristically, his compatriots, including the *avvocato* who was to defend him, believed him guilty. But to the Italian mind, so simple and so subtle, martyr and felon are not mutually exclusive terms, and it was manifestly the part of friendship to stress the martyrdom and ignore the felony. This was done with genuine, tender commiseration. But there was no one to go bail.

With Giuseppina they were all very patient, for about a week. 'Angelo, *che bravo marito* — that good husband — is in jail! oh, for two, three days,' they explained. 'Because that suspicious fellow, the policeman, thinks he is such a fool he would burn down his own shop. His own shop, imagine! *Perchè!*'

And Giuseppina would reply, 'Because that policeman he has a grouch on *mio marito, gia!* Angelo did not make that fire. Angelo speaks truth.'

And the consoler, if not too weary of the whole affair, would suggest, 'And Angelo? He says the policeman has made the fire? *Ebbene?*'

To which Giuseppina would invariably retort, after a moment's pause, 'My Angelo not know who make the fire. If he know, he will not have those

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mille cinque cento lire. He make a very good guess on that policeman?' And she would smile watchfully.

No one, not even the avvocato, ever asked the direct question, 'Do you know who made the fire, Peppina?' But an occasional woman would hint, 'You make a guess?' And then Peppina always said, 'I have light a candle to Madonna. She have answer my prayer.'

When these iterations grew tiresome, the avvocato told Giuseppina that her talking might do Angelo harm, and only smiled and shrugged cynically at her frightened, '*Dio mio*, but it is Angelo who tell me to say that the policeman make the fire.'

The avvocato had early realized that the case would bring him neither money nor glory, and he did not show a proper appreciation of the gay basket of waxen and plaster-of-Paris fruits which Giuseppina brought him in the middle of the second month of Angelo's incarceration. The avvocato, as he liked to remind his friends, was very much *Americanizzato.*

'Why do I not receive those *mille cinque cento lire?*' Peppina asked him. 'The shop is burned down, and the leather, and the new *macchina* to sew; if they do not believe, let them come and see.' And she wept when he told her that the money would not be paid until Angelo came out of jail; for had she not sold her cooking stove to buy the plaster-of-Paris fruits? And presently she had pawned her ear-rings and her flowered crêpe shawl and her American rocking-chair; but it was astonishing how very little coal and food one could procure with these beautiful objects, even when the Italian grocer allowed her to buy macaroni on credit.

'*Corraggio*, Peppina!' counseled the other women in the tenement. 'One must be cheerful if one would nourish a child. Behold how your uninterrupted weeping gives the little one a perpetual stomach-ache. Tears poison the milk.'

Then one day, about a week before Christmas, Peppina, warming the baby at the little Italian furnace on which she now cooked what there was to cook, lifted her pretty head and listened. There was a strange footstep in the passage outside; it stopped at Peppina's door; there was a fumbling knock, as if some one's hands were full.

'*Avanti!*' said Peppina cordially.

But the visitor, it seemed, did not recognize the Italian for 'Come in!'

There was a pause, and another fumbling knock, and Peppina with the baby in her arms and the little Angelina clinging to her skirts, opened the door and recoiled in a panic of terror; a quite unreasonable panic seemingly, for the visitor was only another woman with a baby on her arm and a little boy clinging to her skirts, a blowsy woman, all blue-eyed embarrassment and willow plumes.

'Excuse me shakin' hands, will you,' she said. Her left hand steadied the baby, and she had a basket in her right. She came into the room with Peppina backing before her.

'You know me?' whispered Peppina. 'You maka mistake. You not know me.'

The visitor looked into those big, dark, frantic eyes, and her own shyness vanished.

'Say, you don't need to be scared of me,' she explained. 'I ain't an inspector nor a charity agent. I heard you did n't have no — I heard you wanted to get work.'

'Work?' Peppina repeated. 'I think you was mad on me, yes?'

'You must be thinkin' of somebody else,' replied the blue-eyed woman. 'What would I be mad with you for? I never spoke to you before in my life. I come to see if you wanted a job.'

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'*Giobba!*' cried Peppina. 'You give me a *giobba?* You! Ah! — *S'accomodi, signora, s'accomodi,* taka sit!'

There was no chair, but Peppina waved her guest to the bed. 'Sit, sit!' she urged; '*s'accomodi!*' Her sweet dark face was tremulous with amazement and gratitude.

'Well, I will,' said the benefactor, graciously. 'This kid weighs eighteen pounds. You see, it's like this: my mother, she's an old lady, and we had a woman livin' with her, but they did n't get on. I don't say it was the woman's fault, and I don't say it was n't. I'm not agoin' to talk against my own mother. My mother, — my mamma, — you know?'

'Your mamma, old lady, yes?' said Peppina.

'But that woman, well, she got so she thought she owned the job, — you know?' — Peppina did n't know, but she nodded. 'She thought I could n't get nobody else to take it, because they all knows my mother, what she is. But I — I — been thinkin' about you ever since — ever since, — I been wonderin' — And yesterday I bounced the other woman.'

'Bounce?' queried Peppina.

'Threw her out,' explained the angel of mercy. 'She went.'

'Went,' nodded Peppina.

'Now, do you want the place?' Peppina looked puzzled, but again nodded. 'There ain't no salary, only the tenement and the food. The other woman done odd jobs besides. You come — live — with — my — mamma? — Come?'

Peppina understood as by instinct. 'The man, he put me in street nex' week,' she said. Her eyes were suddenly full of tears; and there were tears on the visitor's large rough hand that Peppina had kissed.

The visitor regarded that large rough hand with open-mouthed astonishment and round eyes that also suddenly overflowed. For a little silent moment they sat side by side on the edge of the bed and looked at each other through their tears.

'Now listen to me, dearie,' the visitor began again presently. 'I won't conceal it from you, but the old lady has a fault. She'll take a drop too much if you give her a chance. Poor dear, she's had her troubles; I'm not the one to be blamin' her. But she'll bear watchin'. And the more you keep it from her, the better I'll be pleased. A drop too much. Do you understand?' The visitor quaffed an imaginary glass and shook her head reproachfully.

'Too moch. Ah, *poverina!*' said Peppina.

'It's why we can't keep her with us, my husband bein' a — on account of my husband's business; and so many children as we've got. We could n't stand for it. But he pays her rent.'

'I like to be ver' kind to your mamma,' Peppina cried out with fervor. 'Ver' kind!'

'You don't need to be scared of her,' the visitor continued. 'It's just noisy she is, and comical. Sure if she was n't my own mother I'd die laughin' some days. And when will you come — to-morrow?'

'To-morrow,' agreed Peppina.

'And I'll just be leavin' this basket with you.' The kind, florid face turned turkey-red with returning embarrassment. 'I was bakin' gingerbread this mornin', my kids is so fond of it, and I thought — and there's one or two other bits of things, I was thinkin' — children is such little hogs for eatin'; now, ain't they?'

'O signora!' Peppina cried. 'How I am shame! I think you come my house to kill me, for why I say your husban' make that fire. In Italia the wife will not make to her enemy like you have make to me. In America so different.'

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The blue eyes popped with surprise. 'And you was on to me, all the time? Sure, it's Eyetalians is different, not us. If it was me was you, I'd never take nothing off Jim Harrigan's wife, that her man put mine in jail; I know that for a fact.'

But this sentence, fortunately, was too complicated for Peppina; she only smiled and shook her head, and tried — this time without success — to kiss the large, rough, friendly hand.

'Come, Mikey,' said Mrs. Harrigan. 'Come with mamma. Say good-bye to the little girl. Will you look at them two kids kiss good-bye! Mikey's the masher, sure; ain't you, Mikey?'

V

After those months of heartless delay, Angelo's trial was a disconcertingly brief and unimportant affair — all over in an hour. There were no witnesses for the defense. The avvocato, in talking the case over with his client, had suggested calling Peppina to the stand, but Angelo had opposed the idea with an anxious vehemence for which he gave no adequate explanation, and the cynical lawyer was quick to take a hint. The prosecution called Officer Harrigan, and after he had given his testimony there was no question in any one's mind as to what the verdict would be. Mrs. Harrigan, sitting with Peppina at the back of the courtroom, watched her husband take the oath, and listened to his story with her willow-plumed head thrust forward and great drops of sweat standing out on her forehead.

It was a very straight story. The avvocato could not trip him in it. The back wall of the shanty had already caught when he came into the alley. The fire might have been smouldering an hour in the rubbish pile. Officer Harrigan's whereabouts during that hour and all preceding hours were satisfactorily accounted for. The Fire Chief testified that no one could have kindled a fire of such fury and dimensions in the three minutes which were also occupied by Officer Harrigan in entering the alley and dashing out again to give the alarm. There were half a dozen Italians who had been treated to a peep at Angelo's fire-insurance policy. Yes: Officer Harrigan and Angelo had had a few words that morning over the price of mending a pair of shoes; Officer Harrigan had thought Angelo overcharged him, but he had paid the price.

Remained to prove the whereabouts of Angelo and Peppina during those damning hours preceding the fire. This the prosecution did satisfactorily by the half-dozen Italians who had gone forth from the alley with the Martinis to see the parade. They had all set out together at noon, but were separated in the crowd. At about two o'clock one of the neighbors had seen Peppina. She was coming out of the Church of San Giuseppe with a blessed candle in her hand. She was alone. Where was Angelo?

'*Non so*,' replied the witness.

'He says he don't know,' explained the interpreter.

Immediately every one in the courtroom had leaped to the obvious conclusion as to the whereabouts of Angelo.

The judge gave him the limit.

The crowd, drifting down the room, cast curious glances at the two women sitting close together on a back seat. Peppina, unable to follow the evidence and unaware that doom had fallen, turned her kerchiefed head this way and that, like an uneasy little bird.

'Where goes my Angelo?' she whispered, nudging her neighbor.

But Mrs. Harrigan sat as if turned to stone, past seeing or hearing. The blue eyes were fixed in sombre thought,

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and something had wiped the smile from the kindly mouth.

One of the men who had taken Angelo out came back presently and spoke to Peppina.

'Your husband wants to see you, Mrs. Martini,' he said. 'They've arranged to send him off by the early train to-morrow. He thinks you better say good-bye now.'

'Good-bye?' Peppina cried. '*Che cosa?* What is it? Aggie! Oh, somebody have put the evil eye on her. No good-bye! No!'

Mrs. Harrigan turned her face to the messenger, and the sweat broke out suddenly on her forehead and the backs of her hands.

'They're takin' him off to state's prison early to-morrow,' the man murmured hurriedly. 'You tell her.'

'Listen, darlin',' explained Aggie. 'He wants to say good-bye. Just for a little while it is. Don't cry now, don't you. Come then, Aggie'll go with you if you're scared.'

And when she had put the two frightened, babbling little creatures into each other's arms, she waited within the door, wrapped in the pall of her heart-breaking thoughts. The Latin tears and cries, the raging torrent of Italian words, flowed round and over her, but she sat as one bespelled in the midst of a strange silence, all her grotesque ornaments emphasizing her tragedy. Once, a loud cry woke her for a moment, and Peppina had flung herself at Angelo's feet and was pouring forth a wild, unintelligible prayer. Again, she heard her name, 'Aggie!' and when she looked, Angelo had clapped his hand over Peppina's mouth.

'She want to go state's prison in my place,' he explained. 'Ain't she love me, yes? But I tell her who will take care of those *bambini?* You kind woman, Mrs. Harrigan; you take my Peppina home.'

'Oh, my God, Mr. Martini!' Aggie cried. 'You to call me a kind woman!'

'Kind woman, yes,' he repeated; and kissing Peppina, he pushed them both to the door.

In the Harrigan kitchen, when they had had a comforting hot drink of tea and were sitting drooped over by the stove, Aggie put out her hand suddenly, exclaiming, —

'I have to open my mouth this much, if I die for it. Listen, dearie, you need n't to think I think he done it. I know it was n't him, for I know the one that did.'

'You know?' cried Peppina.

'Yes, poor darlin', don't you be worryin'; I know.'

'Oh, how you know?' Peppina marveled. 'You see me make that fire? You see me? W'ere was you?'

'Seen you make that fire?' Aggie fell back in her chair. 'Whatever are you sayin'?'

'Ah, you hear me tell my Angelo I make that fire, yes! He think, but he not know. I tell him yes, I make it. You un'nerstan' Italian, I am glad.' Peppina beamed her relief.

'Peppina,' Aggie's voice was very carefully gentle. 'Did you set fire to your shop?'

'Sure!'

Into the stillness that followed this announcement, Officer Harrigan's loud boots came tramping cheerfully, and at sight of him his wife leaped from her chair.

'Jim! Jim!' she cried. 'It was n't you set the shop afire! It was n't you!'

'Tell me somethin' I did n't know,' he retorted. 'Say, Aggie, are you crazy?'

'It's her,' was the lucid reply. 'She done it.'

'Done what?'

'Fired that shanty.'

'Lord!' Officer Harrigan gaped at Peppina.

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'We go to the parade,' she explained, 'yes. *Ebbene*, I say to Angelo I go to make a prayer in San Giuseppi, and I go in San Giuseppi, and Angelo he have the *bambini* on the avenue. And I buy candle, *beata*, — holy — and I will light to Madonna by my — how you call? — my leetle Madonna in my house. Also, I put kerosene, a leetle; and my candle is light and I make — so — in that dump in the alley.'

Officer Harrigan regarded the incendiary with something very like admiration. 'Well, she sure had us fooled, now did n't she?' he said to his wife; and then the broad grin faded from his face. 'God! Aggie!' he cried. 'You thought it was me!'

'And why would n't I?' she asked him, quietly. 'You goin' out of here with a rag soaked in karosene.'

'I was goin' to scare him,' he stammered. 'I was goin' to light it under the garbage and bring him to it and tell him I knew he done it.'

'And where's the difference?'

'The difference! When I'd stamp it out under my foot and no harm done?'

'I can't see no difference.'

He stared at her helplessly. 'You mean you think I'd go to set fire to a house? Why, that's bein' a criminal, Aggie. That's arson.'

'You don't report old man Nolan to the Board of Health; and there's that bad house up street; and you did n't run in the barkeeper to the corner saloon that time —'

'Will you shut your mouth!' he threatened. 'Tellin' all you know right out in front of this Guinea. I wonder you're willin' to live with me, the way you talk.'

'Oh, Jim,' she said gently, 'for two hours I been thinkin' you was lettin' another man go to state's prison in your place.'

She covered her face with her hands, and stood silent in the middle of the kitchen. It seemed a long time that she stood there with her face hidden.

When he spoke, his bluster had died out and his voice was husky. 'I wonder if I would?' he said. And presently, 'Nor he never done it, neither. Would n't that jar you! But the boys'll be glad to make up a purse for the kids; I can do that much.'

'You'll do more,' said Aggie, lifting her head with returning energy. 'You 'll go to the Governor for a pardon, that's what you'll do. You can tell him the truth of it for once, and if he don't believe you, take Peppina along. Now get busy.'

'I will that,' Harrigan cried. 'I'll begin to pull the wires to-morrow. Sure, Mrs. Martini, we'll have Angelo out inside of six months.'

'And those insurance?' asked Peppina. 'Those t'ree hun' doll'?'

With uplifted eye and arm and voice, Officer Harrigan apostrophized the ceiling. 'Say, how you goin' to make a woman understand? — I give it up.'

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MEN OF VERDUN

BY LAURENCE BINYON

THERE are five men in the moonlight,
  Who by their shadows stand.
Three hobble humped on crutches,
  And two lack each a hand.

Frogs somewhere near the roadside
  Chorus their chant absorbed:
But a hush breathes out of the dream-light
  That far in heaven is orbed.

It is gentle as sleep falling
  And wide as thought can span, —
The ancient peace and wonder
  That brims the heart of man.

Beyond the hills it shines now
  On no peace but the dead,
On reek of trenches thunder-shocked,
Tense fury of wills in wrestle locked,
  A chaos crumbled red!

The five men in the moonlight
  Chat, joke, or gaze apart;
They talk of days and comrades,
  But each one hides his heart.

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They wear clean cap and tunic
As when they went to war;
A gleam comes where the medal's pinned;
But they will fight no more.

The shadows maimed and antic
Gesture and shape distort,
Like mockery of a demon dumb,
Out of the hell-din whence they come,
That dogs them for his sport;

But as if dead men were risen
And stood before me there,
With a terrible fame about them blown
In beams of spectral air,

I see them now, transfigured
As in a dream, dilate,
Fabulous with the Titan-throb
Of battling Europe's fate;

For history's hushed before them,
And legend flames afresh;
Verdun, the name of thunder
Is written on their flesh.

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THE TIMIDITY OF OUR BOLDNESS

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

ONE by one in recent years various new theories of literary practice have been put before us, all wearing a brave air as of triumphing revolutionists, and filled with prophecy of art marching on to new conquests. But yesterday that which was called realism in drama and fiction carried the banner; to-day it is the new poetry. Minor thistledown creeds of the last few years, such as futurism, it is hardly necessary to mention; the great winds of life have already blown them away. In following all this progress one cannot help being struck by a certain boldness of critical claim and manifesto, a certain timidity, usually, in the art product. This verse which casts off shackles of old form and claims for itself a new freedom; fiction which confines itself to putting down without bias that which the novelist has actually observed in life; drama which presents flashes of that which the dramatist has seen and felt, without the binding relationship of inevitability and the renunciation of the irrelevant, characteristic of great drama of old, are, after all, but negatively bold, daring only in the matter of externals, and almost pusillanimous in regard to the sterner demands of art.

We who watch and wait and listen for the interpreters to speak are conscious of a deeper need, a deeper lack. Looking at the new poetry in its whimsical fragmentariness; at the fiction which, in its dreary succession of meaningless details, too often borrows the great misleading name of realism, one is forced to confess that the great lack of the literary art of to-day and of the nearer yesterdays is lack of imagination, of the divining power of imagination, piercing to profound significances; of the shaping power of imagination, that gift whereby genius shows to the world its ability to clothe in outer terms of reality its inner vision of reality. Where among all the singers, most welcome singers, of to-day shall we find one with the great accent, the great penetration? Born in an age of analysis, of severing, pulling apart, they lack — perhaps it could not be otherwise — constructive idealism, faith, vision. Their art is an art of flickers of insight, flashes of suggestion, question, recording momentary impression, denying us that guiding thread of interpretation of existence which is the artist's chief task.

This furtive and questioning art, halting, apologetic, of what is it afraid? Afraid of the new knowledge and half knowledge of to-day, of discoveries made by our age in the physical world; afraid of the limitations of knowledge by which science is bound; awed by methods of investigation of those who count as truth but that delivered to them by eye and ear; afraid of asserting something that microscope or telescope will not confirm; terrorized, paralyzed by discoveries in the physical world — which, after all, remain discoveries in the physical world! When before in earth's history have the poets, the diviners and seers, been so cowed

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by contemporary advance in knowledge? The explorers, the discoverers of Elizabeth's time did but stimulate the seers of visions; the new Baconian science did but confirm art. Now, fear of what the positive sciences have found out, and the still greater fear of what they have not found out, weighs like a nightmare upon the creative impulse of the world in matters spiritual.

The poets and the novelists of our time have been overawed, too, by the exaltation of the analytic processes of the mind; for the contemporary delusion that the world of matter is the world of reality is accompanied by a widespread belief, manifesting itself in various lines of intellectual endeavor, that truth will eventually be reached by ascertaining exactly all shades of difference, all details. Of those two processes forever at work in the human mind — synthesis, analysis — there has been during recent years in the world of art an overwhelming balance in favor of the latter, this analytic method, so admirable in securing certain results, so inadequate if taken as the whole or the only method of dealing with our great puzzle of existence. True sanity of mind depends upon keeping the right balance between them; our questioning of life must be followed by our answer to the question if we would escape the Hamlet defeat and death. How could the method of perpetual analysis, of mere enumeration of impressions, with no reaction of the human will upon the knowledge gained, serve as other than a disintegrating force in art? A great part of our fiction and our drama, in its presentation of the raw results of investigation of human conditions; a great part of our poetry, with its minute shredding of individual states of mind and emotion, leaves us with a sense of a world crumbling under corroding influence from within.

Literature, cowed and broken by the overwhelming domination of the passion for positive knowledge and of 'realistic thought,' has all but renounced this one great power upon which all high excellence in art depends — the penetrative imagination, the constructive imagination; while, in that realm of thought and endeavor which would, in theory, deny its very existence, — in theoretical and applied science, — a species of imagination is working with a courage and an assurance which literature has not known for many dreary years. The creative imagination is, ironically enough, almost falling into disuse, save in the so-called 'positive sciences,' which would be horrified by the open use of the word, and in the so-called practical pursuits. That this finest faculty of the human mind, its divining power, its power to shape in the image of the dream, should be engaged chiefly in our time in achieving results in the material world is as great cause for regret as it is for wonder.

Contemporary art follows science in that part of the mental processes which the latter will admit — analysis — and imitatively pulls things apart, scrutinizes, examines, unaware, apparently, of her more audacious mental processes, unacknowledged, unconfessed. Timid and broken interpretation of moments of existence we have in our lyric work; judicious observation, in our novel and drama, of successive moments; but the daring power of imagination, the shaping power of imagination, are not working with grandeur of creation in our literary art. Art makes timidly hazarded guesses, tells what the eyes have seen, the ears heard, fearing to bring upon herself, if she venture to construct, a box upon the ear from Schoolma'am Science; meanwhile Schoolma'am Science, asserting that she deals only with 'fact,' goes gayly frisking off along the line

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of her wildest fancy, with the nebular hypothesis, her planetesimal theory, her enchanting tale of matter being but a mode of motion, her series of busts and pictures, giving stages of human progress from ape through Neanderthaler man, the missing links supplied with ready assurance, all done with wild invention that the romancer might well envy.

It is sometimes a pleasure to turn from the grim matter-of-factness of realistic fiction to share the wild fanciful flights of science into the unknown. Because she claims that she deals with fact, reader and onlooker gaze, wonder, and believe. There is fine irony in her ready use of that mental faculty which none dare name in her presence, which art almost renounces in sheer awe of her. Audacious in daring hypothesis, boldly constructive in making machines that fly like a bird or swim like a fish — there is in her imaginative attempts a completeness of effort and design which our contemporary literature fails to achieve. Art has become mere floating and fragmentary stuff for art — star-dust, not stars. Here is want of conception, of courage to create works that will hold together. That the race-soul should in matters spiritual, in art, be so lacking in idealistic daring, in constructive thought, regarding the great concerns of the inner life, is pity inexpressible. We are shamed by the astronomers and the chemists, by the air-men and motormen and the captains of submarines. Our art fails in initiative, in affirmation, is timid and cautious, falling apart. We do not blame the modern writers for being radical in the often formless work put before us — far from it! The trouble is that they are not radical enough. They should dare forms, coherence, spiritual hypotheses, and not give us merely a succession of shattered states of consciousness.

II

There is actual pride, on the part of some contemporary writers, in lacking that which the meanest intelligence, be it sane, is supposed to have — a point of view, some conception of the significance of the spectacle before it. Unless there is that within us that weaves our manifold sense-impressions into unity, there is something lacking in our minds, we were taught long ago; has any one disproved it? That poet or artist, growing up under contemporary influences, may lack deep insight into life one can understand, but it is difficult to understand pride in the lack. Why glorify such limitation in delusion of new and wonderful achievement? To be non-committal is not necessarily to be great.

Lest we share this misconception, it is well to keep fresh in our minds great literature inherited from the past, if only to remind ourselves that, in earlier days, poet and idealist dared also construct, that there have been periods in which men had the courage of their insight, their vision, their conviction. It is not that we wish to echo their vision, conviction, but that we must not lose sight of the possibility of embodying such vision in the form of beauty; there should be an end to the delusion that certain new methods of investigating, of thinking, have ended, once for all, a kind of creation, of interpretation of existence which has greatly served the race. A Browning, a Meredith, even in the days of this new knowledge of the outer world, and at a moment when it was more dogmatic than it dare be to-day, were interpreters, not mere victims, of the spectacle before them, keeping a fine balance between synthesis and analysis, creating where they had pulled apart to scrutinize. In such work we find a more genuine realism, that is, a true rendering of the re-

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action of the writer's soul to the facts of life, such as we do not find in the work of Arnold Bennett, of H. G. Wells, of Compton Mackenzie, of a Spoon River Anthologist of to-day, though, searching further, we may find it notably in the work of certain Russian writers. The delicate indecisions of John Galsworthy seem always hovering on the edge of some realm of truth that we would fain know.

It is this power of penetrating to significances, and of embodying this insight in convincing form, which in the long run determines the destiny of literary achievements. The work that has endured is the work of the interpreters: Sophocles, Shakespeare gave to us not mere fact but their sense of fact — interpreters of the human spectacle, through profound insight into its tragic irony, in the light of the knowledge, the achievement of the time. They whose work comes down to us from the past did not sit supine under mere impressions; they tried to think out the human predicament and to express their thought of it; they dared the lofty coherences of art. We must indeed turn back the pages of history to find such power of poet's vision and power of perception of facts in perfect fusion. To these and to other immortals of an elder day, one may resort in thankfulness to find that fine adjustment between matter and spirit, between fact and the sense of fact, which is the mark of the supremely great in literature.

Has not life to-day been analyzed, pulled apart, almost enough? is it not time for poet and novelist to dare interpretative views, put life together, venture conjecture as to its meaning, and create in the light of that conjecture? We shall get nowhere in art or in life by mere continual asking of questions which no one stops to answer. Art must be more than mere pin-points of interrogation if it is to be enduring art. Individual estimate of the spectacle is the artist's primary task; it is his business to form some conception, think out our predicament to a certain extent, not only to see into life but to see through it. We need more piercing imaginative insight and more constructive work along the line of that insight, shaping, creating, done in the light of idea. Is the literary artist of to-day afraid lest his interpretation may not keep pace with advancing knowledge, and abashed because he cannot now present the conclusions of his ultimate successors? Let him recognize the fact that others may follow, supersede, it may be contradict his interpretation; what matter? Let him at least give, in forms as bold and beautiful as he can achieve, his best, boldest, most daring conviction about the meaning of the spectacle.

Nor should he be so shy, because of the stupendous advance in recent decades in knowledge of the world of matter, of venturing even a spiritual hypothesis, if his observation and his experience incline him to this view. The rapidity of discovery and invention must not take away his finer breath; his soul must not be cowed by the knowledge of germs, by the existence of flying metal wings and swift rubber wheels. Science has not yet circumscribed, as it has not extended, our knowledge of the spiritual world. New knowledge, new thought have made no positive discoveries that can in any way account for, or justify, this change of front in literary art, its lessening faith in the unseen, its weakening grasp of inner realities as shaping factors in human life. Contemporary obsession with matter and the laws of matter does not really make it necessary for the novelist to explain human life in terms of physical appetites, as did Zola — a fashion from which

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France has long since recovered, but which continues elsewhere, notably here in the work of Theodore Dreiser. Such work, and even the work of Thomas Hardy, with all its nature beauty, seems to say timidly to the dominant school of thought of our time, 'Will you please permit me to have a point of view so long as I make it a low one?'

III

There is another aspect, perhaps even a greater one, of the artist's task, aside from his need of courage to interpret the spectacle as he sees it. Is it not also his high privilege to interpret the spectacle as he fain would see it, with true insight into what is, true insight into what may be? Is it not his task, in part at least, to lead the souls of men? Art and life are far less matters of critical analysis than of creative synthesis; the artist should rise to daring spiritual conception, should risk the idealist's interpretation of the possible in human life. 'Life as it is' has been the slogan of art of our time; yet I know of no one who has greatly served the human race who has accepted 'life as it is.' Priest and prophet of old did not; our own pioneers and builders in the wilderness did not. Plato, Dante, daring to tell what man might be and should be, have left an ineffaceable impression upon the inner life of succeeding generations. We do not want the literary artist forever trailing after us to see what we do and what our neighbors do; we know all too well what we and our neighbors do! We want those who have insight into the finer values, deeper significances, to share with us their finer insight. On the basis of what we do, let them build their vision of what we might do and can do. Through deep spiritual challenge they should keep us from sitting passive under the blows of fate, teaching us that we are more than nerves to be played upon. They should not let us think that all high adventuring is adventure of the body. Aviators have at least the courage of their imaginative vision, and die gallantly for their conviction that men may fly. Aviators have learned much by watching birds fly; if they had done nothing but watch and watch, recording their momentary sensations in literary fashion, there would have been no flight. If modern investigators, modern thinkers have pulled the world to bits, and have thrown us the bits, it is our fault if we let them stay bits. Science makes fine wild guesses, audacious conjectures about the physical world, relying upon time and patience to verify them; in former days poet, idealist, dreamer dared do the same about the possibilities of the inner world, the world of spirit.

Why is it that the principle which was at the heart of one of the greatest schools of art that ever existed, Greek sculpture, the dream of perfection, is no longer permitted? Why, if it exist at all in contemporary literary work, is it banished to melodrama, where superhuman virtue is applauded by admiring thousands, and to books for young misses, where it assumes a coloring of the sickly and the sentimental? The populace is perfectly right in its instinct for idealization, its longing to see something nobler than itself, as it is usually right in its human impulses and instincts. Heroic poetry has served a great purpose in the past; it is hard to see what will in the future take the place of that trumpet call to faith in the stronger personality, bringing to the waverer a courage higher than his own. It is pity inexpressible that this great instinct does not find more worthy expression in contemporary literature; that art is so held to truth of fact instead of truth of possibility, un-

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aware that the genuine idealist is on the trail of truth higher, perhaps, than they dream who base their conception of truth on the mere facts of to-day's happenings.

Surely, if any age ought to know that what man has done or is doing does not limit the possibilities of his nature, we of this age, trained in evolutionary theory, ought to know it, and know it to our bettering. If the scientist, with fancy daring to the point of the ludicrous, can tell in plastic form and in picture his version of the tale of unachieved man, the idealist-poet, through divine imaginings, could surely tell to our bettering his version of the inner man more fully achieved spiritually than we. Let science tell the tale of the man of the past if she will, but leave to the poet the task of foretelling the man of the future. Science is always busy with her tremendous 'may be's'; timid art, afraid to venture as far as the 'may be's,' methodically busy with what is, should learn that her task extends even as far as the 'must be's,' forever outstripping science in that, by reason of compelling beauty, she fashions the souls of men.

In art, as in life to-day, we have great need of spiritual courage. The advance of knowledge in the physical world — to many unseating old belief — has fostered a mistaken conviction that, if the old creed has, in certain particulars, been disproved, no spiritual interpretation of existence could be true; too many of the modern inventions, outcome of the intensest energy of the age, turn into instruments of cruelty, engines of war for slaying mankind. Our predicament calls, as never before, for the voice of the seers, for great spiritual affirmation; never was there so profound a need of great voices to lead the souls of men, of faith to dare, courage to dream — and never was there such a non-committal whimper of question, foreboding, on the part of the seers.

Poetry, in its beginnings, grew out of the triumphant chanting of victory, spurring men on to greater victory; lyric verse should never quite lose the fine emotional uplift of the first chorus. The poet should do more than cry out upon the hurt of things, should do more, even, than set his teeth. All great gallantry of life means a battle against uncertain odds; men will follow, not the leader who tells sadly old misadventures and defeats, but him who makes them know how great a conquering may be theirs. Is there not already, here and there, in song that grows out of this great struggle of nations, an advance note of something different from the verse of the last decades? Through the later work of Rupert Brooke, and here and there in the songs of other English poets, breathes something more akin to the old heroic strain to which the soul of the race has quivered, in Milton's sonnets, in Wordsworth's. Singer and listener are becoming aware, in the agony of a war-swept world, that they can no longer be content with a gospel of observation, with poetry which merely tells of things as they are.

The task of both soldier and poet is less with things as they are than with things as they should be: one could almost wish, for all singers wheresoever, the great boon of suffering, to make them understand the height of their privilege, the depth of their obligation.

The wars of nations cease in time; the war of the spirit endures. Where are the poets who will sing, as William Vaughn Moody sang, — a shining exception to the fashion of his time, — the endless struggle of the soul? In a world terrorized by the spectacle of force, and by the conception of material forces, we need to hear the voices of

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those to whom the great issues of life are spiritual issues. Under all the shock of falling faiths and hostile theory, let the poet make the noblest possible interpretation of life, and fight for it, dare the loftiest hypothesis, and let time confirm it, if it will. Moments of inspired guessing lie back of our material advance; why not here also, where aspiration counts most of all? Why should we fear to trust, in life or in art, the profounder instinct, the deeper impulse, forgetting that, in the long history of the race, faith has been an incomparably more potent weapon in fighting the great fight than mere knowledge?

We need greatly to-day the finer courage of diviner and dreamer which dares venture belief in man's best, and create in the light of it. Let the poet, who has the deep resources of beauty at his command, lead the souls of men, teaching them to see with his eyes of more piercing vision. The world of fact is the world of spirit becoming visible, audible, that 'sense' may 'help soul' reach truth. It is for the artist to compel the world of matter to shadow forth his dream. He should shirk nothing, should know the horror, be aware of the ugliness, admit failure, but rise to enduring realism in helping to make greater things real. Set free from some of the common duties of mankind, he at least owes us this: he must think beyond and above his fellows, drag them up with him, not down. It is his business to dream the finer dream; poets should be diviners of the higher law or they are something less than poets. Unless they can greatly imagine, and greatly set forth the higher imagining, why write? The general confusion of things we can see for ourselves; of the sand-storm in the desert we are all aware, for it blinds our eyes.

It is not for the poet to tell the minute particulars, but to point the path. The will to beauty is his strenuous task, and the individual will to beauty, to harmony, to faith in the divine order of things may have larger share in the working of the Divine Will to beauty than we dream, for the primal act of creation is still going on. We, with our deep impulses, our aspirations, are part of it, and our share in determining the nature of the spectacle that we see is larger than we know. Art, which so largely guides the instinct and stirs the will, should be no mere photograph of human existence, but that finer picturing wherein the facts of life are woven into the vision of eternity.

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THE SYMPHONY

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

In the first article by me to appear in the *Atlantic*, I discussed the nature of music itself, in order that I might clear away certain popular misconceptions about it; and now, in discussing what is undoubtedly the greatest of musical forms, I desire first to state, as nearly as may be, what, in its essence, it is. A symphony is, of course, like other music in being an arrangement of rhythmic figures, of melodies (usually called themes), and of harmonies. But before describing it as such, — before dealing with its materials, its form, its history, and its place in the art of music, — I wish to treat it solely as a thing of beauty expressed in terms of sound. Many people seem to think music an art dealing with objects as the other arts do, or with ideas as does literature. Some, never having become sensitized to it in childhood, look upon it as of no importance whatever; a large number have tried to perform it on an instrument and have failed; others have succeeded, at the price of thinking of it only in terms of technique. A certain happy few, some of whom can perform it and some of whom cannot, are satisfied to take it as it is, to enjoy it and be stimulated by it. These are the true musicians, and we should all aspire to join their happy company.

What we call a symphony is merely a series of ordered sounds produced by means of instruments of various kinds. It is sound and nothing else. Our programme books tell us about 'first themes' and 'second themes,' and we make what effort we can to patch together the various brilliant textures of symphonic music into a coherent pattern; but the music we seek lies behind these outward manifestations, as, in a lesser sense, the significance of a great poem lies behind or beneath the actual words. A symphony is not a record of something else; it is not a picture of something else; you cannot use the word 'else' in connection with it because it is itself only. Any intelligent person, on being shown a diagram or plan of a symphonic movement, could be made to understand how and why the material was so disposed; for that disposition is dictated to the composer by the nature of sound and by the limitations and capacities of human beings, and it conforms to certain principles which operate everywhere; but that understanding would not reveal the symphony to him.

There is in every one of us a region of sensibility in which mind and emotion are blended and from which the imagination acts, and it is to this sensibility that music appeals. The mind is not the whole man, and the imagination, which we believe to be the highest function of human beings, cannot act from the mind alone. Mathematics, for example, does not lie entirely in the domain of the mind, and the same thing may be said of any other department of science. We cannot conceive any act of the imagination whatever that does not glow with the radiance of emotion or feeling. So that music, in appealing

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to the whole being, is not so completely isolated as is generally supposed. But the simultaneous appeal of music to the mind and the feelings has led to much confusion on the part of writers who have not been sensitive to all its qualities. In his essay on Education Herbert Spencer, for example, in discussing the union of science and poetry says, —

'It is doubtless true that, as states of consciousness, cognition and emotion tend to exclude each other. And it is doubtless true that an extreme activity of the reflective powers tends to deaden the feelings; while an extreme activity of the feelings tends to deaden the reflective powers: in which sense, indeed, all orders of activity are antagonistic to each other.'

Now this statement reveals at once the limitations of a philosophic mind when dealing with something which requires apprehension by the feelings also. In listening to music the reflective powers are not engaged with objects or with definite ideas, but with pure sounds which require only correlation with themselves, and the conditions of mutual exclusion between thought and feeling no longer exist because the music is expressing thought and feeling *in the same terms*.[1] Spencer speaks of science as full of poetry, which is true enough, but his statement about music reveals his incapacity to understand it. And his misconceptions about art in general may be illustrated by the following concerning the axis in sculpture, as applied to a standing figure: —

'But sculptors unfamiliar with the theory of equilibrium not uncommonly so represent this attitude that the line of direction falls midway between the feet. Ignorance of the laws of momentum leads to analogous errors; as witness the admired Discobolus, which, as it is posed, must inevitably fall forward the moment the quoit is delivered.'

This observation completely misses the quite sound reasons for the pose of that remarkable statue, and, if applied to sculpture in general, would destroy the famous Victory of Samothrace, and many other fine examples of Greek sculpture.

But it is strange and mysterious, after all, that these ordered sounds should be so precious to us; that we should preserve their printed symbols generation after generation and continually reproduce them as sound, feeling them to be strong and stable and true; that we should even come to say, after many generations, that their creator was a wise man who had in him a profound philosophy. And it is stranger still to realize how convincing is this philosophy compared to any philosophy of the reason; and to see how profound, in it, is the sense of reconciliation — a reconciliation which the mind seeks in vain. Our life consists of thought, feeling, and action, phenomena of what we are, and in actual life never quite reconcilable. But the world of music is not actual life. Music, 'the image of the will,' and absolved from actual phenomena, achieves by virtue of this freedom a complete and profound philosophy — a philosophy unintelligible to the mind alone, but intelligible to the complete being.

The strength of every art lies chiefly in the completeness of its detachment from reality. Sculpture does not gain by being realistic, picturesque, or decorative; on the contrary it is at its highest when it is ideal, detached and superhuman. Painting does not gain by being categorical, but is greatest when it seeks something beyond the outward, physical view. The novel or the essay depends for its greatness on its power

[1] I stated in an article in the *Atlantic* for February, 1916, what justification there is for using the word 'intellectual' in regard to music, and I speak here of 'thought' in that sense. — THE AUTHOR.

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of relating real persons, things, and ideas to that greater and deeper reality of which they are a part. In this sense music stands supreme above the other arts because it is the most detached. The elements of thought and feeling and action are, in music, presented as elements. The thought is not thought even in the abstract, for it is not 'about' anything; the feeling is not actual feeling and the action is not real action. Each of these properties, or states, of the human being is here expressed in its essence, detached from all actual manifestation. None but the highest type of mind, none but a heart full of deep human sympathy, none but a vigorous, militant spirit, could have conceived and brought forth such compositions, for example, as the Third and Ninth symphonies of Beethoven; yet they are nothing but sound — neither the intelligence, nor the feeling, nor the action is real.

It is from this point of view, then, that I approach the symphony. I do not need now to dwell on its history, on its form, or on its means of expression, because these are merely incidental to its being a profound human document. Pure music at its highest is the will of man made manifest, and one may doubt if that will becomes fully manifest in any other of his creations. It compasses all his actions, all his thoughts, all his feelings; it translates his dreams; it satisfies his insatiable curiosities; it justifies his pride (as he himself never does); it makes him the God he would be; it is like a crystal ball, in whose mystic depths the whole of life moves in a shadow fantasy. Music does this, no less and (especially) no more.

I make this qualification because herein lies the great fallacy in listening to symphonies and other pieces of pure music. You cannot understand a symphony by trying to find out what the composer meant. Music is not a language, and cannot be translated into your own terms of speech. When a trumpet blares and you make any of the conventional associations with the trumpet, — such as a battle, a hunt, a proclamation, a signal, — off goes your mind on a stream of alien ideas that may carry you anywhere and that will certainly carry you further and further away from the music itself. Each of the orchestral instruments has its own individual association; the oboe reminds you of a shepherd's pipe, the flute of a bird's song, the French horn of hunting, and so forth; but each one of the instruments in the orchestra, as you listen to it, is forming lines, as it were, in a great design. And this design, always complete at any one point, goes on unceasingly, forming itself ever and ever anew. It is always complete and always incomplete, always moving onward, always delicately poised for inevitable flight. As you listen you have lived a thousand lives; dream after dream has dissolved itself in your consciousness; each moment has been a perfect and complete existence in itself. When it is finished, you awake to what you call happiness or unhappiness, peace or struggle, satisfaction or chagrin; the unreal spectacle of the world imposes itself upon you again; you are once more a human being. Why ask that glorious world in which your nature has been freed and your soul has been disencumbered of your body, to assume all the imperfections of this one? The gods, of necessity, dwell in the heavens. No, you cannot understand music by translating it into other terms, or by preserving your associations with the world in which you live. Mind and feeling, sublimated by the magic of these sounds, must detach themselves and rise to a world of pure imagination where there is no locality.

Reconciliation! A philosophy without a category; a religion without a

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dogma; an indestructible shadow-world which offers no explanations, promulgates no opinions, and has no mission — which exists completely in itself. What more shall we ask for? Why cry to the heavens for a manifestation? Why take refuge in a so-called system of philosophy? Why shuffle the whole problem off on a dogma? What comfort to a squirrel in a cage to know the number of its bars? Is our slow and inevitable progress from the unknown to the unknown any more significant because we have learned to tell our beads — intellectual, religious, or æsthetic; to mumble our little formulæ and to pick our way, eyes downward, among the stones and thorns, never once glancing clear-eyed upward to the sun? We have always sought a fourth dimension, and have always had it. We want what we have not; we wish to be what we are not, and all the time it has been within our grasp. We make a far-away heaven to answer this universal cry, when our hand is on its very door-latch. Our imagination falters most when we apply it to things nearest us. Where can heaven be if not here?

This, then, is my thesis. A symphony is not merely an arrangement of rhythms, melodies, and harmonies; it is not a record of the thoughts, feelings, and deeds of men; it is not a picture of man or nature. Rather does it launch itself from these into the unknown. It is pure imagination set free from the actual.

II

The foregoing does not, in any sense, preclude that idea of a symphony which is expressible in terms of rhythm, melody, and harmony. What I have said has been said for the purpose of preventing a conception of it *in those terms only* (and, of course, in still lower terms). Our physical hearing is a transit to the imagination, and we want the physical hearing to serve that purpose. Nothing retards it more than an attempt *at the time* to intellectualize the process. In other words, listening to a symphony should consist in giving yourself freely to it, in making of yourself a passive medium. Your study of the arrangement of themes, and so forth, should precede or follow the actual experience. And if you have no leisure or opportunity for such study, and depend entirely on an occasional concert, you should nevertheless continue to pursue the same inactivity, allowing the music itself to increase your susceptibility little by little. If the mind is employed in an attempt to extricate order from confusion, it usurps for the moment the other functions of listening. And I would go so far as to say that the proper goal of a musical education should be to arrive at such a state of impressionability to pure music as would leave the mind, the feelings, and the imagination free to act subconsciously without active direction, and without struggle. The matter is so obvious. There is the music; here is the person. It awaits him. It was created of him and for him. It is inconceivable without him. It is his spirit coming back to him purified. It is the only thing he cannot sully, and which cannot sully him, for, in the very nature of it, it cannot be turned to base uses. What man would be, here he is. In making this beautiful spectacle of life, as Conrad says, he has found its only explanation.

What I have said thus far may seem of but slight assistance to the average person who attends symphony concerts. I have stated what I thought symphonic music to be, and have urged my readers not to listen to it analytically. But my purpose here is not to attempt to blaze an easy path for the music-lover; in fact I am unqualifiedly opposed to that too common practice

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of æsthetic writing. There is no easy path, and an attempt to find one is disastrous to any progress whatever. Every person who has attained to a real understanding of æsthetic objects knows that the growth of that understanding has been slow. The characteristic weakness of our artistic status is self-deception. We are not frank with ourselves; we are unwilling to admit ourselves in ignorance; we advance opinions which are not our own. The only possible basis for advancement in anything is intellectual honesty. Information about a symphony is useless unless there is a real appeal in the music itself, so I do not attempt to provide here a panacea. Just the opposite is my purpose. All I want to do is to show that the symphony is worth struggling for, and to brush away such misconceptions about it as might retard the progress of those who have the will and the perseverance to struggle. And when there is no will to struggle, nothing can be accomplished. What is called 'mental lassitude' is almost a contradiction in terms.

It is obvious that a proper musical education would have solved our problems in a natural manner. If, as children, we had been taught to sing only beautiful songs; if we had been trained to listen to music; if our memory for musical phrases, rhythms, and harmonics, had been cultivated, we should be quick in apprehending all the qualities of a symphony, for all our analytical reasoning would have been done beforehand. And nothing can ever take the place of such an education, because the natural taste for music, which is so strong in childhood, has in us been allowed to lapse. So that our first duty is to our children. We want them to avoid our own mistakes. In every household, in every school, public or private, this ideal of music-study should be kept in mind — namely, that the children should enter life so prepared by their early training as to be able to enjoy the greatest music.

I take a form of pure music as the type of our highest attainment because when music is allied to action or to words it gives certain hostages. Furthermore, the symphony evolved slowly under the law of its own being, and it represents the application to music of those general laws of proportion and balance, of unity and variety, which govern all artistic expression. It has never been subjected to alien influences; popularity has not been its motive power; virtuosity has never dictated to it. It is solid in its construction, and true in its ideals. If you understand the symphony, you can apply that understanding to any other form of music. If one compares it with the opera, this distinction is at once evident. In the opera that antagonism of which Spencer speaks, between states of feeling and of cognition, does exist, because the mind is there appealed to through objects rather than through pure sound. The symphony speaks in its own terms; opera speaks in terms of characters in action, of costume, and of scenery, as well as of music. Even the greatest operas cause you to reflect on something outside themselves — on human motives as they find expression in human action. In either *Don Giovanni* or *Tristan*, although the music reaches great heights of beauty and is profoundly moving, there is the inevitable struggle between seeing and hearing, the inevitable difficulty between a simultaneous state of cognition and of feeling.

The symphony entirely escapes this dilemma. No doubt great motives lie beneath it; no doubt it, too, is a drama of human life; for otherwise it could not be great as a work of art; but the play of motives in a symphony is hidden behind the impenetrable veil of sound. The Third, Fifth, and Ninth sympho-

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nies of Beethoven are truly dramatic, but only in this sense. They range from the tender to the terrible; they have their own emotional climaxes; they philosophize, they brood, they grin like a comic mask; action and reaction follow each other as in life itself. Nothing is lacking but that one inconsequential thing — reality. Art is truth; life is but a shadow fading to nothingness as the sun sets. The symphony, then, is a book of life. It moves from one point of time to another; it has room for laughter and for tears; but, more important still, its magnitude gives it opportunity for disorder or confusion.

I have said that the symphony evolved slowly under the laws of its own being, and I wish to state briefly, and (as far as possible) in simple terms, how this evolution came about. If I should go back to the very beginning I should have to point out that the primal difference between music and noise consists in the intensity of vibration and in the grouping of the sounds into regular series by means of accents. A series of unaccented tones does not make music. If a clock, in striking twelve, should, by accenting certain strokes, throw the whole number into regular groups, it would supply the basis for music. Within the metrical groups of twos, threes, and so forth, all sorts of subdivisions may exist, and these constitute what is called rhythm in music. Rhythm, in brief, is the variety which any melody imposes on the regular beats which constitute its time-basis. It is from this rhythmic movement that the symphony gets its quality of action, and the precursors of the symphony in this respect were the old folk-songs and dance-tunes the melodies of which are full of rhythmic diversity.

The line from these early naïve compositions down to symphonic music was never broken, and there is hardly a symphony in existence that does not, in its variety of movement, pay direct tribute to them. The force of the impetus which this movement gives may be observed at the close of nearly every piece of music where it becomes necessary to use conventional chords to ease off the stress of the impetus. The last forty measures of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven constitute a sort of brake on the huge moving mass. Chopin's Polonaise, Opus 26, No. 1, on the contrary, does not end; it stops. Fielding's *Tom Jones*, on the other hand, postpones its climax to a point dangerously near the end of the book, and leaves us with a sense of breathlessness or aggravation.

We become infused with this momentum in music; we are caught up in it; we 'keep time' to it with hand, or foot, or head. When it is given out with great vigor, any temporary displacement of it produces almost the effect of a cataclysm — as in the first movement of Beethoven's Third Symphony, where great chords in twos clash across already established metric groups of threes. I dwell on this point at some length because here lies a large part of the energy of music. The rhythmic figures to which I have referred contain within themselves a primal force. They are capable of throwing off parts of themselves, and these, caught in the primary orbit, live as separate identities, until the too-powerful attraction of the greater mass absorbs them again. As rhythm, then, a symphonic movement is like sublimated physical energy. As the first oscillation of its impulse strikes our consciousness, we are caught up into a world of movement which has the inevitability of star courses. We, ourselves, are all rhythm — rhythm imprisoned and awaiting release. In music we become one with all that ceaseless movement or vibration without which there would be no physical or spiritual world at all.

I say, then, that rhythm is the very

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heart of music; that while we are all susceptible to it (though comparatively few people can move their hands or feet or bodies in perfect rhythm — they would be much better off if they could!) we do not altogether see what significance it has as an æsthetic property of music. When the heart of music stops beating as in one of Beethoven's *scherzi* we are surprised, or perhaps disturbed, not answering to the marvelous silence; when two or even three rhythms are acting simultaneously, we are confused and helpless before the most fascinating of æsthetic phenomena.

III

Let me next dwell briefly on that element in the evolution of symphonic music which consists in the use of several themes simultaneously. Should we trace this back to its original, we should find ourselves in the ninth century. Now, while I know that this is not the place for a dissertation on any abstruse musical terms, I shall venture this much, not only because this method of writing is used in nearly all really fine music, but because a large part of the pleasure to be derived from listening to a symphony depends on our capacity to follow the varied strands of melody that constitute it. Is it not so, also, with the novel? The chief theme of Meredith's *The Egoist* has numberless counter-themes running through and around it. It is not by any means to be found in Sir Willoughby alone, for you understand it through Vernon's good sense, through Clara's dart-like intuitions, through Mr. Middleton's patient surprise at having such a daughter, through Letitia, and Crossjay, and Horace de Cray, — through a dozen situations, numberless conversations, and a score of episodes, — all these are continually explaining and illuminating the theme for you. It is true that music asks you to listen to several melodies at once; but what does the episode of Crossjay's unwitting listening to Sir Willoughby's belated declaration to Letitia ask you to do? Is it enough merely to record the scene as it is unfolded to you? Or do you remember Crossjay's father stumping up the avenue in his ill-fitting clothes? Clara's intercessions for Crossjay? Vernon's attempts to adjust him to Sir Willoughby's overbearing grandiloquence? And do you not have to remember, especially, that Crossjay had been locked out of his room by Sir Willoughby himself and had sought the ottoman as a refuge? These are all strands of the chief melody in that remarkable composition. (Not all the strands are there, for satire never tells the whole truth. Tony, in Ethel Sidgwick's *Promise* and *Succession* is an egoist, also.) In this sense, a novel is not successive, but *simultaneous*. All that has been and all that is to be exists in every moment of life; that is all that what we call 'the present' means. The chief difference between such play of character around an idea, and the movement of many musical themes around a central one lies in the detached and spiritualized quality of sound.

It is obvious that music written for an orchestra containing some twenty or more different *kinds* of instruments and scores of performers must have great variety of expression. Each instrument has its own tone-color, its own range, and its own technique, and each must be given its own thing to say. In this sense symphonic music is an intricate mesh of melodies, each intent on its own purpose, each a part of the whole. In no other of its varied means of expression is the symphony more strictly and more fully an evolution than in this one of complex melodic textures. There has been no hiatus. From its first great moment of perfection in the time of

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Palestrina, through the madrigal and fugue, through dance-tunes conventionalized in the suite, through organ pieces, oratorios, and the like, this method of writing has persisted. Wagner bases his whole musical structure on the play and inter-play of melodic lines in his *leit-motifs*. Bach is all melodic texture. Music written in this manner is called 'polyphonic,' and the method of writing it is called 'counterpoint.'

In direct contrast to this is 'monodic' music, which employs only one melody against an accompaniment of chords. A large part of the music that we hear is monodic; an aria by Puccini, a popular song, most church music — these have one melody only. So has Poe's *For Annie*. Polyphonic music has the great advantage of being intensive in its expression; it evolves out of itself. When I say that almost the whole of the first movement of the Ninth Symphony is evolved out of a few measures near the beginning, I mean that the melodic fragments of the theme take on a life of their own and by so doing illustrate and expound the significance of the original thesis from which they sprang.

This quality, or property, in music, upon which I have laid some stress is, then, not so much a matter of technique as of æsthetics. The thing done and the manner of doing it are each the result of general laws, and I venture to dwell on them here, not for expert, technical reasons, but because I wish to offer the listener to symphonies one of his most delightful opportunities. Note should finally be made of the important fact that only those symphonic themes which have a varied and vibrant rhythm serve well the purposes of counterpoint; for the essence of instrumental counterpoint lies in setting against each other two or more melodic phrases in contrasting rhythms.

I do not mean to imply by the foregoing that symphonic music persistently employs counterpoint as against simple melody. There are whole passages in the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, where one tune is given out against an accompaniment of chords, and a lyric composer like Schubert employs counterpoint somewhat rarely. But in the greatest symphonies the predominating method of expression is through polyphony. In writing about counterpoint I have dwelt on the rhythmic quality in melody, and have stated that a well-defined and varied rhythm is essential to contrapuntal treatment. I might almost have said that all good melody depends on rhythm. I do say, — expecting many a silent protest from certain of my readers, — that all the greatest melodies have a finely adjusted rhythm, and I apply this statement to all melody, from the folk-song to the present time.

I might enumerate beautiful melodies whose effect depends on other properties than rhythm, — as the second melody in Chopin's Nocturne in G major, Opus 37, No. 2, — but I should add that, as melody, existing by itself, it is not fine, and the reason is that its rhythm is monotonous. And when I say it is not fine, I mean that it is not highly imaginative, and depends too much on its harmonization. And when, in turn, I say that, I mean, perforce, that it is too emotional. The difference between such a theme and one with a really fine rhythm is the difference between Poe's *The Raven* and Keats's *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. In the former, the mind is being continually lulled by the soft undulation of the rhythms and rhymes; in the latter, the mind is being continually stimulated by their complexities. Yet Keats's ode is as unified as Poe's lyric.

There are melodies for songs, for the pianoforte, for the violin, and for the

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orchestra; there are sonata melodies and there are symphonic melodies, just as there is a shape for a hatchet, and a shape for a pair of scissors — which is only stating once again the old law that the style must suit the medium of expression, or that the shape must suit the uses to which a thing is put. Symphonic themes, in contradistinction to themes for songs, or short pianoforte pieces, or dances, should be *inconclusive;* they are valuable for what they presage rather than for what they state, and they should indicate their own destiny. The four notes with which the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven begins are so, — in fact the whole theme is valueless by itself, — but they contain enough pent-up energy to vitalize, not only the first movement, but the three which follow it. If it were possible for each reader of these words to hear —as an interlude to his reading — a series of great symphonic melodies, and if he would listen to them carefully, he would find almost every one to contain a finely adjusted rhythm.

Symphonic themes present certain difficulties to the listener whose understanding of melody is limited to a square-cut tune in strophic form. He is accustomed to a certain musical punctuation — a comma (so to speak) after the first and third lines of the music, a semicolon after the second, and a period at the end. And when he gets an extra period thrown in (as he does after the third line of the tune 'America'), he is all the happier. When he hears the opening theme of the *Eroica* Symphony break in two in the middle and fall apart, he gets discouraged, for his musical imagination has not been sufficiently developed to see that that very breaking apart presages the tragic turmoil of the whole movement. When Brahms gives out, in the opening measures of his Third Symphony, two themes at once, he does not fathom the element of strife which is involved, and so cannot follow its progress to the final triumph of one of them.

But the symphony contains everything, and there is a place in it for lyric melody, provided the flight be long and sweeping. The 'slow movement' of a symphony contains such themes, but they are not content to be merely fine melodies. They, too, must contain some potentiality which the movement realizes. The best and most familiar example will be found in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, where the first rhythmic unit (contained in the first three notes) of the beautiful romantic theme detaches itself and pursues an almost scandalous existence, full of delicate pranks and grimaces, and comic quips and turns, now gentle, now ironic, now pretending to be sentimental, until it finally rejoins the theme again. This piece is a romance touched with comedy — a romance great enough to suffer all the by-play without the least dilution of its quality.

Any attempt in an article like this to explain the intricacies of harmonic development as it is seen in the symphony must be inconclusive. Harmony is, in itself, less tangible than either rhythm or melody, for it lacks to a considerable extent the element of continuity. It may touch with light or shade one brief moment in a piece of music (as it frequently does in Schubert's compositions); it may produce a bewildering riot of color (as in modern Russian pieces); or it may cover the whole piece with a subdued shadow (as in the slow movement of Franck's Quintet). But the real office of harmony is to serve melody. I mean by this that when two or more melodies sound together, they make harmony at every point of contact, and this harmony, incidental to the movement of melodic parts, has a reality which chords cannot acquire by themselves. And the whole justifica-

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tion for many of the ugly sounds in ultra-modern music lies in this one perfectly correct theory. Not that the laws must not be obeyed — as they frequently are not; not that a composer may violate nature and do what he likes. He must, as of old, justify in reason all the dissonances arising from his melodic adventures. He should remember Bach, whose melodies clash in never-to-be-forgotten stridence, striking forth such flashes of strange beauty as can come only from a war of themes.

The symphony is, then, an arrangement of rhythms, melodies, and harmonies. Each of these three elements has a life of its own, — the rhythms, taken all together, have their own coherence, the melodies theirs, and the harmonies theirs, — but each belongs to the whole. The rhythm of Poe's *For Annie* would be an impossible rhythm with which to carry forward the purposes of any part of *The Ring and the Book*. Equally useless would be the rhythms of Schubert's 'Unfinished' Symphony to carry forward the purposes of Beethoven's Ninth. The whole structure of Poe's poem would disintegrate if one single word fell out of place; so would the fabric of a Schubert melody, were a note destroyed.

In every direction, wherever we look, this cohesion of all objects in themselves, this blending of all objects into a greater body, reveals itself. This is the basis of all religious belief, of a novel, of the composition of a picture, or of life itself. To say that a symphony is made up of separate elements, that each of these elements has a life of its own, and that they all unite in a common purpose, is to state a truism. And to suppose that a symphony can be understood without an understanding of all its elements is to state an absurdity

HUMAN OR SUPERHUMAN?

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

THE Great War has called attention to many aspects of human endeavor, and among them it has challenged the efficiency of the Church as an institution which was supposed to exercise a powerful influence over the passions of civilized mankind. In this crisis of human affairs, it is claimed, the Church, as the regular, established, recognized institution of Christianity, the one avenue through which it has attained organized expression, has failed. Why?

Not only has the War challenged the Church as a failure to influence men to love instead of hate, but within the last two years more articles have appeared in magazines charging the Church with weakness and failure than during any previous period of twenty-five years. This is true of American as well as of British and Continental periodicals.

Within the Church itself there is a profound feeling on the part of the thoughtful ministers and laymen that something is fundamentally wrong. What? Something ought to be done to make things fundamentally right. How?

I am writing from the standpoint of

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the minister after twenty-seven years of church life. I am not writing a wail or a whine or an excuse, but I honestly believe that the great body of church members, and people calling themselves Christians, do not understand the superhuman task required of the human instrument called a minister, and, in large part, that failure to understand the gigantic nature of the ministry as a profession is responsible to-day for a feeble and inefficient Church so far as it is feeble and inefficient.

The minister of the average church is one man. He is very human. He is far from superhuman. Yet his programme calls for superhuman powers. He is not and never will be equal to them. He therefore fails, and the Church is challenged as a failure because *he* fails.

Here is the minister's programme, unlike that of any other human being — in medicine, music, art, journalism, business, politics, teaching, science, amusement, or farming.

I. *Preaching*

The average minister in the average church is supposed to prepare two sermons a week, and something in the way of an address for a mid-week service.

After trying for twenty-seven years to preach, I feel convinced that a sermon is the most difficult of all mental productions. A real sermon is a task that might well absorb every part of a man's thinking powers, and preclude any other mental effort, for a whole week. When two sermons are demanded, the requirement passes the bounds of the possible. No minister ever lived who could prepare and preach two really good sermons every week. If the work of preaching were the only work required of the minister, it would keep him busy eight hours every day for a week, even to approach the ideal of *one* good sermon.

II. *Parish Work*

I have a church of nearly a thousand members. Each individual of that membership ought to have some special and particular shepherding. By parish work is not meant trotting around in the afternoon and calling on people who are not at home. By parish work is meant letter-writing, advice and counsel to people in distress, finding positions for people out of work, directing young people into life-work, serving as peacemaker in family differences — in short, acting as the human buffer between individuals and their daily accidents; being trouble-clerk for two hundred and fifty families made up of all sorts and conditions of human material.

This parish work is of such a nature that any man who is fit to be a minister could spend his whole time and strength in trying to do it, and work sixteen hours a day at it every day, and then succeed in doing only a small part of what needs to be done. *And no assistant or other member of the church can do most of this work. The people want to see the minister, not a paid visitor or hired hand.*

III. *Bible School*

Connected with every modern church is a Bible school organized to give religious instruction to all ages. This school is so tremendously important that any man could well find all his energies taxed to the utmost to direct its course of study, examine its teachers, plan its programme, and carry out its purpose. There is enough that is vital in the average Sunday school of every church to occupy all the time of the most thoroughly equipped educator as the superintendent of it. Such a man ought to have nothing else to do. Yet this is only one of the tasks out of a dozen others that the minister is supposed to direct

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and supervise in all its many intricate, and often delicate, parts. No high-school principal is ever expected to be at the same time the head of a department in a great store, superintendent of a machine-shop, and traffic-manager of a railroad. But the minister is supposed to keep his hand on all the details of a great religious educational school and attend to all the other details of his church and parish besides.

IV. *Finances*

The great majority of all the ministers in this country find it necessary to manage the business end of the church and devise ways and means to finance the institution. Sometimes this requires financial ability of a very rare order. And the wonder of it is that so many ministers succeed half as well as they do. They may have scores of men in their churches who manage great business enterprises; but it is one of the astonishing things about church finances that a board of trustees, accustomed to handle calmly and successfully millions in their own business, suddenly grow appalled over the budget of a church which calls for a few hundreds. They apparently lose all their business ability when religion is involved, and the minister has to come to the rescue and devise plans for raising money and distributing it. This business calls for an outlay of time and thought which requires weeks and even months of careful planning, yet it is only one item out of all the rest that make up the minister's programme. In connection with this whole matter of financing a church, how many men working on a salary do you know who have to do the principal work of planning the way to raise that salary and then see to it personally that it is paid? Yet that is exactly what the majority of ministers in this country have to do.

V. *Organizations*

The average church of to-day, if it is ambitious to keep up with all demands, has many organizations for various phases of religious activity. I have in my church, which is only an average institution, eleven distinct organizations, each one representing some feature of church activity and each one claiming a certain amount of time and attention from the minister. Each one has its regular meetings, which the minister is supposed to attend, and at most of which he is asked to make an address, sometimes of a technical character. These organizations are all supposed to be important. Some of them are of such a nature that a man could give almost his entire time to them to good advantage in the building up of a proper constituency that would rally to the church as a whole. These organizations are in the habit of meeting so often that the average minister in this country is seldom at home in the evening, and sometimes months elapse before he has the leisure to attend to his own private business affairs.

The average business man, and nearly every other professional man, calls it a day's work when night comes. But for most ministers, when night comes, it means meetings, which keep him away from home until ten, eleven or twelve o'clock; for all this overtime he gets no extra pay; there is no eight-hour day for the minister; with a majority of ministers it is nearer eighteen.

VI. *Music*

The music in the average church in America is in a state of chaos. There is no standard, no fixed policy, no satisfactory result from policies that are pursued. As a result of this condition many ministers are asked to add to their programme the direction of the music

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of the church, and many of them are actually taking the matter into their own hands.

The music of a church is a task that might well demand the entire time of a competent and skillful professional musician. There are in a very few churches in America persons who are paid high salaries to direct and drill the entire musical talent of the congregation, including the Bible school, young people's societies, and the children, and to arrange all the programmes for special occasions, and so forth.

Such a task is enough to keep busy all the time any one who is competent for such a position. In fact, the ability to do such work is so rare that very few men or women, even among professional musicians, can be found to fill these positions with full satisfaction to the church. But the average church, like my own, cannot afford to hire an expert to direct the music. Yet the music of a church is so important to its worship that it cannot be neglected, and the minister feels it to be a duty of his own if no one else can be found to assume it.

VII. *Reading*

The average minister in the average church must do an immense amount of reading of all sorts if he is going to keep his pond full and not fall behind in the intellectual pace set him by his educated parishioners. If he did nothing else but read books and magazines which touch on his own work as a minister, he would have to read every waking moment and do nothing else. If he takes time for even a fraction of the reading he needs to keep him posted as a preacher, he must rob some other department of activity calling loudly for attention. If he does not read, he is soon rated as commonplace; the people begin to be able to anticipate what he will say, and then — he is lost. As a matter of fact, most ministers read after a full day's work, when heart and mind are tired, and instead of assimilation mental indigestion follows. In the matter of his reading, the average minister is not between the devil and the deep sea — he is hopelessly in the clutch of both of them; he has never had time to get between them, and he fools himself that he is keeping up with the insatiable demands of his congregation because he buys a certain number of books (but never reads them), and subscribes to a certain lot of papers (but knows nothing of them except their tables of contents).

VIII. *The Sick*

In the parish of the average minister there is generally a list of invalids and sick people who make a special appeal to him for time and sympathy. Hundreds of ministers make heroic efforts to call on the sick in their parishes, making as many calls in the course of a year as the average doctor. This past winter has been exceptionally severe perhaps, for I find a record of nearly every family on the sick list, and the attempt to see all who would have welcomed a visit and really profited by it was an attempt that failed simply from physical limitations. If the average minister were performing the duties of an average doctor and had no other duties, he could keep busy most of the time doing nothing else but call on the sick and shut-in of the parish; and in doing this he would be doing only *what the average church expects him to do as a part of his calling, a failure to do which is regarded as a serious defect in his qualifications as a successful minister.*

IX. *Civic Duties*

It has been an unwritten law of centuries that the minister should be active

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in all matters that pertain to civic righteousness. And through all the centuries from the time of Isaiah and Jeremiah and the prophets, to the credit of the minister be it said that he has been willing to bear the brunt of the criticism and scorn that are the regular compensation of most prophets and reformers. To-day, hundreds of ministers in cities and towns all over this country are adding to the superhuman programme demanded by their own parishes the disagreeable duty of law-enforcement, of sanitary regulations, of movements for playgrounds, conservation of health, establishment of tuberculosis camps, agitation in the press for justice to working men and women, and civic progress generally.

I know a score of ministers who are serving acceptably on civil-service boards, as heads of committees for social surveys, as members of commercial clubs, interested in better conditions for the criminal classes, working long hours into the night on public-welfare boards, wrestling with difficult problems of foreign-born, establishing settlements, founding kindergartens, encouraging plans for city or town adornment, and neglecting their own homes in the effort to beautify the homes of others. A minister was arrested the other day for not obeying a law requiring householders to secure a garbage-box called for by a municipal ordinance. And he was chairman of a committee of the Commercial Club, appointed to see that in the poorer districts garbage-boxes were secured! He had been too busy on that committee to attend to his own, and frankly told the judge that he had forgotten it!

All this civic work is done, of course, without pay. Neither the church nor the city would consider for a moment that it had any obligation in the matter, and would laugh at the suggestion. And yet large numbers of ministers are giving to civic betterment days of valuable time and valuable service; and in many cases that I know, the annual postage spent on necessary committee work is equal to more than a week's salary of some city officials who do not do a tenth part of the service the minister does, serving without thought or expectation of financial reward.

x. *Sundries*

Under the head of 'Sundries' the college-boy sometimes puts down items of an embarrassing character, which when footed up may present as important a total as those which are itemized.

It is so with the minister. There is his own home, family, private business, and the like. It was not without its tragedy that the neglected wife of a minister asked her husband, as he was leaving the house one evening on an errand of mercy to other homes in trouble, 'John, won't you get a new motto to hang on the wall?'

'What kind of a motto, Mary?'

'I have been thinking this would be appropriate: "There's no place like home — any more." '

Some churches never seem to think that the minister has any right to a home and wife and children. And some ministers sometimes wonder if they ought to have them, if they must neglect them after getting them. I know one prominent minister who, on his own confession, has not had a quiet evening at home with his family for more than three months. And the meetings, committees, conferences, organizations, and engagements of the parish that fill his notebook for every night, stretch on endlessly into the future. And he is a very human man. But he lives in an atmosphere of superhuman conditions which he is trying to meet with superhuman heroism, only to fail, as all of us are failing.

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The average pay that churches in this country give their ministers is less than $1200 a year. The average minister is trying to fill a dozen positions, any one of which, compared with a position as superintendent of a railroad division, is a giant's task. And the railroad man receives for his one position five times what the minister gets for his dozen.

Is it any wonder *your* boy does not care to enter the ministry? Would *you* enter it again, knowing what you know of it now?

This is not an attempt to suggest a remedy. It is only a statement of the facts. The minister is just a plain, average, human creature, fitted like other men to do some one thing fairly well. The church, or custom, or something, has put upon him superhuman tasks. Flesh and blood and brains and heart cannot bear the strain. Is it fair to impose on the human the superhuman? Something is fundamentally wrong. What? It ought to be made fundamentally right. How?

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

BY CORRINNE AND RADOSLAV TSANOFF

'MISTER JIM' MCELROY stood ready to have his seventy-five a week raised to one hundred, because, in two years of bridge-building on the new Colorado Central, he had succeeded in reducing the accident claims one third, and so saved the Rocky Mountain Construction Company a good many thousand dollars damages. Good luck had been Mister Jim's uncle: for three months he had had nothing worse than crushed legs to report to the Complaint Department. But now he did have a death-claim on his hands.

'They'll rise a rumpus this trip, Mister Jim,' Steve remarked. Steve Johnson, baptized Stefan Ivanoff in Macedonian Krivolak, drew fifteen dollars a week for being able to hear in English and talk in Bulgarian. 'They'll sure rise a rumpus this trip,' he repeated. 'On first place every one seen it happen plain as ace in spades; on second place — the young chap's father. You don't know nothing about that old fellow, Mister Jim. He makes himself that he don't understand, but the boys will swear anything to get for him some thousand dollar damage for his son.'

'Think so, Steve?' McElroy grunted.

'Sure as you have been born, Mister Jim!' the Bulgar answered. 'And real, you know I am all times on your side, but sure this was one rotten business!'

'Don't you say rotten to me!' McElroy snapped. 'How was any one to prevent the clumsy bat from slipping into the shell just after releasing a load of crushed rock over his own head? Didn't I stop work the moment I saw him fall? What do you hunkies want, anyway? Let some one slide ninety feet down to the bottom of the shell and crack his own skull trying to scratch the poor devil's pieces out of the rock and cement? Take it from me: the fellow was as dead as a door-nail the min-

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ute he struck the bottom of the shell. Saves him funeral expenses.'

'Now, please, Mister Jim, don't talk them words. You know I am all times on your side, but, you know —'

'Shut up, Steve, and listen to me. Do you want some extra coin?'

'Sure thing.'

'Get that fellow's father to sign this paper, and bring it to me. For every dollar under five hundred that you do the job, I'll give you fifteen cents. But do it to-night. I want this bridge built, and I can't have a strike on my hands.'

Steve shook his head and started up the path to the cook-tent, where the gang of Bulgar-Macedonian laborers were lolling about, waiting for supper.

The sun had just disappeared behind the bald head of Sugarloaf Mountain, and long sheaves of yellow and orange played against the dull lichened rocks on the eastern bank of Six-Mile Canyon. Here and there, in deep-cut fissures, packed snow still glistened like veins of old tarnished silver. On the lower meadow slopes of Sugarloaf, blue monk's-hood and scarlet fireweed nodded lazily in the sleepy evening breeze, while here and there saucy Rocky Mountain jays — camp-robbers, the miners call them — darted down to the very door of the cook-tent, pecking at morsels of food, ready to snatch the slice of bread out of your hand. The roaring, endless rhythm of Six-Mile Creek was shattered by distant reports of explosions from the gang blasting the rock farther up the trail. In front of the tent a lively exchange of bitter civilities was going on, in racy Bulgarian, interspersed with choice, untranslatable profanities.

'Well, and so we left Macedonia,' a dark, bushy-browed young fellow was holding forth to the rest, expertly spitting through his teeth as he spoke; 'we did leave the cursed old bleeding motherland, to come and drink American milk and honey, get rich and buy us patent-leather shoes and a derby hat out of the second envelope, eh, Zasho?'

'Oh, give your jaw a day off, Kolio!' a short-necked, thick-lipped chap in blue overalls and muddy boots replied from inside. 'You get your nine dollars every Saturday, don't you?'

'Nine dollars, Zasho? Sure I get my nine dollars, and I'd get yours too if I could. But where's the equal chance for everybody that leech-mouth steamship agent was sermonizing about? I suppose Dobry would have got his nine dollars next Saturday night — if he had n't slipped into the shell. If Mister Jim, or that fat president with the white vest, had missed his footing, do you think they'd have let him stay there, and pile up the rock and cement over his carcass to-morrow morning? I spit upon the nine dollars, Zasho! So long as you are on the job, they keep tab on you every minute, for fear you won't earn five times your wages; and when you die they stick you into the ground without priest or pall, so you won't smell up the place. And another soft believer that's crossed the ocean to become God's cousin takes your pick and shovel, and it's amen to you. I'd rather eat good garlic in Macedonia than rotten ham in Colorado.'

'Hush!' a low voice cautioned. 'Here comes Dobry's father. Did he see it happen?'

Kolio shook his head. 'He was working farther down, where I was. We did n't see anything, but some of the fellows higher up yelled to us. Old Uncle Dimo could n't get it through his head at first; then he set on a run up the path to see for himself. They were just stopping the crane when he got there. He gave one look into the shell, then he scrambled up the mountainside like a wild goat. Mister Jim called after him, but he did n't turn around, and that second-hand American, Steve, yelled to

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let him go. I thought the uncle might do himself harm and wanted to follow him, but I turned back after all. If the old man wants to die, I'm not going to tie his hands. Dobry was all he had in this world. I have n't any son to lend him, have you, Zasho?'

The men hushed; a few crossed themselves piously as the rusty figure of Uncle Dimo drew near. His face was wrinkled with sorrow, but he held his shoulders erect. Uncle Dimo was a stubborn Macedonian Bulgar; he had never doffed his pepper-gray homespun breeches and rawhide sandals for the overalls and tan shoes of the new world. On this evening a patriarchal atmosphere enveloped his massive frame. His hair and beard seemed to have grown whiter during the afternoon as, ragged and long, they hung over his shoulders and chest, and his deep black eyes burned under their shaggy brows. The workmen lowered their heads, awkward and silent in the presence of his grief.

'God greet you, Uncle Dimo.'

'Let him be greeted indeed,' was the old man's answer; and he put on his cap.

He was about to pass into the tent, but Kolio could not restrain himself.

'We're all with you, Uncle Dimo,' he burst out. 'Curses on the man that robs Dobry of Christian burial!'

Uncle Dimo fixed his smouldering eyes on him, but did not answer.

'Yes, on him, and on every leech that sucks our blood and thinks we are only so many picks and so many envelopes. You've lost your son on this cursed job, and like as not they'll hand you a blue envelope and be rid of you next Saturday! I spit upon their nine dollars!'

The old man listened with dull composure to the excited youth, and then shook his head sadly.

'You are young, my boy,' he said, 'although you swear and spit enough for a grandfather. You don't know a workman's glory when you see it!'

'A workman's glory, Uncle Dimo,—' Kolio began; but the graybeard cut him short.

'You've left Macedonia too early, lad. She has n't taught you enough. It's so with most of you young fellows these days. But my Dobry,—he knew the workman's glory!'

Dimo crossed himself.

Silence fell on the group; the old man was obviously hesitating whether or not to ask something. Finally he did ask, directing his question to Zasho.

'Zasho, you have been here longer than I; tell me this thing. I don't understand. What is written on that iron plate at the bottom of the big pillar?'

'I don't know for sure, Uncle Dimo, but Steve says it is about the president of the company that is paying us. You remember the fat fellow with the white vest and that gold chain in both pockets who came and watched us work? It's for him this bridge will be named.'

'But he is still alive, is n't he?'

'Sure he is.'

'Then I don't understand,—how can it be his bridge and Dobry's too? This is a strange country,' he concluded; and noticing Steve Johnson, who was calling to him in an uncertain voice, he turned in his direction.

'Perhaps Stefan will tell me,' he said, leaving the group before the cook-tent.

'I wonder how much he will be offering Uncle Dimo for his son?' Kolio commented grimly. 'May the itch get the second-hand American!' He spat in disgust.

'It's an awful pity, Uncle Dimo, an awful pity,' said Steve, seated on a spool of steel cable in the tool-shack.

'He was a fine lad, God rest his soul.' Uncle Dimo crossed himself. 'You know, his mother died years ago, and then the Turks burned our village and we ran away to Bulgaria. There Dobry made up his mind to come to America.

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Everybody said it was easy to get rich over here. Well, he did not get rich, but he did send me money every little while, and last summer, you know, he wrote me to come over. We were getting on so friendly, the two by ourselves — and now here comes this thing! Lord God, no man knows whom Thou wilt select!' he murmured piously.

'So it is, Uncle Dimo, so it is,' Steve felt his way. 'It will be hard for you, and lonesome too, now, without him, and the company will be so very sorry, Mister Jim was telling me, for this accident — for, of course, it was quite an unavoidable accident, — unpreventable, you understand, no one to blame, that is.'

'Who could be to blame?' Uncle Dimo was puzzled. 'It is God's work.'

'Certainly, God's work,' Steve agreed. 'God's own work. But, as I was saying, the company is sorry for you personally, and would — would help you, you understand. They want to give you a hundred — or a hundred and fifty dollars.'

'What for? What more could I want? Such a bridge: there is not one like it in all Macedonia — and it is my son's bridge!'

'I don't get you,' Steve was beginning, but checked himself. 'Well, take fifty dollars anyway, and — sign this paper, so the company would know you bear them no ill will.'

'You talk so strangely, my lad. Why should I bear them ill will, and why should I sign any papers? God has signed the papers already, in the bottom of that concrete shell.'

Something in the old man's voice made the Americanized young Bulgar's heart tremble a little.

'I don't know what you mean.'

'You don't know,' Dimo muttered. 'No one of the boys seems to know this thing. For you have not built bridges in Macedonia. Still I thought that you, knowing English, might have heard it from some old bridge-builder here.'

'Heard what, Uncle Dimo?' Steve asked, puzzled.

'What? Why, what gives strength to a bridge to stand the force of the water. Water can dissolve anything that's mixed with just water.'

The young man was silent.

'Perhaps I'd better tell you how it happened once in Macedonia,' Dimo decided. 'Then you will understand about my Dobry. And then I can ask you something you must find out from Mister Jim.'

And so Uncle Dimo told his story.

'First, there was Bogdan the mason. His mother left him an orphan of three months, and before he grew up the Turks burned his father's house near the Cherna River. The two of them ran to a well that was half-dry, and the boy jumped down all right, but the old man broke his back and died before sundown. Bogdan covered him up with stones and mud and crawled out of the well, managed to cross the river somehow, — there was a bad drought that summer, — and wandered into Zavoy village.

'Elder Gosheff took him to work for his bread and cheese, and at first sweated him like a Greek innkeeper, but by and by he took a liking to the lad, and ended by marrying him to his daughter Radda. That is how I come to my story, Stefan. Now you just listen and don't talk until I get through.

'There were no Turks in Zavoy village. The elders had drawn up a paper with the *kaimakam* of Prilep to send some one with the taxes every autumn, and to watch and keep in repair the bridge over the Cherna. It was a horse-trader's bargain for the Turks. Every wagon, ox, donkey, and sheep that went from the Prilep country down to Salonica, had to cross the Zavoy bridge; you just had to look after it. And the

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Cherna, — you have n't seen it, — all quicksands and eddies and whirlpools. An ox could n't find a ford at less than a day's journey downstream. And if you did cross her in the morning, a cloud would burst at the top of Koom Tepee, sweep down the valley, and bury the ford under a couple of elbow-lengths of muddy water by sundown. There simply had to be a bridge at Zavoy.

'But every spring freshet swelled the Cherna, hammered the log-piles to pieces, and sent bridge and all downstream. Year after year the same cursed business; all the saints in the liturgy could n't have built that bridge to last. Folks from other villages called Zavoy men fools for not spitting at it all and moving across the river toward Salonica.

'One spring the elders chose Bogdan to manage the bridge-building. He was a man born with a trowel in his hand. Past Easter, you know, the dry weather sets in. Zavoy men curse and spit and work day and night to get their share done so they can go back to their ploughing. About noon the wives bring their hot *givetch* and clabbered milk in wooden bowls, and stand knitting while the men gulp and lick their fingers. All this happened, Stefan, when your grandfather's uncle was in swaddles.

'Of all the wives in Zavoy village, Bogdan's Radda, they say, was the fairest: a tall and slender aspen, hair you could braid in a rope, and eyes like black cherries. Bogdan was a bit foolish about his wife and never beat her. You see folks like that now and then.

'Every day old Pope Cyril limped down to the river and watched them at work. He 'd pull at his beard and chant, "Fools and babes unborn! Think you can cement these rocks with plain mortar? Man labors in straw and his work is chaff. Only God makes stones and real mortar to hold stones together."

'Day after day the men heard him. One afternoon Bogdan could n't stand it any longer. "What kind of mortar is this mortar of God, Holy Father?"

'The old priest looks at him with eyes like fishhooks and tells him, —

'"Thou knowest full well, thou son of Babylon, — building towers without offering to God any sacrifices. Thee I have told, and thy bride's father before thee. A mighty force is water, dark and unfathomable, more restless, stronger, more stubborn, and altogether more irresistible than logs and stones and mortar. Man's soul alone, God-given, can conquer that force. For verily and verily no bridge can be built to withstand its wrath save a bridge with the soul of man at its foundation. *Gospody pomiluy*."

'The men listen to him, cross themselves, and spit over their left shoulders. Who is going to put his own soul on a trowel?

'"Better build it every spring," you 'd hear them say. Yet a few wobbled a little sometimes; men get sick of an endless business like that. Bogdan stood his ground as is proper to a manager.

'"You know your liturgy asleep, Holy Father," he tells the priest, tells Bogdan, "but bridge-building is a layman's trade. Bridges are built only one way: come next week and see if my mortar will stick or not."

'"The Lord God will mortar your blasphemy in your throat, you son of Ishmael!" the priest thunders at him, and strides away. That very night, Stefan, the sky rips itself open. Ugly clouds, with forked lightning inside, split and flood Koom Tepee. Zavoy folk cross themselves under their blankets, but it is too late for crossing.

'In the morning they all rubbed their eyes and peered through the fog and rain. You could n't have built a pigsty of what was left of the bridge. Even the huge stone pillar, built twenty

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years before, the only part that had whistled at every flood, was shattered from top to bottom.

'Down from the church-hill, clump, clump with his cane, limps Father Cyril. All bareheaded, with his beard uncombed, the wind twirls his gray hair like cobwebs in a granary door.

'"Behold and verily," he calls out, "do you believe now?"

'"The lightning struck it," Bogdan answers back. "No mortar is proof against lightning."

'But the other men cross themselves and spit over their left shoulders.

'"God forgive us all, Pope Cyril," they beg him. "Tell us what to do."

'"*Gospody pomiluy!*" he chants, and runs his fingers through his beard, the holy man. "A human soul we must have in the cornerstone. A man's soul cannot be spared; we need every one to protect the village, for the Lord God knows when Turks may come our way too. To hold such a bridge, a child's soul is not strong enough; so a woman's soul must be mixed with our mortar."

'Bogdan protested, but the men listened to the priest.

'"Behold and verily," he goes on, "the manner in which we shall select her, saith the Lord. One week from this day, she, the one who first brings her husband's dinner to the bridge, she shall be the matron honored above all Zavoy women. He who breathes so much as a syllable of this to a woman, him the Lord God will curse, him and his wife, and his daughters unto countless generations! *Gospody pomiluy!* Amen!" So they all swore they would keep it secret.

'Radda waited all day for her man; she even dared the storm to look for him by the river; but she could n't find him. So she put a candle in the window-sill and set her down to watch. When she did hear his step on the cobble-stones and ran out to meet him, he pushed her aside as if she were a beggar-woman.

'"Don't be running always after me like that," he growled at her, but kept looking at the ground. "You shame me with your ways. Folks clear their throats halfway across the road when you go by."

"Radda's heart wavered. "What have I done?" she cried.

'"*Psst* with your questions!" he snarled. "Mind your child, tend your spinning, your weaving, keep to your housework — that's a woman's business. Don't lick your lips at me like a lovesick silly at a *horovodnik*."

'"What ails you, Bogdan?" she wept out loud.

'But he stretched himself crosswise over the bedclothes and would n't say another word to her; so what was she, poor woman, to do? She wrapped herself in a blanket and lay in a corner.

'"He's drunk with grief," she excused him, God's little cow. "He's drunk with grief," she says, "for he does n't smell of drink."

'In the morning she was up and out before light to prepare his breakfast, but he shoved her aside. "Tend your baby, I'll get my own breakfast, yes, and dinner too, from Stavry's tavern.

'"And don't leave the child alone in the house," he called back as he slammed the door. "Wait till high noon before you come to the bridge. It makes me a laughing-stock to have you lugging me dinner in the middle of the morning, before any other woman gets there."

'But womankind is a puzzle, Stefan. The more he scolded her, the more anxious she was to please him, the better dinners she cooked him. Of course she tried not to be loving with him before the others, and stood aside knitting stockings while he ate; but she worried over his ways, and on the fourth night, she gathered up her courage.

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'"I want to call in the priest," she says.

'"Leave the priest alone," he shouts at her. "If you tell a living soul anything about me, you'll burn candles for my return till the cuckoo's summer."

'So a whole week dragged by, and every day Radda, of her very sorrow, came later and later with his dinner. She was sick with grief and could hardly drag her feet down the road. As Bogdan saw her coming later and later, his heart warmed up with joy.

'"A week's weeping? *Ei!*" he says to himself, "what is a week's weeping? Once let this cursed business be done and I'll make it all up to her!"

'The last morning Radda heard him get up, but she did not stir, or open an eye, so bitter did she find her life.

'"Seven days and seven nights I have heard only curses from him," she groaned to herself.

'Bogdan went about the house dressing; she pretended to be asleep. If she did n't open her eyes, he would go away without swearing at her, she thought.

'Just before he started to go, he opened the sleeping room and looked at the white face of her. Her bosom swelled sleepily enough, but now and then her eyelashes fluttered against her cheeks. *Ei*, Bogdan — he saw how thin and pale she had grown, and how the veins stood out on her neck. He leaned over and kissed her on the forehead and a hot tear rolled from his eye on to her cheek. Radda quivered and Bogdan said to himself, '"If she wakes, I'll tell her. Then we'll leave this accursed bridge and river for good."

'But Radda did n't wake up, and Bogdan turned to the holy icon over the cradle, crossed himself and the baby, and tiptoed out of the house. When she was sure he was well gone, Radda jumped out of bed.

'"Why did n't I open my eyes?" she kept wondering; and she hurried to feed the baby and prepare dinner, and put on her new red *sukman* with the silk braidwork and gilt embroidery.

'*Ei*, Stefan, is n't it a terrible day, this day of God's choosing! Every Zavoy man was at work trimming the stones or planing logs, and every one had his back to the road. All at once Bogdan felt a touch on his arm.

'"Here is your dinner, my husband!"

'He just stood and looked at her. Down the path, hobbling along, came old Donna, the saddler's wife. Not another woman was in sight.

'"Radda," Bogdan groaned, "what's God got to do with you, my skylark?"

'But old Pope Cyril was already in front of her, sprinkling her head with holy water. It fell on the red overskirt and glistened in the sunlight like drops of blood.

The men had stopped their work; the priest picked up a rope, measured out her shadow on the ground, cut off the right length, and sprinkled it too with holy water.

Radda gaped at them, awestruck.

'"What is all this about, Bogdan?" she whispered.

'But he did n't answer, threw his tools in the river, put his arm around her shoulders, and led her back to the village. When the two had turned around a bend in the road, the elders chopped the rope to little bits and mixed it with the mortar.

'"Behold and verily is Radda's soul now mortared into the foundation!" Father Cyril pronounced. "All the floods of the Cherna will henceforth and forevermore be unavailing. *Gospody pomiluy!*"

'Now that their own womenfolk were safe, the men spat on their hands and got down to work to finish the bridge. But Bogdan did not return. He spent all his time tending and loving his wife: he would n't let her lift a finger; he

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swept, he cooked, he carried wood and water. But what is wood and water? A strange ailment had taken hold of her: like a lily of the valley after a frost, she faded and withered up, and died in a few weeks. They buried her at the base of the great pillar of the new bridge.

'And now, Stefan, listen. That was over a hundred years ago,' Uncle Dimo concluded, brushing back his gray hair, 'but you can go to Zavoy village and there stands the old bridge as it has stood against a hundred spring floods. Radda's soul is holding it firm. They call it Radda's Bridge.'

It had grown dark in the tool-shack. Outside, the night-sheen of moon and star and gleaming water and water-polished rock played about tents and cabins. Gusts of snow-kissed air whisked around the camp and fanned the smoky fire in front of the cook-tent, where crouching and sprawling figures and bent heads were still outlined. Farther down the track glowed dingily the lantern-lit window of Mister Jim's cabin. The two men waited silently, in almost complete darkness. Uncle Dimo evidently expected a word from the young man, but the latter did not speak.

'It is God's plan with us workingmen,' the old man took it up again; 'there is no kicking against the pricks. What are we? Sweaty, ill-smelling bodies. Yet God chooses from among us some one to strengthen every work of man. You are young, you do not know yet; but be sure, Stefan, there is not one bridge, there is not one big building, if it is to last, that does not have some human soul at its foundation to give it strength and life. I've told you just one story; there are a thousand more. It is God's way. The rich man, he comes and orders and pays with his money; but money cannot buy this honor. God must elect you to it, if you are a good workman, as he elected Radda, as he has elected Dobry.'

And Uncle Dimo crossed himself piously. The Americanized Bulgar involuntarily followed the old man's example. He felt uneasy, stupid. After what he had heard, to persist in offering the bereaved father money seemed sacrilegious.

Once more Dimo broke the silence.

'I was going to ask you one thing. The iron plate at the foot of the big pillar, that plate with the writing on it — what is it about?'

'It has the names of the company's directors, Uncle Dimo, the directors and chief engineers and so forth.'

'But, Zasho, you know, told me it was about some president, that fellow with the gold chain in both pockets.'

'Yes, President Addison Van Allen Goldman, of the Directors of the Rocky Mountain Construction Company. The bridge will be named for him.'

'So they had picked him out? But see, God has chosen my Dobry first. It is for God to choose, not for man.'

Steve shuffled his feet uneasily.

'It is for God to choose and honor, Stefan, tell Mister Jim that. If a man scorns that choice, God brings damnation to that man. They must change the plate, make it right, as God wills it. Of course, as soon as they hear about Dobry, they themselves will want to do it, for the sake of the bridge.

'I don't know English, but when they ask, you tell them; let them write it simply, "The Bridge of Dobry." It needs nothing more; God will remember Dobry when He sees it.'

'I will tell them, Uncle Dimo.'

But the old man still hesitated.

'You know,' he added, 'I am not sure about this next thing; you tell them not to do it if they think it is vain in God's sight — but perhaps they might add: "Dobry, only son of Dimo of Zavoy village, grandson of Radda's child." Let them put that too, if they don't think it vain in God's sight.'

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AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE

BY ROBERT M. GAY

It is very salutary now and then to let the mind run whither it listeth.

I waked this morning out of a dream in which I had been harkening to a voice cry in dolorous accents, —

'Glamis hath murthered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

The voice had been pursuing me, I would have said, for hours, through tortuous corridors, in and out of postern gates, along battlements, and into subterranean dungeons. Suddenly it was arrested by the clangor of a bell.

'Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.'

I waked, as I have said. My alarm-clock was hammering away on the chair at my side. It was seven o'clock.

I reached over and silenced the detestable thing. Rain was splashing somewhere, and the piece of sky visible was leaden. 'I must get up,' said I to myself; and then, of course, turned over and looked at the wall-paper.

And so I laye a-thynkynge.

It was no cause for surprise that I had dreamed of Macbeth's castle. Only yesterday in class I read the very lines I have quoted, noting with pleasure how little Miss B—— sat on the edge of her chair, shivering, with speculative eyes, as if she saw the trembling thane with his hangman's hands. What is surprising is that now, as I looked at the wall-paper, I thought, not of the class of yesterday, but of incidents of — no, I will not say of how many years ago. Thought laughs at time, as at space, and performs greater miracles than Ariel's in the twentieth part of a minute.

As I lay between waking and sleeping, I was back in the corridor of a college hall, watching a lank figure, all arms and legs, that moved along before me 'with Tarquin's ravishing strides,' and ever and anon cast over its shoulder a look of unutterable horror.

'Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?'

said a voice as from the grave. The figure paused. I could see the shaggy brows, the high-bridged nose, the black eyes fixed on space; and below, the loose-jointed body and shaking knees. A moment the form stood rigid, and then shot into the air with a swoop of a long arm and a howl like a coyote's, —

'Come, let me clutch thee!'

And so disappeared in a series of leapings and swoopings so purposely ungainly that I leaned against the wall in laughter. I had been sole spectator of a part of Shaughnessy's locally famous parody of the murder of Duncan.

I wish I could describe that parody, but find I cannot. Charlotte Cushman once said that Macbeth is the great ancestor of all the Bowery ruffians, — 'a foolish word,' but an excellent hint for parody, and one that Shaughnessy must have chanced upon. He went to classes seeing air-drawn daggers and clutching at them with the gesture of one catching flies; he pounced upon us hissing, 'There's blood upon thy face!' he scared under-classmen out of their

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wits by screaming at them, 'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?'

I have not decided yet whether or not Shawn, as we called him, was a genius; but I had no doubt then. There was a little group of us, — Hetherington and Mangan and Winckelmann were the others, — each, doubtless, except possibly Mangan, queer enough in his own way. Because genius is often queer, it is the part of sanguine youth to think that queerness denotes genius; and I suppose that we were queer to the top of our bent. Shaughnessy, six feet two, of northern Irish, dark Irish, extraction, gaunt of face and loose of limb, was the versatile member of our circle. He could act, and play the 'cello, and sing baritone, and draw in charcoal, all so well that he was despondent of ever choosing among his talents one which he could bear to cultivate at the expense of the rest.

I remember my admiring envy of him one day as we sat in the studio on the top floor under old Professor Hertz, drawing from the plaster cast of a foot. It was a Greek foot that had never known a shoe, round and beautiful. Shaughnessy's charcoal sketch grew as if by magic, in black lines, muscular, until Old Hertzy, as we lovingly called him, exclaimed with lifted hands, 'Mein Gott, dot foot could kick!' My sketch, which before had seemed plump and soft and 'Grecian,' suddenly came to look like a pincushion; although Old Hertzy, gentle always as a woman, sought to comfort me by declaring that there were plump and skeeny feet, and which one liked best was a 'madder of dasde.' He did not see the point. The point was that I had merely drawn the cast, while Shaughnessy, looking at the same plaster, had seen the straining ground-spurning foot of Atalanta or Diana, and had drawn that. It was useless to argue with me. I knew. Shaughnessy had what I called genius.

Hetherington had it, too; but his ran to literature. He could write you a poem, an essay, a story, or make you a speech, at a moment's notice. He could speak French like a Frenchman. He could lead all his classes, and yet never be detected studying. I was quite sure that he, too, was a genius, though his special abilities were more within my apprehension.

And Winckelmann had it, perhaps more truly than either of the others. He was a German, thorough, burningly sincere. His industry was terrifying. He was a glutton in his reading. At one time he read Carlyle through, — *Sartor*, *Frederick*, the *Revolution*, the *Essays*, — every word. It took him six months, but he did it. He read Sir Thomas Browne through, too, even to the *Vulgar Errors*. And of course he smoked. All men who love Sir Thomas smoke, usually immoderately. He was philosophically inclined and was ready at any time to argue you up hill and down dale, all day and all night, on any subject in metaphysics or morals you cared to propound. In college, I remember, his hobby was convictions. Just to get him to talk, I used to scoff at convictions as a source of action, declaring that all my best decisions were the fruit of chance or impulse. Such heresy was all that was needed to set him going; and many a night we talked 'the low moon out of the sky' and 'drummed up the dawn,' amid clouds of smoke and thicker clouds of speculation. When he was in fettle, he was superb; his face was suffused, his eyes flashed, his hands beat the air, he shouted, he roared with laughter, he all but wept.

We men are accustomed to deride the garrulity of women; yet I doubt if any women under the sun could compete in loquacity with a pair or trio or quartette of young men engaged in the

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exchange of views on metaphysics, literature, or art. We two or three or four — for Mangan seldom joined us — spent ambrosial nights. There were no problems too knotty, no reaches of hypothesis too vast, for us to attempt. Agreeing on nothing else, we agreed on a love of Shakespeare the all-inclusive, the metaphysician, artist, naturalist, poet; and chanted his praises, and listened to Shaughnessy read him and Winckelmann expound his thought and Hetherington analyze his stage-craft, many a time till second cock-crow — which is, as the bard himself tells us, three o'clock in the morning.

Mangan, when he found time from his social engagements to appear, smoked his pipe. Mangan was so Irish that he lapsed into brogue on occasion, and wit dripped from his tongue. No one could puncture a metaphysical balloon more adroitly than he. It was his custom to turn the conversation from æsthetical heights or depths to the growing of potatoes or the feeding of pigs. He was touched with socialism and we all caught it from him a little. He talked but seldom, but when he did, there was no stopping him. We rolled in merriment and begged him to have done, even while we prayed that he would go on.

We were always discovering somebody in those days. We discovered Maeterlinck, — or rather, Hetherington, who had spent a summer in Paris, introduced him to us. The Belgian had already written *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles*, I think, and *Les Sept Princesses* and *Pelléas et Mélisande* — what names to set youth mad! We all took to writing in the staccato somnambulistic style; except Mangan, who never took to anything except pipe-smoking and socialism. He said he preferred *Mother Goose*. I remember, too, how proud I was to discover Henley, and how we shouted, —

'Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed';

and how we crooned, —

'The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.'

Even Mangan liked that.

One day we all went to the Metropolitan Museum, and for the first hour Shaughnessy refused to look at anything but Millet's The Sower. That picture served as an excuse for more interminable arguments. Mangan pronounced it a mud-daub, more to tease Shaughnessy than from conviction. And we fell out over Rubens, whom Winckelmann considered vulgar; and we agreed to admire Corot, and almost came to blows over Burne-Jones. It was during the rage for Manet and Monet, and we took them very seriously, as they deserved. We were somewhat scornful of Meissonier and Détaille, and dismissed David and his contemporaries with a sniff, as we always did the whole eighteenth century in all its manifestations.

And then came Wagner. Winckelmann attended seventeen Wagner operas in one season, sitting in the uppermost gallery, yearning like a god in pain, and finding in the music the answers to all the problems that beset him. He expounded the *Ring* cycle to us, humming motifs, and excited our wonder by really appreciating *Tristan and Isolde*, which was all Greek to us. His exposition of Wagner, with illustrations drawn from Shakespeare and Browning, remains in my memory as a purple cloud through which I see dimly his ruddy face and flaming eyes and a hand forcibly waving a cigar long since burned out.

That was a time of life to remember, when the mind was growing like corn in hot weather. It is a pleasant thought that all over the land there are little bands of youths doing as we did. I get wind of one now and then — some boy

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with all the fire and foolishness, some girl with all the sensibility and sentimentality, by a chance look or word carries me back, as a whiff of lilacs or mignonette can transport us into our childhood.

He is a poor man who never was foolish. It is appalling to think over what he has missed. I am glad that there was a time when I was omniscient; that there was a time when an opinion was attractive because it was radical, and the 'miserable little virtue of prudence' was not a part of my moral code. I think it makes me more charitable toward youth. Whether it does or not, there can be no doubt that the surest corrective and sweetener of life is a vivid memory.

We all wrote, simply wrote, as an outlet for exuberance. I have forgotten the lists of primary and secondary instincts which we used to learn in psychology, but the *cacoethes scribendi* certainly ought to be among them. The more I talk intimately with boys and girls who have the conviction of genius, the more I am inclined to believe that every one of them has locked away somewhere, in his desk or his heart, a tragedy or an epic or a novel. To have that is normal to their age and temper. We had passed the tragedy-novel-epic stage, I think, and had taken to sonnets and ballades and short stories, the natural evolution. Sonnets to the moon, ballades on some refrain of fate or death, stories in the manner of Poe and Maupassant, — these were our avocation at the moment; a little later to give way to Ibsen and Zola and realism, with the Russians as the 'discovery' of the year. We went to the ends of the earth and of history for our subjects, and found our inspiration in ancient Egypt, India, Iceland, Cathay, the land of Prester John.

It is a commonplace of the rhetorical textbooks that the student should 'find his material in his own observation and experience'; but that is often the last place in which he wishes to look for it. We teachers seek to impose on generous youth the realism that only middle age really likes. We are agitated if our students love Poe and Hoffmann and wish to write stories of mystery, horror, and sudden death. We hold up as models Wordsworth and Arnold and Hardy and Howells, whom no vigorous youth can tolerate. We do not see the significance of the fact that, of all the books read in preparatory school and college, the ones most loved are such as *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Faust*, *Les Misérables*, *Tales of the Grotesque*. We forget that every worthwhile boy has to go through his *Queen Mab* or *Locksley Hall* or *Childe Harold* period — live it, I mean, as well as read the books. These are the books of youth and that move youth; books that it will read (or others like them) somewhere, somehow; morbid, of course, but recording a step in development without which life is a poor thing.

It is a glorious faculty of youth to detest things as they are and love things as they are not, the old, the unusual, the remote. Only to-day I said to an ingenuous sophomore who desired to write a story about the ancient Persians, 'But, Miss So-and-so, do you know anything about the ancient Persians?' 'Only what I have read,' said she. And then dutifully I proceeded to point out the superior value of direct observation, personal experience, ending by holding up as possible material for fiction her friends, her neighbors, the local policeman, the corner grocer. 'If I have to write about corner grocers,' said she, 'I'd rather not write at all.'

It was a feminine answer, but rightly understood was sound enough. For her the ancient Persians were probably more real than the corner grocer, and

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it may be that she had seen them more truly.

Foolishness, radicalism, morbidity are marks of promising youth, the obvious signs of inward ferment. The melancholy pose, the affectation of pessimism and cynicism, the sentimentality, the conviction of genius, that many of us deplore or deride in certain young people, may be as natural to their age and disposition as the sense of immortality of which Hazlitt writes so feelingly in one of his essays. We should rejoice to find them. They are among the indications of spiritual growth. They are at any rate not to be looked for in the pragmatic, the commonplace, the inane.

I often wonder what we should see if we could lift the parietal bones of our young people and take a peep at their thoughts, as the Devil on Two Sticks took off the roofs of the houses. If thoughts were visible, we might make some surprising discoveries. Once in a while the student, who usually talks about anything but his best thoughts, speaks out with startling distinctness. 'What right has he to usurp the office of providence?' said an intelligent and indignant boy to me the other day, referring to a teacher. The teacher, feeling that said boy needed 'sitting on,' had, as is the way of conscientious teachers, promptly sat on him. 'He said,' continued the student in a tide of words that would not be stemmed, 'that I think I'm a genius, but am not. How does he know? Stupider people than I have proved to be geniuses. If I think I'm one, what business is it of his? If I get any fun out of it, it's a harmless obsession. Is n't it better to have thought so and been mistaken, than never to have thought so at all?'

I could only reply heartily, 'By all means.'

I do not know who the teacher was, but his name is certainly Legion. 'A teacher,' says Julius Hare, in *Guesses at Truth*, 'is a kind of intellectual midwife. Many of them too discharge their office after the fashion enjoined on the Hebrew midwives: if they have a son to bring into the world, they kill him; if a daughter, they let her live. Strength is checked; boldness is curbed; sharpness is blunted; quickness is clogged; height is curtailed and depressed; elasticity is damped and trodden down; early bloom is nipped; feebleness gives little trouble, and excites no fears; it is let alone.'

Not many of us are like that, I think, nowadays. Most of us are on the lookout for strength and sharpness and the rest of the category, down to early bloom. We are only following the law of kind if it is our tendency to propagate teachers and scholars, like ourselves. The amount of genius, real or dubious, in any college must always be small. It is an interesting speculation, however, whether it might not be larger if we were not afraid of it. I have been much impressed by the difference of attitude to be discerned among teachers toward scientific industry, on the one hand, and creative originality, on the other. If a boy makes a hobby of scientific invention, we applaud; but are notoriously suspicious of a hobby for creative invention. Here we hasten to mew up the would-be eagle. Why should there be more joy in academic circles over one student who wins a scholarship than over a dozen who write good stories? It requires some courage to advance the theory that the latter may show the higher qualities. In moments of aberration I have a vision of the day when a creditable novel or book of verses will be adjudged to represent as much brain-power as a doctor's thesis, — But let us return to our wethers.

Hetherington and Winckelmann and the rest of our band perceived these things obscurely. We had a faculty of

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white-haired old men, ripe and mellow, who, as I look back at them, seem to have had unlimited charity for the foolishness of youth. I have a theory that old age is in better touch with youth than middle age. The grandsires and grandams of all time are evidence. Through a beautiful foresight of nature the old folk are living their young days over again in memory, and yet have lived long enough to see that if youth is full of joyance and age of care, the care is a matter of no great account while the joyance was the rich reward of life. The old men of the faculty seem to have worried very little about us, academically, dealing more in good advice than in hard lessons. I remember the anecdotes and reminiscences in which they were wealthy and with which they pointed their advice, far better than their facts and theories.

As I look back at them, — Rufy and Hertzy and Brainy and Plymp and Kimby (these were their pet-names behind their backs), — one characteristic common to all comes to me strongly. They were all happy. They chirped and chuckled. Rufy loved to call us 'a pack of gumps,' and Brainy never tired of telling us that we were very young; yet I think that they enjoyed us almost as much as we did them. I have no impression that they lost any sleep over us, or ever conducted any extended investigations to find out whether or not we were studying. But they did succeed in conveying to us the feeling that the acquisition of knowledge is a joy. The most important lesson they taught us was that a man might be a scholar and be old and yet be happy — an impression we should never have gathered from our middle-aged teachers.

We never heard the word efficiency in those days, so far as I can remember, outside the physics laboratory. Would to heaven it had stayed there! It must not be supposed, however, that we did not work when we did work. As I look about me, I do not see many young men under our present efficient systems who seem to be working harder. Somehow we derived from the old men a thirst for knowledge, a restless curiosity, a joyous knight-errantry in the quest for truth. Surely, that teaching which can induce students to pursue their researches voluntarily outside of the classroom is the very best kind of teaching.

I get the impression to-day that most of the joy of college life is confined to the student body, and that that is often hectic. The faculties seem to me overworked, over-serious, lacking in what I call pedagogic faith — faith that the student may be trusted to get some good out of leisure. I suppose that we shall have to blame, as usual, the *Zeitgeist*. Crowded curricula, multiform 'student activities,' and all the full steam and weighted throttles of modern efficiency are pushing out of college life just the one element that should be characteristic of it — time; time for rumination, day-dreaming, thought.

It occurs to me that *rumination* was Brainy's favorite word. '*Rumination*, young gentlemen,' he was wont to say, 'means *chewing the cud*. Have you chewed the cud of this lesson, or have you simply bolted it?' He knew. It is only at this late day that I begin to discern a wise philosophy underlying the leisurely methods of the old men.

When I had reached this point of my ruminations I was compelled to get up. But this is what I thought as I laye a-thynkynge.

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THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY

BY LIEUTENANT R. N. OF THE FRENCH ARMY

February 12. On the train, which at last is bearing us away to the war. My companions are asleep, wearied by a day and night of this endless journey. But I cannot sleep for joy. One thought possesses me. I am on my way to fight! Had I so wished I could have remained with the general staff as interpreter, but what I crave is action — the intense, mad action of battle. The enthusiasm of the first days of the war has not left me, but grew ever greater during the long months I had to spend in training camps, where I learned first to be a soldier, then an officer. But as soon as I received my appointment to the rank of *aspirant*, I asked for and obtained permission to start for the front. Am I cherishing illusions? Is it real, this glory of war that makes my head swim? The sadness of saying good-bye to my mother I have left far behind. The weight already began to lift when we made our triumphal departure from that little snow-covered town, through which we marched with the band at our head and the Marseillaise on our lips and in our hearts, amid the cheers of the people.

Just now the train is going through a beautiful bit of country. Never has the valley of the Saône that I know so well seemed so fair to look upon. Truly, 'la doulce France' is a mistress we may proudly live and die for. Die? No. I have a conviction that I shall not be killed in the war; I feel sure I shall be able to do my duty to the end, and once my task is finished, return to my mother and my own life.

February 13. We have just got out of the train. I am writing in the kindly warmth of a room some peasants have put at my disposal.

This morning, in the fog and chill of an early February dawn, our train stopped in the middle of a vast plain, grisly and wet, whose monotony was unbroken except for a few clumps of trees. The bugler gave us the signal to detrain by playing the regimental march. Instantly the men streamed out, still heavy with sleep, and benumbed by these two days of traveling. I hurried to the cars of my section, lined up my men, and stacked arms while waiting for orders. Fatigues were detailed at once to get rations and unload the cars.

But where were we? No one but the commander knew our itinerary in advance, for of course it has to be kept secret. We had a vague idea we were bound for Champagne. The station bore a name I did not know: Cuperly. I looked on my map and found that this village was right in the field of Châlons, several kilometres to the south of the villages of Perthes and Hurlus, which have so often been mentioned in the dispatches of late. So we are to be launched in the midst of an offensive! What joy!

I hastily scribbled a card to my mother and gave it to a trainman, who promised to mail it.

As we stood waiting in the cold, our attention was drawn to the auto-busses of a provision convoy going along the road, phantom-like, through the fog.

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And we noticed also a dull rumble like a prolonged roll of thunder. It was cannon. 'Sling equipment! Take arms! Fours right! Forward! March!' And the battalion swung into a road that was broken up and covered with mud — a gray, filthy, liquid mud that seemed to flood the whole countryside. An artillery convoy came by and spattered us badly. It was cold. Two kilometres farther on we halted at the edge of a village where we were to breakfast. I promptly attended to the kitchens of my section; two men from each squad went to get wood, and before long four fires burned merrily. Pans were brought forth from their places above the knapsacks, and soon the portions of coffee and sugar provided us with a 'juice'[1] that was much appreciated in the dampness of the winter morning. I gave orders to warm some canned beef in wine for the men, and they had a real feast. While our soldiers were resting after their meal, we section commanders, together with the other officers, accepted the hospitality of some artillery officers, who made us welcome with several bottles of champagne. The festivity was at its height when the bugle sounded. It was time to start out once again. For what destination? We did not know.

We marched two hours along the slippery road before coming to La Cheppe, where we were to await the return of the brigade that was in the trenches. We took possession of our quarters. My section was comfortably billeted in a large barn well supplied with straw, and I chose to make my abode among my *poilus*. I should like to be in closer contact with them; I am determined to make friends with them. When the regiment left the training camp I was able to procure a few little extras that they wanted, and this evening they came and invited me to dinner. The artful member of the third squad had succeeded in getting into the good graces of an old peasant woman, who gave him two chickens. The men insisted on my doing the honors, and I accepted with great pleasure. We chatted together familiarly, and I told them how glad I was to be at the front, and enlarged especially on the great things I expected of them. 'With you, *mon aspirant*, we will go anywhere,' said a corporal; and they all applauded. Of course, I was immensely pleased.

February 14. The booming of the cannon all night kept me from sleeping. However, I was snug and warm in my bed of straw beside my dear friend Henry. We are glad to be together at the war after being chums in college.

I am on duty this morning with my section. We are posted for police duty at a crossroads, and we are instructed, in addition to keeping order in the village, to regulate the movements of the convoys which pass incessantly. What an infernal whirl! Not a minute passes without something going by — a great ammunition train, heavy cannon drawn by motor-tractors, a regiment of infantry returning from the trenches, muddy but triumphant. The *poilus* are radiant. We surround them. They give details. Good news! 'Hot fight, all right, but the Boches are catching it like fun.' And then there go our old Paris auto-busses, transformed into meat wagons. Some of them still flaunt their signs, 'Madeleine–Bastille,' 'Neuilly–Bourse,' 'Clichy–Odéon.' One is marked '*Complet*,' and the places, if you please, are filled by huge cattle. O auto-busses of Paris, you forget your luxurious existence of Parisian bourgeois, and jolt bravely on through the mud of Champagne, accepting these hardships to save your country. We take off our hats to you in your coat of

[1] In the original, *jus* — soldiers' slang for coffee. — THE EDITORS.

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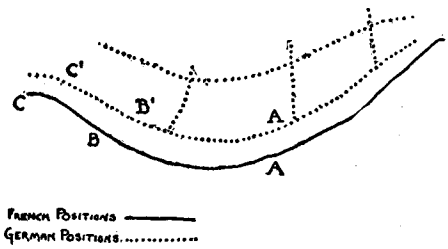
mud, for you also are doing your duty.

Weather still lowering. I took out of my little chest my old volume of Rabelais and I occupy my leisure moments feasting on the exploits of Picrochole. I have brought along a few books that are easy to handle, mostly our great classics that I have been neglecting these latter years. I wish to keep up my intellectual life.

This morning found us in the trenches — at last! The region opposite us was fairly uninteresting — barbed wire, torn-up earth, skeleton trees, and dead men's bodies. And the enemy was there, within 150 metres. I discovered this rather promptly, and, moreover, had a narrow escape. At a certain moment, very early in the morning, I went into the communication trench that formed the eastern end of my trench. There was a large hollowed-out place through which one could get a better view of what lay in front of us: at the left, the ruined village, in front, the labyrinth of trenches, and the skeleton wood. Suddenly, as if warned by some instinct, I turned away a little. Five or six bullets, undoubtedly intended for me, whistled through my window, one of them grazing my field-glass. Not a little shaken up, I left that dangerous spot. I soon began to laugh, and I should have enjoyed telling my neighbors, the Boches, that they had missed me. But I was more prudent after that.

Besides, everything was silent except for an occasional shell that passed high above our heads and burst so far away that we could not hear it explode. Listening-patrols, being useless during the day, were replaced by two sentries for each half-section, who watched through the loop-holes of the trench itself. The men in their warm dug-outs smoked their pipes, ate, read, or played cards. If this is war, thought many of them, it is n't half bad. But like most good things, it did not last. At nine o'clock a messenger came to tell me that the captain wanted to see me. I went to his headquarters, situated in the second line. Orders had just come. A French attack was to be delivered on the Boche trenches north and east of Perthes, and we were to sustain it. The object to be gained was as follows: the firing line was far from being straight; as a result of the vicissitudes of the recent fighting, the German trenches made a salient into the French trenches; it was desirable to destroy this salient. Here is a sketch of our position:



We were at A. To attack at this point would have been costly, for the distance between the two opposing lines was more than 150 metres. The plan was, therefore, to attack at C and B, so that, once having taken the German trenches C^1 and B^1, the whole system could be enfiladed. Our rôle was to put them on the wrong scent, and, at a specified time, to make as much noise as possible with our guns and machine-guns, in order to attract attention to ourselves at the moment when the main attack was being launched elsewhere.

So I went back to my trench and gave the men the necessary instructions. About ten o'clock we were startled by four loud reports coming almost simultaneously. It was a battery of 75's, stationed two hundred metres or so behind us. At the same instant the shells went whistling over our heads and raised four black clouds in the

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trench opposite. It was the beginning of the bombardment. It was very violent. At the start we all ducked, but we gradually got used to it and learned to distinguish the difference in sound of the French firing. Some of the shells went by at mad speed and burst almost at once. Others took their time, especially our Rimailles, nicknamed the 'ox-cart,' which seems to take an airing before going to tell its tale to the Germans — and its tale is generally a terrible one.

Posted at a loop-hole, I watched through my glass the effect of the bombardment. All the German trenches as far as the eye could reach were filled with constantly recurring explosions. They looked like an uninterrupted line of volcanoes. The noise and the superb masses of earth thrown up into the air fairly intoxicated me. The Boches in their turn began to answer, and, scorning us poor infantrymen, sent their shells far in our rear, in quest of the gunners and their pieces. The chorus grew deafening. The sensation was that of being under a roof of steel — invisible, but with the voices of all the fiends. And in the midst of all this din, two larks kept flitting about joyously, and mingled their song of life with the dull chant of the engines of death.

New orders came, and I called together in my dug-out my two sergeants and four corporals. We were ordered to fire during exactly four minutes, from one minute past twelve to five minutes past twelve. A supply of cartridges was placed beside each loop-hole, so that every soldier could fire the greatest number of shots in the given time. All guns were inspected.

The bombardment was growing more intense, and it was no longer possible to distinguish the shots from each other. It was one uninterrupted boom — the efficiency fire that the Germans call *trommelfaren*, or drum-fire. For half an hour the uproar was enough to drive one mad; my head felt as if it were bound with iron and about to burst; and yet, in the midst of it all, it was a great satisfaction to think that the Boches were having to endure, in addition to the noise, the very deadly effects of our artillery. We were unquestionably better off than they. At ten minutes to twelve every one was at his post, and I also took my place with the second half-section. I had carefully set my watch according to the time that is telephoned every day at noon and midnight to the various officers' headquarers. At one minute past twelve the artillery lengthened its range. This was the moment, and I whistled. Immediately the guns began their clatter and the machine-guns their regular chop. At twelve-five another whistle. 'Cease firing.'

I had no sooner whistled than half a dozen Boche 77's fell very near our trench. As there was nothing more to be done, every one except the sentries went into the dug-outs. We were hotly bombarded, for the first six shells were followed by others and still others. We had not been looking for this, and the surprise was a trifle disagreeable. We had of a certainty fulfilled our mission well, for we had drawn both their attention and their fire. For two hours we were deluged with shells, and each one that came seemed to be coming straight at us, and in spite of ourselves we shrank together and ducked, measuring anxiously with our eyes the depth of the dug-out. Mine was fairly safe. I stayed in it some time with my sergeants, and we were none of us very happy. To tell the truth, the situation is a stupid one. The rôle one plays is purely passive, and it is not pleasant for a reasoning human being to sit by helplessly and feel coming toward him a mass of brutish matter capable of an-

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nihilating him. Several shells fell near my dug-out. One even landed in the little winding trench that led to it, but the splinters were stopped by its turns. Otherwise, I should have received a visit from them.

But I could not desert my men entirely, so I went around to the various dug-outs. Sitting huddled together, my soldiers were not any more used to this kind of entertainment than I was, and would doubtless have preferred to be somewhere else; but no one was hurt and they were glad to see me. On coming in contact with them I resumed my rôle of chief, and, true to the theory of William James, by pretending not to be afraid, I very soon discovered that I was *not* afraid. I chatted with them and cracked jokes, and, all of a sudden, everybody felt better. Then I went back to my own quarters and made some tea on my brazier.

Shells were still raining down, but as none of them had done any harm up to that time, we bothered no more about them. They fell more especially in front of the trench, in the wire entanglement. That set me to thinking, and together with the machine-gun lieutenant I examined the situation. The Boches had battered down the parapet in several places, and the barbed wire was pretty badly damaged. Were they going to amuse themselves by attacking us? I doubled the sentries and gave orders that as soon as the bombardment slackened, every man should run to his loop-hole. I wondered what was up, as I did not know the result of the flank attack. I had no sooner sent word to the captain and the section commanders on either side, than I saw, through my glass, points of bayonets here and there gleaming in the sun above the edge of the enemy's trench opposite. 'Every man at the loop-holes!' I shouted; and in the midst of the downpour of shells every one ran to his post. Several of the men were covered with dirt by explosions; one even was knocked down by the impact of a bursting shell; but no one was hit.

Suddenly from the German trenches, like devils from their boxes, emerged the infantrymen, yelling and running toward us, waving their arms. They were in close formation, three deep, I think, so that nothing could be easier than to mow them down. I quickly seized a gun and fired with the rest. The machine-guns started in immediately, and hardly more than a minute later our assailants took flight, leaving many of their men on the ground. At fifty metres from us, forty or more Boches were lying flat on their faces as if waiting for the order to stand up. The machine-gun had done its work well. So the assault was beaten back, but every one remained at his post. Wounded men dragged themselves painfully to their lines; others were groaning. No one thought for an instant of firing at them. Then, when the danger was over, came a wave of emotion; I was frightened, but the joy of having escaped from a real danger made me very happy. 'Now you're real *poilus*,' I cried to my men. Everybody lighted a good pipe and a bluish smoke mounted up to the God of Battles, like the incense of gratitude.

The rest of the afternoon was uneventful. A few disgruntled shells came our way, but we had as an offset the thrilling sight of a splendid aeroplane reconnaissance. Six French 'planes, in a half-circle, flew over the German trenches. From time to time one of them dropped a spurt of flame into the deepening twilight, a signal for the artillery. Shells flew around our war-birds like a multitude of snow-flakes that remained floating a long time in the calm air. But without paying the least attention, the aviators continued their proud flight, and it

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seemed to us poor buried infantrymen that they were bearing aloft all our pride as Frenchmen, all our will to conquer. We were enchanted, but at the same time a little moved. Then, slowly, night fell. The order came to detail two men from each squad to go with tent-sheets, under orders of the corporal on duty, to fetch rations from the kitchen.

The trench was then organized for the night. Listening patrols were posted in front of the trenches; it was decided that one squad from each half-section should watch at the loop-holes in case of a return offensive of the enemy. About ten or eleven o'clock it was time to think of mending the barbed wire. The fatigue brought a great quantity of the Brun networks, which fold and unfold like an accordion. They are very complicated and are fastened into the ground with a sort of fork. I wanted to direct the work myself, so, accompanied by six men, I crawled twenty or thirty metres from the trench; the work went on without a word being uttered. The six rows of wire were placed one behind the other, and in front were fixed strong *chevaux-de-frise*. We were then in the midst of 'No-Man's Land,' near the German corpses. We could hear the groans of the wounded, and some little moving about, which indicated that the Germans were coming to pick up their men. But we made no attempt to molest them, whereas soldiers who are old in the knowledge of this war tell me that German snipers are always trying to put a stop to the work of the stretcher-bearers.

This afternoon, everything being quiet, I invited the neighboring section commander to come and spend a little time with me. In the trenches we rarely have anything to drink but wine and coffee, and, by way of a special feast, I decided to make some chocolate. So I sent for a canteen of water, and poured some of the precious fluid into my pan and devoutly emptied in the chocolate and sugar. It was simmering gently on my brazier, and I was just on the point of adding condensed milk, when some one called me from the outside. It was my orderly coming to see if I needed anything. I invited him to join us, but at that precise moment the stupid battery of a 77 began to spit its six shells at us. Two burst so near that my faithful 'tampon' stumbled in fright and fell headlong, taking with him brazier, saucepan, and chocolate —our chocolate so nearly ready, which our eyes were drinking so hungrily. The poor chap was most unhappy. I laughed; but I must confess my laugh was a bit sickly. At that moment I detested the Germans worse than ever.

An exciting thing happened last night. It had been snowing, and about one in the morning, when I was chatting with the machine-gunner, the sentry outside began to fire. At the same moment a voice rang out in the night, 'Kamerad, Kamerad!' I quickly sent up a trench-rocket, and the light showed me a German soldier crawling toward us with a great clatter of tinware. I cried to the sentry to let him alone, and called to the man himself in German to come on. He appeared on the parapet and jumped into the trench. I had him taken to my headquarters and there, revolver in hand, ordered him to disarm. He had no weapons but his bayonet and a belt full of cartridges, but he was loaded down with canteens. I questioned him in German. He was a great big Bavarian who had got his fill of the war. To-day's bombardment, absolutely terrible, he said, had determined him to flee. He managed to be detailed for water-fatigue, then made his way to our lines. He had had nothing to eat, for our bombardment had made it impossible

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to bring up food. I gave him some bread and chocolate while waiting for supper to arrive. I kept him until morning in order to ask him certain questions, especially as to the effect of our artillery on the trenches opposite. He told me that the attack of the day before had cost them many men, and furthermore, pointed out without much urging the positions of their machine-guns and also of a certain little revolver cannon that greatly annoyed us. I communicated this information to the artillery, and since then the revolver cannon is silent. I kept the man's cartridge-belt, and the canteens, rather good ones, which I distributed among my men. In the morning our Boche was sent to the commander. A happy man was he to have said good-bye to war.

March 4. This morning, reveille at eight; review of arms and clothing — a formality quickly gone through, for the men understand that their gun is their best friend and they take great care of it. And in spite of certain accounts in the papers, the soldier is not fond of being dirty. He does not revel in his mud and filth, but suffers from it. Some of this misapprehension is probably due to the false derivation credited to the word *poilu*. It is not derived from the fact that the soldier is hirsute and unshaven. It is an old word. Under the First Empire they were the grenadiers with their bear-skin bonnets, Napoleon's best troops. They called *brave à trois poils* any one who was worthy to be a grenadier. To-day the word *poilu* simply means a good soldier.

At last, this afternoon the baggage-master announced that our communications with the rear were open. He brought us a quantity of letters; I had for my share thirty-two. 'Joy, joy, tears of joy,' as Pascal said under slightly different circumstances.

March 15. We returned yesterday to cantonment. During the last five days, the most terrible I have yet spent, I have not had a minute of physical or mental quiet to write a single line of my diary. I have run the gamut, I think, of nearly all the emotions afforded by war: bombardment, attack, counter-attack, all the while in a most precarious position, long painful marches through the communication trenches, and, above and over all, the mud, that terrible enemy, much more terrible than the Boches. For the Boches have their moments of respite. The mud is there ever and always, implacable and relentless — the mud that keeps you from walking, chills you, clutches you, weighs you down, and drives you to despair. Five days of dragging one's self along up to the waist in the horrible, cold, gluey paste. It began as soon as we left Cabane-Puits. But at first it was bearable. We slipped or got stuck or splashed or splattered, but that was a mere nothing. The terrible part came when we went into the communication trenches. It was fortunate that our knapsacks were at Hill 181 and not on our backs. The chalk of Champagne, when combined with water, rapidly forms a soft paste in which one plunges up to the waist. And it was necessary to march in this; in other words, to put one foot before the other, to pull it out with enormous effort, only to replunge it in the mire, and so on for five kilometres. At the start, the effort was a conscious one, but at the end of the first hour the motions became automatic; all one's sensations resolved themselves into one dull pain in the whole body. Several times I got my leg stuck, and had to appeal to the man behind me to help get it out. One of the lieutenants left his shoe in the mud; he was literally caught like a lark on a lime-twig, and when, by dint of desperate efforts, he

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brought forth his shoeless foot, a great laugh went round. But a little farther on we were sobered by a terrible discovery. We found the body of a soldier who had perished in the mud; he had evidently fallen while alone, and was not able to extricate himself from the horrible embrace of the mire. This was the first corpse I had seen and I was much affected.

And then the tiniest of obstacles interrupted the march and upset the distances — a telephone wire getting loose from a crumbling wall, a soldier who was stuck, a fatigue coming in the opposite direction: those ahead would have to stop and the ones behind struggle to march at the double to catch up with them. A regular march was impossible.

At the end of three hours we reached the village of Perthes, or rather, the ruins of Perthes, melancholy wraith of a village — a few dismantled walls, barns that looked as if they lay in the path of an avalanche, and a church by some miracle still standing, though all ruinous. Just at that moment we were obliged to halt in the communication trench. The Boches were firing shrapnel. We huddled against the bank. I was so tired that I slept a few minutes standing up, leaning on my stick. The sensation that people were moving awoke me, and once more began that slow, automatic, painful advance. A cold rain was falling, which in spite of my mackintosh trickled down my neck to my chest. Occasional spent bullets went grunting over our heads. Each moment seemed eternal.

The day broke, still overcast. We had been on the march more than four hours. Several shells burst near-by. One man had his head blown open, and remained standing. It was necessary to push this ghastly thing against the wall of the trench and nearly climb over it.

At last, after a long time, we stopped. I went with the guide to inspect my new quarters. The trench was an abomination — a charnel house — with dead piled upon dead, on the ground where you walked, above the parapets, in the walls of the trench, half buried, with either their heads sticking out or their feet or their hands or their knees. We were in a communication trench that had just been seized and hastily repaired to make it tenable. I was horribly agitated, but I managed to listen to the explanations of the officer I was replacing. We should have to use the greatest care. The trench was caught in an enfilade. Alas, our predecessors had not had a very gay time. They lost more than twenty killed or wounded. A pleasant prospect, truly. I went to get my men, and told them beforehand what to expect, so that they might be spared the worst of the shock I had had. It was not very cheering, the sight of all these dead, but our sufferings in the mud had dulled our sensibilities.

There are no dug-outs of course, and no possibility of digging any in this earth that crumbles at each stroke of the spade. I took my place nearly in the middle of the trench, on what looked like a seat that some ingenious soldier had dug in the wall. As it was rather high, I asked my orderly to dig down a little so that I could sit more comfortably. Several strokes of the pick brought to light the cloth of a uniform. I was sitting in the lap of a corpse. I went and took up my domicile a little farther on. The explosion of a shell knocked down some of the earth of the wall opposite, and in the breach appeared the green and earthy head of a corpse. From that moment, this head was my vis-à-vis, and once the first shudder of disgust had passed, I thought no more about it.

In the end, one gets used to living beside corpses, or 'maccabees,' as we

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call them. They not only cease to make us uncomfortable, but they even make us laugh. Beyond the parapet there were two or three corpses, in the drollest attitudes. One looked as if he were invoking Allah, another was in the midst of a back-somersault. One of my *poilus* hung his canteen to a foot that was projecting over the wall; the others laughed and followed his example. The true French spirit was to the fore — an extreme adaptability, and, above all, good humor.

The odor of the corpses was nauseating, but pipes soon got the better of it. Meanwhile, shells and grenades kept pouring in on us. We were obliged to use the greatest care, and keep as near the side of the trench as possible. The shells were not very dangerous when they fell in the mud, for they either did not burst at all, or they exploded without much force; but when they went from one end of the trench to the other and landed farther on, they were indeed deadly. Toward noon a messenger came to bring orders from the captain. He was standing in front of me, nearly up to his waist in mud. Suddenly he was without a head; he tottered but did not fall; two streams of blood spurted violently from the headless body and bespattered me. It is hard sometimes not to have the right to have feelings; my men were all around me and I did not want them to see me blanch. I simply told them to cover his body with a tent-sheet that was lying near, and sent word to the captain.

These various shocks hardened me. After that, I was more or less indifferent to the terrible things that happened. I even ate with good relish in the company of the head that was sticking out of the trench. The day passed slowly, full of the anguish of explosions, to say nothing of the pain of moving and the cold that came from sitting motionless in this prolonged foot-bath.

Night fell early. Then came orders. In the darkness a trench was to be dug, joining the two ends of our position. The men were to start at the same time from the two communication trenches and meet before daybreak. The digging was done from the trench itself, working forward as the new trench advanced. Several times corpses were turned up; the place was a regular cemetery. The work went on rapidly. The trench was to be only a metre deep and the earth was very easy to dig. But the Boches threw hand-grenades, and I received for my share a splinter near my right eye. I stopped the bleeding and remained at my post. At three in the morning the crews met.

Rations arrived in very bad shape. The cooks had to make the same long trip through the mire that had cost us so many efforts. So they brought us the coffee cold, meat all covered with mud, and vegetables that had to be thrown away. The wine alone arrived intact. Instead of its being brought in pails, I had taken the precaution to have it put in tightly stoppered canteens, the same ones the Boche was carrying when he crawled up and surrendered. Although the fatigues had slipped down several times or been knocked down by the impact of shells, the *pinard* arrived untouched, to our very great joy. By good luck, every one was well supplied with canned goods.

In the morning, although we were exhausted by a sleepless night in addition to the strain of all our other hardships, the order came to attack. There was a good deal of grumbling, but I showed my men that, if our situation was pitiable, the thing to do was to improve it. It was to the interest of all of us to go across the way, where we should certainly be more comfortable, and the attack would not be dangerous. We should dash to the assault from the

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trench dug the night before, at a moment when the Boches did not expect it, and there would be so little ground to cover that the risk would not be great. Besides, it was our duty, and I was certain my *poilus* would keep the promise they had made me to follow wherever I should lead.

At two o'clock the whole company was to take its place in the new trench; at 2.10 we were to deliver the attack. However, things did not happen according to schedule, and the Germans gave us the opportunity to take their trench almost without any losses on our own side, but with many losses on theirs.

Toward eleven o'clock, when our bombardment had only just begun, our machine-guns began to clatter, and likewise all the guns at the loop-holes. It was the Boches attacking. They had a hankering after the trench we had dug during the night, and wanted to launch an assault on our lines from that point — the exact thing that we were planning to do to theirs. They came on in full force, but there was time for the machine-guns to mow down numbers of them before the first ones reached the new trench. The mud kept them back, and the poor wretches made a tragic struggle to get their feet loose and to hurry. Three successive waves started. The machine-gun at the end of our trench was quickly shifted, and enfiladed our new trench full of Boches, killing nearly all of them. It was horrible but magnificent. But others were coming on. Then I commanded, 'Fix bayonets! Forward! Forward!' and we dashed against the assailants. The whole company followed my example and rushed forward. Was it to be a hand-to-hand fight? Our murderous grenades crushed the first row, and in the face of our air of determination the others hesitated, then turned tail. We threw grenades at them and fired at close range. We kept sticking in the mud and stumbling over bodies; but the opportunity was too good to be lost. We followed them home; their batteries and machine-guns could not fire for fear of hitting their own men. They had no sooner reached their trenches than we were at their heels, stopping just long enough to shower in grenades before we jumped in after them. I had a feeling that some one was aiming at me and I emptied my revolver point-blank into the head of an *Oberleutnant* who was wearing a monocle. I did this automatically by reflex action. I seized another enemy by the throat and struck him in the face with the butt of my revolver. He fell like lead. But the hand-to-hand fight did not last long. The forty soldiers who were left quickly surrendered.

'Quick! Quick!' I commanded. 'Reverse the trench!' In other words, pierce several loop-holes and turn the German machine-guns against their own trenches. We stopped up the communication trench, and opened up the ones toward the rear, and the prisoners filed through my former trench, which was once more a communication. We then prepared to ward off the counter-attack. Barbed wire was brought and securely fastened. The Germans proceeded to treat us to reprisal fire, which damaged our newly conquered trench rather badly, but did little real harm.

I lost nine men in all, four killed and five wounded. The Germans had been neatly outwitted. By quarter past eleven we were established in our new positions. These events had lasted but a very few minutes — the hand-to-hand fight just long enough to let me kill two Germans.

Nevertheless, the situation was none too cheerful. The German corpses were all about. Our grenades had done their work well, and any wounded were

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drowned in the mud as they fell. As we walked, the bodies sank in deeper, for the bottom of the trench was literally covered with them, forming a sort of carpet under our feet. In spite of it we were radiant. The commander expressed his satisfaction. The counter-attack might come at any moment, but we were ready for anything; as for shells, we laughed at them. Every one gathered trophies. I carried off the revolver and field-glass of my Oberleutnant, also his notebook, which I proposed to decipher and hand over to the staff officers.

Night fell gradually. The air was very sharp, and it began to rain again. We all looked like Capuchin friars, with our blankets wrapped around us and our tent-sheets over our heads. No one could sleep, or rather, no one was allowed to sleep; but as I made my way with great difficulty back and forth in the trench, I saw several men asleep, holding their guns at the loop-holes. In order to keep them awake I made them fire salutes to the *commandement*. The bombardment was intense all night, but it was directed more especially against our second lines. That augured a counter-attack for the next day. At midnight word was sent that we should be relieved at 2 A.M. General rejoicing. At last we should be able to get some sleep! Quickly we folded blankets and tent-sheets, but we had a long wait in the rain that was falling and in the shells that were falling. It was not until daybreak that the others came to relieve us. And then began anew the fight with the mud. It took us nearly two hours to reach Perthes. There we learned that we were not to be sent to recuperate, but were to reinforce the third line in the fortified dugouts of Hill 200. Then we left the communication trenches — for they were in too bad a state — and walked in the road, almost in the open. A rather high parapet protected us from bullets and from being seen by the Germans, who were about a kilometre to the north. But we had to march bent double, alternately making rapid leaps and stopping. Of course, a few bullets came our way, but the Boches had not seen us and we were not much molested. Once, when we stopped, I saw lying in the road beside me a dead soldier, with his pipe still in his mouth. Evidently he had not suffered much.

After 500 metres on the road, we had to go into the communication trench again, that is to say, begin to flounder through the mire. A big German shell had fallen into the trench without bursting, and we had to climb over it. Dangerous engines those, that a mere trifle may cause to explode. I wonder now how we managed to keep going for another hour, for it seemed at every step that we should drop in our tracks. It had been impossible to send up rations, and we had nothing to drink. Some of the men suffered so greatly from thirst that they scooped up in their hands the muddy water that was lying stagnant in the trench and quaffed it with delight. I had a flask of mint, and I drank a swallow that refreshed me greatly. We were so tired toward the last that we could neither see nor feel, but stumbled on with our eyes shut, some of the men asleep as they went. At last we arrived.

These dug-outs were a sort of cave made in the side of the hill — large galleries well propped with planks, with the entrance carefully protected by a regular rampart of bags of sand. The minute we arrived we threw ourselves down and slept and slept, in spite of the big German shells that were bursting with a frightful hubbub, in spite of a French battery concealed near by, which kept up an incessant fire, and in spite of our consuming thirst. We did not wake up until the commissary

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arrived, bringing letters and rations. Everybody demanded the letters first. We were in such sore need of a few words of endearment, much more so than of food! I got five letters, which I read with delight. I also got some eggs which my little godmother managed to send me from Lorraine; and they were a wonderful feast, sweet as a caress of the one who sent them.

Then we ate, and went to sleep again. We can't be entirely brutish, since letters bring us such joy. We have killed men, under penalty of being killed ourselves, and also because it was our duty, but these combats took place in a sort of frenzy, of action, of enthusiasm, and of suffering. I have killed two Germans and I am proud of it, and yet, I have not the soul of an assassin.

At eight in the evening the major received word that two companies were to be sent to the trenches. All the troops were jaded, all had labored long and hard; we drew lots — the 11th and 12th. So I had to set out again. I went to rouse my men. They grumbled a little but obeyed philosophically, buckling on their equipment and folding their blankets. At nine o'clock we set out to traverse in the opposite direction the ground we had come over in the morning: trench, road, trench, village, trench, mud, and again mud. It was impossible to maintain distances. One section got lost and had to turn back; then troops were met coming the other way, the ditch was narrow, and it was slow work squeezing through. Order was once more established as we came near our goal. The night was full of the uproar of a battle. The machine-guns were emitting in the distance the regular click of a sewing-machine, while the little guns sounded like the sputtering of fish in a frying-pan. A few bullets whizzed by. I heard one of the men say in his utter weariness, 'I hope one of those bullets is for me!' I chided him mildly, but it was exhaustion that wrung this cry from him, for the day before at the moment of the attack he had fought with the bravest.

We arrived at an empty second-line trench that we were to occupy and defend, in case of need. But it was very different from having the enemy right before us, and we could be comparatively tranquil. We went to sleep sitting in the mud, or in the dug-outs, where the brittle earth crumbled and fell in tiny frozen pellets. We slept the rest of the night and spent the following day almost without moving, wearily awaiting the moment to depart. We were disgustingly dirty, caked with mud from head to foot. We scraped it off our hands and faces with our knives; our hair was a strange substance that looked as if it would withstand any possible process of cleaning.

Toward eight in the evening orders came that we were to be relieved. They were greeted with a satisfaction not unmixed, for no one smiled as the prospect rose before him of the return trip through those communication trenches. Slowly, with many difficulties, and at the cost of great efforts, we made our way once more through the mire — simple automatons, with very little more notion of time and space than a pendulum on the end of its pivot.

We reached Hill 181 and solid ground, solid except for big shell-holes filled with water. A number of the men, blind with fatigue, fell into them, and had to be pulled out with rifles butts. Shells were falling, so we changed into open formation to march the 500 metres that lay between us and the kitchens. Hot coffee awaited us there, but we could not stop long enough to drink it, as the shells were coming down too fast. It was not until some distance farther on, when the coffee was cold, that we were able to refresh ourselves. The Germans were keeping up

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a continuous bombardment of Cabane-Puits, so that we could not stay there, but had to go to B—— le-Château, twelve kilometres beyond.

The long column of the regiment wound through the plain four hours longer, with numerous halts and untold weariness. The knapsacks that we had picked up again dragged heavily on our shoulders. From time to time, exhausted men left the ranks and lay down in the road, falling asleep with their packs on their backs. We were very near the end of our tether, when the cock on the steeple appeared at a turn of the road. A long halt was made here, and the stragglers had time to regain their places before we marched into the village. Was it possible for us to shoulder arms and keep step, in our state of exhaustion?

Yes, indeed, and it was sublime. The colonel, before dismissing us to recuperate, wished to have us file before our flag, our beloved flag, blackened and torn by battles. We had earned this honor, and it made us forget everything else. Every man of all the mud-smeared ranks felt that his very soul was wrapped in the glory of that sacred emblem for which he had suffered so much and so willingly. Now, as a supreme reward, while we still bore upon us the marks of duty well done, we were to perform in the presence of the flag an immense and joyous act of faith in our native land. All the men felt the solemnity of the moment; and to the ringing notes of the farewell hymn that tells us to live and die for our Republic, these worn and footsore men, so covered with grime as to have scarcely a human semblance, defiled before the flag and presented arms as they never had presented them before. And when I saw my men stand up proud and straight to present arms, putting into this act all the strength that was in them, and when it was my turn to salute our colors, I was so stirred that the tears ran down my mud-stained cheeks. I am happy. I give thanks for all I have suffered, since it has won for me the joy of this moment.

(To be continued)

THE 'TIMES'

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

In one of those cartoons that cut with such true and searching satire to the roots of contemporary life in England, Mr. Max Beerbohm represents Lord Northcliffe standing, with agonized face and outstretched arms, in the midst of a group of the grave and bearded old gentlemen of the *Times*, who are rushing eagerly forward as if to save him from falling, while from his lips comes the cry, 'Hold me! I feel the demon of sensationalism descending upon me.'

By a flash of brilliant wit and insight, the artist illuminates a situation, not merely piquant, but of national and

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even world-wide importance. Whatever view may be taken of Lord Northcliffe, there can be no doubt that his capture of the *Times* has been one of the governing facts on the great stage of events. It brought an instrument of incomparable power under the sway of a personality of enormous but undisciplined force, and introduced into affairs a combustible element of incalculable possibilities.

The fusion was in a sense natural, and even inevitable. English journalism had, at the end of the nineteenth century, reached a stage in which some revolutionary change was imminent. It remained essentially what it had been for more than a century — the vehicle of the thought, the interests and temper of the leisured and educated middle class, relatively small in numbers but great in influence. Its appeal was sober and restrained, its methods grave and unadventurous, its spirit dignified even to dullness. The great change which had come over the face of English society in the preceding quarter of a century found little reflection in its character or appeal. That change began with the Education Act of 1870, and developed with the consolidation of the trade-union movement and the extension of the franchise which transferred political power from the few to the many. The centre of gravity in the nation had shifted from the middle class to the democracy, which had become possessed, not only of the rudiments of education, but of a powerful industrial organization and almost complete political enfranchisement. But the Press took little account of the transition. The penny standard still prevailed, and the Press still addressed itself in the old way to the old limited public. The democracy had taken possession of the seats of the mighty, but the journalists seemed unaware of the fact.

It was an unrivaled moment for an adventurer. A new kingdom of immense potentialities was calling for a king. In 1895 the claimant appeared in the person of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. He was a young man, still on the right side of thirty, who had already discovered the vast possibilities opened up by a generation of universal education. He was not the first in the field. Cassells had tried, not unsuccessfully, to exploit those possibilities, but their standard was too high and too educational for complete triumph. The true path had been struck by Mr. George Newnes, with *Tit-Bits;* and young Master Harmsworth, a youth of eighteen or so, with his quick eye for what the public wanted and his adventurous passion, plunged into the same path with *Answers*, the prolific parent of a host of weekly journals of the *Comic Cuts*, the *Funny Wonder*, and the *Sunday Companion* type.

His success was unprecedented. He had imitators, but no one approached his sure instinct for the hunger of the rudimentary mind for information about the unimportant, for entertainment, and for cheap sentiment. He had taken the measure of the man in the street, for he himself was the man in the street, with his eager interest in the moment, his passion for sensation, his indifference to ideas, his waywardness, and his dislike of abstract thought. His energy of mind was astonishing, his ambition limitless, his vision for the material possibilities of things swift and amazingly sure. No grass grew under his feet and no scruples or principles impeded his path. The one touchstone he applied to men and things was the touchstone of success, and moral purpose in any shape was divorced from his extraordinary genius for business. That genius rapidly passed to a new plane of activity with his purchase of the *Evening News*. At his Midas touch that moribund journal leaped to life, and

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out of it sprang the greatest achievement of his dazzling career.

There has been nothing in the story of English journalism comparable with the apparition of the *Daily Mail*. It found a vast territory unchallenged, which it proceeded to occupy with an efficiency and completeness that left little room for competition. It applied to the sphere of daily journalism the discovery that Alfred Harmsworth had made in the weekly press — namely, that what the democracy wanted was not instruction, but amusement. The Press had been serious and responsible, respectful to the past and its traditions, cautious about consequences, suspicious about anything that savored of sensation. And in consequence it had left the democracy cold and aloof. The *Daily Mail* repudiated all these conventions. It adopted sensationalism as its gospel. Every day must have its thrill, every paragraph must be an electric shock, every issue must be as full of 'turns' as a music-hall programme. 'What's wrong with the shop-window?' was Alfred Harmsworth's formula when the paper displeased him; and the formula contained the whole of his newspaper philosophy. His shop-window must be the talk of the town; woe to the window-dresser who put in the quiet grays and left out the brilliant trifles! Policies were nothing, parties were nothing, principles were nothing. All that mattered was that the great public should be kept humming with excitement. There was always war in the air and some enemy with whom to arouse passion. Sometimes it was the Boers, sometimes it was the French, whom we would 'roll in mud and blood' and whose colonies we would give to Germany. Sometimes it was the Irish, later it was the Germans. It did not matter whom, for Mr. Harmsworth had no rooted antipathies. He merely seized the handiest instrument for his purpose. If there came a lull in affairs and the public mind wanted rest and an idyllic interlude, then who so ready with his anodynes? He would set all the nation growing sweet peas; he would make it seethe with mild interest over the discovery that it was dying from eating white bread, and that if it would save itself it must start eating brown bread. But these were only the *entr'actes* of the great drama. War was the permanent theme, and out of the Boer War the *Daily Mail* emerged with an influence that was unrivaled. People laughed and scoffed, but they read it and insensibly were governed by it.

The unprecedented success of the paper naturally reacted on the Press generally. Before this tornado the old tradition withered away. The circulations which had satisfied the newspapers of the past seemed trivial beside the unparalleled sale of the newcomer, and in the competition of newspapers, as in the competition of the battlefield, it is numbers that count. It was mere obscurantism to assume that the appeal to the few and select was the important thing. Power and political influence had passed to the multitude, and it was the paper which had the ear of the multitude that was able to control the tides of national thought. Moreover, the advertiser was with the big battalions, and the resources with which he endowed the new venture enabled it to devote to its news-service an expenditure with which its rivals could not compete. Add to this the genius of its founder for sensation, a genius untrammeled by any respect for the past, for parties, or for scruples, and the nature of the convulsion which had overtaken the press world will be understood.

In the struggle to survive, some of the newspapers adopted the form and spirit of the *Daily Mail* without reserve; others adopted the form and attempted to adapt their tradition to the

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new conditions. All felt the revolution in some measure. The *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle*, after a difficult transition period, came down into the popular halfpenny arena, bringing their principles with them, but seeking by the new methods of appeal to make them acceptable to the mass. The *Standard*, which next to the *Times* had seemed the most enduring thing in English journalism, had a slow and lingering death. The *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*, each entrenched in areas of exclusive strength, — the one as the organ of the aristocracy, the other as the chief advertising medium, — suffered least from the storm.

It was around the *Times* that that storm raged fiercest. The history of that journal had been a vital part of the history of the nation for more than a century. The dynasty of the Walters had become in a very real sense a sort of fourth estate of the realm. No family could claim to have had a more powerful or a more dignified influence on the life of the nation than theirs had been. They had often exercised their power in an anti-social and narrow way, but they had preserved from generation to generation a tradition of dignity and responsibility that was of inestimable value. Their personal honor and disinterestedness were above challenge. Their incorruptibility was never questioned, and they maintained a certain austere air of detachment and superiority as of a caste set apart. They never came into the public eye, or disguised themselves under titles. It was enough to be 'Walter of the *Times*.' What peerage could gild such a name? They were conscious of a power which had no rival and they would not compromise it by the fictions of power. They were not the suitors of kings or statesmen. They were the trustees of the nation; kings and statesmen must wait upon their word.

The earlier, more liberal, more generous spirit of the paper grew cold with time. Property and privilege usurped the sovereignty once exercised by nobler impulses, and John Bright's saying that he was 'never quite sure he was right until the *Times* said he was wrong' truly registered the change. But its motives were above suspicion, its authority unequaled. It commanded the respect even of those most hostile to its policy, and throughout Europe it was accepted as the authentic vehicle of the national purpose. As the forum of controversy it was inferior only to Parliament itself; for just as the main stream of advertising had canalized itself into the *Daily Telegraph*, so the great argument of affairs had been canalized through the columns of the *Times*. Its correspondence was unique in all the world. It was not possible to keep pace with the movement of modern thought without a careful study of the letters in the *Times*.

We may measure its strength by the catastrophe it survived thirty years ago. There has been no parallel in English journalism to the magnitude of that catastrophe. British politics were engulfed by one tyrannic theme, the subject of Home Rule for Ireland. The *Times* had throughout been the untiring and most powerful foe of nationalism. It stood for Unionism, with its corollaries of supremacy for Ulster and coercion for the rest of Ireland, with a passion and sincerity all the more formidable because of the intellectual capacity with which they were fortified. When, with the enormous prestige of its name and reputation, it launched the thunderbolt of 'Parnellism and Crime,' it seemed as if the cause of Home Rule had vanished visibly into the abyss. Nothing could rehabilitate it after this exposure of the complicity of Mr. Parnell in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke,

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and the policy of agrarian crime generally. Denials were useless. Here were the very letters, written by Parnell's own hand and bearing the guarantee of the *Times* for their genuineness. And after all, they were forgeries; and not merely forgeries, but clumsy forgeries. Brought to the test of the Parnell Commission, the whole accusation collapsed like a house of cards. The flight of Pigott in the midst of the trial, and his suicide in Spain, left the *Times* humiliated and exposed as the tool of a vulgar forger whose criminality was so apparent under examination that it ought not to have deceived a schoolboy.

No other paper could have survived such a disaster. The *Times* did survive, but it reeled under the blow and as years went on gave visible signs of distress. It seemed like an old wooden hulk, laboring under canvas and battling with newly invented ironclads, but so vast and powerfully timbered that it could not sink. It tried to modernize itself with enterprises like the publication of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the establishment of the 'Times Circulating Library,' but these devices were unavailing. The process of dissolution was slow, but it seemed inevitable, and the vogue of the *Daily Mail* hastened it. Its prestige was still immense. The great still made it the vehicle of their utterances, and outwardly it seemed as imposing and enduring as ever; but in journalistic circles its fate was known to be in the balance. Would it simply founder or would it become a trophy of the young Alexander of journalism?

II

One day it was announced in a Sunday paper that it had been acquired by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, who had been Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's industrious challenger for the possession of the field of popular journalism. The mystery of that announcement is still obscure; but whoever made it played Mr. Harmsworth's hand very skillfully. It broke up Mr. Pearson's negotiations at the critical moment, and left the prize to fall a little later into the hands of Mr. Harmsworth — or, as he had now become, after a brief interval as Sir Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe. The fact was not announced with any flourish of trumpets. Lord Northcliffe was far too astute for that. He knew that the dramatic announcement of his association with the paper would be a shock to its prestige, and he needed to preserve that prestige intact for his future ambitions.

Those ambitions were Napoleonic in their scope. In ten brief years he had made himself the journalistic dictator of the country. He already controlled the most popular sources of public opinion. With his innumerable dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, it was almost impossible to escape the mesh of his net. Where he was not, one of his many brothers was. They almost divided the empire of sensational journalism between them, not as rivals but as members of one 'house' — that 'house of Harmsworth' of which the young Napoleon was accustomed to speak with unaffected reverence. The exaltation of that 'house' became his obsession. It must be indicated by those dignities which the Walters had scorned. He advanced to the peerage from the Tory side; his brother Harold advanced to the peerage from the Liberal side. The old party systems meant nothing to him, but he did not hesitate to use them as steps to greatness. He had a foot in both camps and cared for neither. He would use the old party ladder and kick it down when it had served his purpose.

But his dreams were not limited to journalistic conquest. That was only a

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means to an end. He had made himself master of the *Times*, not to dwell in the sober shadow of the Walter tradition, but to make himself the visible autocrat of English affairs. In the past the *Times* had regarded itself as the adviser of the nation; he would make it the dictator of the nation. It was not enough to exercise power; it must be personal power. The sources of that power were now in his hands beyond all precedent. He could mould opinion as he willed. Through his popular papers he had control of the masses; through the *Times* he permeated the thought of the governing classes. Mr. Max Beerbohm's cartoon indicated the difficulties that beset his path, and the merely sensational basis of the philosophy with which he had to hold the *Times* public. But his extraordinary astuteness and freedom from intellectual or moral scruples enabled him to coördinate his address to his very diverse audiences. The coarse abuse and flagrant appeals to passion which were the staple of the *Evening News* were a little refined in the *Daily Mail* and came out in the *Times* in the forms of grave hints and suggestions delicately veiled, regretfully advanced. If the momentary object of attack were Lord Haldane, then he painted the town red with placards about the 'Haldane Scandal,' and in his popular papers denounced the statesman who had done more for the British army than any man in history, as a pro-German, if not a traitor. But in the *Times* it was gently hinted that Lord Haldane had so much sympathy with German ideas and so much knowledge of German philosophy, that — well, perhaps, it would be better, and so on.

The dose was skillfully adapted to the audience. The 'Asquith the Wobbler' of the *Evening News* became in the *Times* a sleepless attempt to undermine him by methods which would not revolt the educated mind. As I write there is a trifling, but illuminating illustration of the two styles. Lord Northcliffe has been to Spain and has written an article which appears in both the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*. Here are the placards side by side at the news-agents' shops:

The Times	*Daily Mail*
With the Germans in Spain	With the Huns in Spain
By Lord Northcliffe	By Lord Northcliffe

It is a small thing, but it tells the whole story; a small window, but it looks out on a large landscape.

It is this indifference to the codes of conduct governing the normal man which has given him such volition, and power of instant, crushing action. His enormous egotism tramples roughshod over friends and foes, over principles and sanctities. He has no yesterdays, no loyalties to anything but the wind that blows at the moment. To that he spreads his sail to the last stitch. He will reverse his whole course in a night. When Mr. Chamberlain opened his protection campaign, he came out against it with all his guns, derided it as the 'Stomach Tax,' seemed to have nailed the flag of free trade immortally to his mast. He went to Chamberlain's Glasgow meeting, saw the vast audience, the overwhelming enthusiasm, believed it spelled victory, and next morning came out in the *Daily Mail* as a sort of St. Paul of the new gospel — only to desert it again directly the gospel began to wane.

In the crisis of the Home Rule struggle he was the chief banner-bearer of Unionism, talked civil war, and went to Ulster to organize his corps of war correspondents for the great encounter. When the real war came and he had other sensations to occupy him, Home Rule became, if not an apocalyptic vision, at least a very reasonable and desirable thing. In a word, he applies

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to affairs the ruthless opportunism of his business methods.

These methods have staggered Fleet Street. No one had better reason to know them than the late Lord Burnham, of the *Daily Telegraph*. He started a Sunday edition. Mr. Harmsworth met it with a Sunday edition of the *Daily Mail*. Public opinion rose indignantly against the 'seven-day newspaper,' and the rivals mutually agreed to bow to public opinion and suppressed their new ventures. Within a short time Mr. Harmsworth had purchased two existing Sunday newspapers and left his competitor 'in the cart.' Later, when Lord Burnham, on attaining his eightieth birthday, was visited at Beaconsfield by a deputation of journalists bearing congratulations, it was his rival, now Lord Northcliffe of the *Times*, who honored him by heading the deputation and delivering a speech of ecstatic praise. 'Generous man,' murmured old Lord Burnham. And within a few weeks the *Times* was brought down to a penny, and the whole Harmsworth artillery was turned upon the *Daily Telegraph*, which was the chief competitor of the *Times* in the new field that it sought to occupy.

It was inevitable, when the war came, with its disruption of normal conditions, that Lord Northcliffe would be a force that would have to be reckoned with for good or ill. He was easily the most powerful unofficial influence in the nation. Through his incomparable machine he could at once control the tide of popular passion and influence the thought of the governing society. The public of the *Times* had enormously increased with the reduction of price, and the fact that the paper was controlled by Lord Northcliffe had been revealed with such judicious caution that its prestige had not been seriously diminished. It reflected, of course, the waywardness of its owner and followed the moods of the *Daily Mail*, but it followed them with discretion and a carefully studied air of moderation. It combined the spirit of sensationalism with a gravity of deportment that disarmed its critics, and the authority of its correspondence columns balanced the tendency to levity in its policy.

The situation created by the war gave Lord Northcliffe an opportunity perfectly suited to his genius. A world in commotion was a world in which his passion for action could have unobstructed play. Sensation was the breath of his nostrils, and here was sensation on a scale beyond his wildest dreams. The impetus of events and the vastness of the issues had changed the balance of governance. Parliament suddenly found itself subordinated to the executive in a measure unknown before. Immense decisions had to be taken with an instancy and a secrecy that permitted of neither discussion nor question. The Cabinet had become essentially a Committee of Public Safety, invested with despotic powers and working behind a veil of mystery. In these circumstances Parliamentary criticism was silenced, was without that knowledge of the facts that made criticism effective. There was no medium like the French Committee system for keeping the general body of members privately informed and giving them the material for instructed criticism and a real influence over the Executive. Parliament was practically reduced to the task of countersigning the decrees of the Cabinet.

But while the British public in this respect had far less control over affairs than the French public, there was another sense in which liberty was much greater in Great Britain. From the outbreak of war the French Press was placed under the most rigid restrictions. M. Clemenceau himself was suppressed and his *L'Homme Libre* became *L'Homme Enchaîné*. Nominally the

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Press in England was put under similar restraints, and a very drastic censorship was established, but in reality the control of the Press was never more than a fiction. It was a fiction, because from the outset Lord Northcliffe ostentatiously challenged the Government and the Government never took up the challenge. Lord Northcliffe's calculation was that his power with the public was so great that he could make himself the dictator of ministries and policies, and that his instinct for the popular mood of the moment would give him such a prestige outside that no Cabinet would venture a fall with him. It was both a sound and an unsound calculation. It was unsound in so far as it underrated Mr. Asquith's influence with the public, but it was sound in so far as it relied on the temperament of Mr. Asquith, his notorious indifference to the Press, his patience with obstruction and his dislike of side issues and personal controversies. Except for one scornful reference to 'the professional whimperers,' Mr. Asquith never made any reply to the torrent of abuse, misrepresentation and ridicule to which he, his colleagues, and his policy were daily subjected. Nor did he authorize any action to stem or stop the current.

There was one occasion when action seemed imminent. The Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, launched in the House of Commons an indictment of the gravest kind against the Northcliffe press. He showed how its policy of panic and pessimism had adversely affected neutral opinion, how it had prejudiced us with our Allies and encouraged the enemy, how it had compromised the delicate diplomatic situation in the Balkans and created perils in India and the Mohammedan world. It was felt that there could be only one logical sequel to that indictment, and that the license of the Northcliffe press was about to be abolished. But nothing happened, and the final impression left on the public mind by the episode was that Lord Northcliffe was too formidable a foe for the Government to muzzle.

That impression did not represent the fact. There was never a moment when the authority which Mr. Asquith exercised over the mind of the nation would not have enabled him to take any measure which he declared to be necessary in the public interest. Lord Northcliffe knew that, but he knew also the difficulties that encompassed the Premier, was in the secrets of all the intrigues that were afoot, and gambled confidently on Mr. Asquith's one undeviating purpose of preventing a rupture in the nation. It would have been easy for Mr. Asquith to overthrow the newspaper dictator. But he would have overthrown much else in the operation. The suppression of Lord Northcliffe would have been simple, but its consequences would have been far-reaching, for throughout the critical period of 1915 it was an open secret that Mr. Asquith's most powerful lieutenant, Mr. Lloyd George, had intimate relations with Lord Northcliffe. When the inner history of the war comes to be written, not the least fascinating chapter will be the story of the relations between the next-door neighbors in Downing Street — the one fiery, restless, impatient, scheming, autocratic, imaginative; the other cautious, unimpassioned, disinterested, dominated by the single idea of consolidating all the moral forces of the nation for one purpose. Mr. Lloyd George's method was to drive the nation before him to battle; Mr. Asquith's method was to carry the nation with him. Again and again, as crisis followed crisis, it seemed that Mr. Asquith would succumb to the storms that raged round him, but at the end of each crisis he was found still unscathed. He had yielded just enough

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ground to hold his impetuous colleague and not too much to lose any considerable body of national support. When the nation emerged from the critical ordeal of 1915, it emerged with undiminished solidarity, with all its material forces developed, and with its moral unity unbroken. It was the victory of that patience and magnanimity which have been Mr. Asquith's contribution to the greatest task ever imposed on British statesmanship.

III

Throughout all this perilous phase Lord Northcliffe played the part of alarmist and prophet of disaster. It was a part which was natural to a mind that lived in the sensation of the moment, saw only the immediate incident, and was insensible to the great tendencies of the struggle. His journalistic instinct and his passion for power were alike provoked by the feverish disquiet of the public mind. It was easy to exploit that disquiet. The tragedy of Gallipoli, the disappointment in Mesopotamia, the failures of Neuve Chapelle and Loos, the diplomatic victories of the enemy in the Balkans, and the demonstrations of German military power in Russia and Serbia gave abundant material for concern, if not for alarm. A large and dispassionate consideration of the facts could temper that alarm by bringing into the calculation the invisible factors of the struggle — the influence of British sea-power, the changing balance of resources in men and material, the inevitable exhaustion of the besieged powers, the slow but pauseless effect of time on the equation. Truly seen, the dark days of 1915 were the reverse side of the facts that made the ultimate victory of the Allies assured. Germany started the war with its bolt forged, its machine ready, its strategy worked out to meet all emergencies. The Allies had to forge their bolt, invent their machine, discover a common policy and a common strategy in the midst of the struggle. If they could hold together and delay the decision they would win. The one peril was disruption.

It was that peril which was created by Lord Northcliffe's feverish exploitation of the reverses of 1915. His main purpose was to break the Asquith administration, and he used the emotions of the public with masterly and unscrupulous skill to achieve his end. He succeeded, by the most unabashed journalistic device, in giving the impression that his newspapers were forcing the hand of the Government against their will. The device was simple. Lord Kitchener explained it in the private speech he made to the members of the House of Commons three days before his death. It was to learn what was contemplated by the Government and then to start a raging demand for it in the newspapers. When the action was taken a little later, the streets were painted red with 'Another victory for the *Daily Mail*,' and purple with a more demure claim on behalf of the *Times*. There was no one to dispute these claims, for they could be disputed only by the men whose mouths were sealed and who, in any case, could not enter into a public controversy with an enterprising journalist as to who was running the war.

The triumphant illustration of this method was in the matter of the shells, from which Lord Northcliffe obtained the most splendid advertisement of his career. The reality of the claim in that matter may be submitted to a very simple test. France and England were alike belated in their view of the part to be played by big guns and explosive shells in modern warfare. It is unfair to compare them in this matter with Germany, whose early superiority was

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largely the fruit of a wonderful accident. Germany had prepared great howitzers and high explosive shells, not for a trench warfare which she did not anticipate, but for the reduction of great fortresses. When the defeat at the Marne changed her plans and sent her back to start the great trench war on the Aisne, she found that the material she had prepared for the reduction of fortresses was perfectly adapted to the reduction of trenches. Hence her superiority. The Allies had nothing to compete with this accidental advantage, except naval guns imperfectly readjusted for the unforeseen purpose. But, putting aside this comparative question, it is true that the idea of mobile war hypnotized military thought both in France and England. It was believed that big guns would impede the mobility of armies in the field, and the deep-rooted faith in shrapnel shell, which resisted the teaching of trench experience for several months, was a legacy of the Boer War.

When the change came, it came in both countries. If there was priority, it rested with France, where the full revelation came from the Parliamentary Committee at Christmas, 1914. But in France there was not a whisper of a newspaper agitation on the subject. The thing was done as silently as the woods turn from brown to green in spring. Meanwhile, in England the Northcliffe press was making the enemy world rejoice and the public at home shudder by its panic campaign, which announced to the Germans that we had no munitions with which to check them, and to the English people that their sons were being sacrificed to the criminal incompetence of their rulers. This indifference to consequences marked all the phases of that year of newspaper 'stunts' — the faked figures to prove that the blockade was no blockade, and that Sir Edward Grey was preventing the navy from doing its work in order to 'feed Germany'; the famous or infamous map of Germany's route to India; the adoption of the preposterous Mr. Pemberton-Billing as the prophet of the air; the play made with the reverses of Russia; the daily gibbeting of the country as a nation of 'slackers'; the unblushing conversion of every misfortune, real or imagined, small or great, into a new weapon against the Government.

The effect of all this upon French opinion was apparent in the widespread suspicion of our good faith that prevailed in that country. It was to counter that disastrous consequence that in the midst of the uproar a body of French journalists were brought over to England to see for themselves and to tell their people the facts. In Germany the Northcliffe press was welcomed as a prophet. Its map was reprinted and its attacks on England were circulated, not only at home, but in all neutral countries and especially in the Balkans, where the diplomatists, engaged in the most delicate of tasks, found themselves fighting an enemy armed with munitions made in England and bearing the hall-mark of the best-known English newspapers. It was the hour of the triumph of the sleepless 'Fat Boy,' as the *Spectator* dubbed Lord Northcliffe; but the price of that triumph was high.

Occasionally Lord Northcliffe's instinct failed him. His memorable attack on Lord Kitchener made him for a moment the object of universal execration. It had been his proudest boast that he had made Lord Kitchener War Minister. It was as empty a boast as the rest. Lord Kitchener had been appointed at the moment when, sure of the event, the Northcliffe papers began kicking with magnificent fury at the door which they knew was already open. It is true that they accomplished

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one thing. They robbed the country in the midst of its necessity of the services of one of its ablest statesmen, Lord Haldane. When the war broke out Lord Haldane, then Lord Chancellor, gave emergency service at the War Office, of which he had been the most brilliant civilian head in history. No one, in the full light of subsequent events, can doubt that the best arrangement would have been for Lord Haldane and Lord Kitchener to have gone to the War Office in joint control — Lord Haldane to organize the nation, Lord Kitchener to organize the army. But the prestige of Lord Kitchener at this time was so great that the Government took the tempting course of endowing him with absolute and uncontrolled power in all directions. Lord Northcliffe's campaign had nothing to do with this decision, but it did destroy Lord Haldane, of whom, when he was reorganizing the army, Lord Northcliffe had been the most enthusiastic supporter. The public passion needed a villain of the piece, some visible embodiment of Germany, and Lord Northcliffe threw Lord Haldane to the wolves. When the 'shell' crisis came Lord Haldane's banishment for the period of the war was accomplished. It was an easy victory for an unscrupulous newspaper campaign.

But when Lord Northcliffe turned to rend Lord Kitchener he suffered a shattering reverse. What the final judgment of history on Lord Kitchener's part in the war will be is not a matter for discussion here. That he made many mistakes, like every one else, goes without saying; but seen in the large, it is doubtful whether any one did more splendid service to the country in circumstances of incredible difficulty. Certainly no one preserved an attitude of more unswerving loyalty to the nation and the cause, or a nobler indifference to advertisement and personal interest. He had never used the Press to exploit himself and he refused to be a tool of the Press. That was his offense in the sight of the Press dictator, who measured ministers by their accessibility to his influence. If they would not accept him as their adviser, if they would not live on his sufferance, then they must be overthrown.

It was this motive that ran through all the fierce controversies of those days. The issues were always secondary to the personal aims. They were weapons, not in the fight with Germany, but in the fight with individuals at home. The main object of that fight was to bring down the phalanx of which Mr. Asquith was the centre, and to substitute as the dominating element in the Government men who owed allegiance to the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*. The fall of Lord Haldane had given early promise of success. He had been attacked as the most vulnerable member of the Asquith-Grey-Haldane triumvirate which stood in the way of the mob dictatorship. All the subsequent energies were concentrated on completing the victory. That was the purpose of the attack on Lord Kitchener. He had disappointed expectations by attaching himself to the triumvirate and revealing a quality of responsible statesmanship which only those who had closely followed his career had suspected. He came under the personal sway of Mr. Asquith and remained loyal to him throughout.

It was this personal influence which Mr. Asquith exercised on those about him that finally defeated all the intrigues of the 'ginger groups' and 'strong men' of whom Lord Northcliffe was the inspirer, and to a large extent the master. When the Coalition was formed it was anticipated that the days of Mr. Asquith's supremacy were numbered. He and Sir Edward Grey would be driven out and their places would be filled by a Lloyd George-Carson-Curzon combination, with men

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like Lord Derby, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Balfour to give it countenance, and with Lord Northcliffe as 'Mayor of the Palace.' But the schemes withered away. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, and Lord Derby became devoted Asquith men, and, enraged at this black ingratitude, Lord Northcliffe turned his anger on them with the fury of a disappointed child.

Once it seemed that the central tower had really fallen. Sir Edward Carson came out of the Cabinet at the darkest moment of the Balkan situation, when the failure of the Gallipoli expedition was apparent and Bulgaria had declared war on the side of the enemy. He was hailed as the strong man who was to deliver the nation from the incompetent bunglers who were bringing it to destruction. Let Mr. Lloyd George follow him and the State was saved. But the speech in which Sir Edward indicted the Government turned the tide once more. If this was the alternative, then, in heaven's name, let us stick to the old pilot. Again and again — now on the blockade, now on the conscription issue, now on Ireland — it seemed that Mr. Asquith must go; but at the end of every crisis he emerged stiff and erect, master of the field, with the old phalanx solid around him, and with the 'doubtfuls' still more doubtful whether they could go out into the open against him. Through all this time of unprecedented trial he preserved an attitude of contemptuous indifference to his assailants. He did not argue with Lord Northcliffe as President Lincoln argued with Greeley. He passed him by as though he were not aware of his existence.

It may be that the waters will rise again, but at the moment it would seem that the steadfastness of Mr. Asquith has won the final victory. The great tendencies of the war have revealed themselves, and the agitations and fears of 1915 are a memory. There is little for the sensational journalist to exploit, and to-day Lord Northcliffe, with that sublime effrontery which is one of his most astonishing traits, is writing from Spain in a spirit of pained surprise at the prevalence in the neutral world of the idea that England has not taken its fair part in the war. For eighteen months he devoted his enormous megaphone to shouting in the ears of the world that we were a nation of 'slackers' and 'shirkers.' To-day he is shocked to find that there are people in Spain who believe these slanders. They have been his contribution to the cause of his country — they and the crises which, but for the firm mind of Mr. Asquith, would have brought us to disruption and disaster. It has taken us nearly a year to live those slanders down. But it will remain a question for democracy whether it ought to take such a risk in a time of peril. The freedom of the Press is a cherished instrument of democracy, but if that freedom is used to establish a mob dictatorship over the constitutional instrument of government, it is clear that democracy itself will suffer. The French have shown the true way of solving this difficult problem by controlling the Press and giving Parliament, through its committees, a real authority over the Executive.

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INTERNED IN HOLLAND

BY LIEUTENANT AUGUSTE D'HARCOURT

I

On February 3, 1915, Lieutenant Coutisson, of the French Aviation Corps and I, his observation officer, set out on a Voisin biplane from St.-Pol-sur-Mer, to reconnoitre the region embracing Tourcoing, Roubaix, Avelghem, and Courtrai. The weather was clear, but heavy clouds in the west foretold a stormy afternoon. For several days bad weather had prevented any flight in the rear of the enemy's lines. As a survey of the lines seemed possible, we felt we must attempt it; accordingly we set out from the aviation field of St.-Pol-sur-Mer at eight o'clock in the morning.

A little before eleven o'clock we had finished our reconnoitring, and were returning to our lines from Avelghem to Courtrai, when a strong west wind began to blow. For almost three quarters of an hour Coutisson did his best to get back to our lines. Twenty kilometres still separated us from our first-line trenches. We had just enough gasoline to last half an hour and we were making only three kilometres an hour. There was only one thing left for us to do — namely, to try to reach Holland. I knew the country well and could speak its language, having passed almost three years in the metropolis and its colonies. I had no doubt about being able to get us out of the scrape.

With the wind at our backs, in twenty minutes we were within sight of the Scheldt. I should have preferred to go as far north as possible, so as to land among the islands south of the Meuse, whose topography I am well acquainted with, but the motor began to slow up as the gasoline was giving out. Below us lay an island, an isolated farm, and a pretty meadow.

The landing was somewhat exciting, for a wide canal loomed up before the biplane, which was rolling dangerously; however, Coutisson succeeded in righting the machine before it pitched head-first into the heavy soil on the other side of the canal. We fully appreciated at that moment the landing-speed of the Voisin, whose refusal to go against the wind had just played us such a nasty trick.

We got down on the ground and went to meet a peasant who came running up to us. I had no difficulty in persuading him to sell us a couple of suits of clothes. We were already hoping to get off without being seen, when other peasants came up out of curiosity and made signs to our benefactor not to help us. Our last hope of escape was taken away by the arrival of a police-officer, who took us to Colijusplaats. From there we sent a telegram to our chief, Captain Bousquet, to make him feel easy about us.

Toward evening two Dutch officers arrived from Middelburg, and, on our refusal to give our parole, they stripped our pockets of everything in them and took us to Fort Wiericherschans, which we reached on February 4, after a long roundabout journey. There we found the only Frenchman interned in Holland before us, Lieutenant

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Chauvin, interpreter for the Royal Naval Division, and also about forty men of that unit, who had been sent somewhat late to the defense of Antwerp and had been obliged to go over into Holland after fighting for a few days.

Wiericherschans is an old abandoned fort which served as a powder-magazine before being used as an internment camp. It is situated on the bank of the 'Old Rhine,' in the midst of the lowlands between Leyden and Utrecht, and is surrounded by water. The fort consists of two groups of buildings, one reserved for the interned officers and the other for the use of the small garrison consisting of about one hundred men. The life that we led there was rather monotonous, but quite endurable. The food was good. During the daytime we were permitted to take walks on the ramparts. Tramps outside of the fort under the escort of guards were arranged for us. Leaves of absence for the whole day were soon given, to go to The Hague or to Rotterdam. Our letters and packages were not opened. Major Van Boecop, the commanding officer at the fort, tried to make our lot easier by installing a library, and afterwards a tennis-court. In spite of all these kind attentions our sole idea was to get back our liberty. All our thoughts as well as our talks centred about that one object.

The building that we occupied was in an enclosure shut in by a high barbed-wire fence. This yard was lighted up at night and guarded by numerous sentinels. On one side was a grated door, locked at night, which gave access to the soldiers' barracks. But as their lunch-room was located in the enclosure we lived in, there was a continual going and coming through this door every evening between eight and nine o'clock.

If we could succeed in getting soldiers' uniforms we ran a good chance of passing the sentinel at the gate without attracting his attention. After that it would be a simple matter for us to cross the outer yard, which was not lighted at night, climb over the wall surrounding this yard, and so get to the water's edge. But we needed some one outside of the fort to get uniforms for us and to take us off in a boat.

On February 17 Mr. ——, to whom we had written on February 14, visited us. We made known to him our plan of escape; he was kind enough to promise to help us and told us that his best friend would look after us. Soon we received small parcels containing two caps and two khaki suits. Then we were ready and had only to await the date agreed upon for the escape, which was February 26. But a telegram, followed by a letter, informed us that the project was put off and directed us to await instructions. Days passed and no news came.

Meanwhile, the commander of the fort, wishing to make the interned officers as comfortable as possible, piled up the difficulties that stood in the way of our escape, without even trying to. He had a new guard-house built outside of the fort and transferred the soldiers' lunch-room to the outer yard. From March 5 on, the going and coming, on which the successful execution of our plan depended, died off considerably, to our great despair. Only a few orderlies now passed through the gate between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. Postponing the date fixed for our escape would, perhaps, upset all our plans.

Hearing, on March 25, that an English officer, Lieutenant Pitel, and a few comrades were preparing to escape, I came to a decision. Since Coutisson was likely to be exchanged, I would leave with the English. If I let them get the start of me, their flight would

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result in an increased vigilance which would make my escape all the more difficult for me. I talked with Lieutenant Pitel without making known my plan. We promised not to attempt to get away by the gate without first consulting with one another. I then had a letter taken to ——, explaining the situation. I brought the letter to a close by saying that, with or without help, my mind was made up, but that I needed a pass and some money. I said that I would call on March 28.

When we were given a leave of absence in exchange for our parole, given in writing, we received a pass, which opened all doors to us. This we handed back, on our return, to the commanding officer, who then gave us back the papers that we had signed and given to him before leaving. Now, on March 26, I found among my papers a pass of which the commander at the fort had, by mistake, given me an extra copy, and which I had happened to keep. This circumstance facilitated the most difficult part of my escape, as it permitted me, by simply changing the date, to leave the fort without the help of any one outside, and also without hindering the plans of the Englishmen or even of Coutisson, in case he should not be exchanged.

On March 28 I got permission to go to The Hague, where I learned that the French government had refused to exchange Coutisson. Mr. —— and I now agreed on the following plan. As Coutisson had made no promises to the Englishmen, he was to follow the first plan of escape, while I was to take advantage of the pass that was still in my possession. Once free, we still had to get on board a vessel. Mr. —— told me that he would attend to all the necessary details, that there was no need of my worrying, that all we had to do was to leave the fort and he would attend to the rest. He put me in touch with ——, who had carefully studied the surrounding country and who was to help us. Coutisson was to go to The Hague on leave of absence the next day and would arrange the final details with him.

Everything was carried out as we had planned; Coutisson's escape was arranged for that very evening (March 29). He returned to the fort about seven o'clock, and reported immediately to Major Van Boecop.

After dinner Coutisson and I retired to our room as we were in the habit of doing each evening. Quickly my comrade shaved and dressed up as a Dutch soldier; he would never have been recognized. When he was ready, I went to make sure that the way was clear and then came back to get him. We shook hands as people do only at such moments, and wished each other good luck.

I left the room whistling, in order to attract the attention of the sentinel, before whom Coutisson passed very coolly. I saw him cross the porch, open the gate, and enter the outer yard, where I lost sight of him. It was then about half-past eight. My joy knew no bounds. But what a night for an escape! There was a clear sky and a full moon; it was bitterly cold. The attempt was made under the worst conditions. I soon learned that it had succeeded marvelously.

As for myself, who was to escape the next morning, March 30, by means of my duplicate pass, I arranged matters so that our absence should be found out at the last moment possible. I placed in our beds dummies made up of suits stuffed with soiled linen. The arrangement was a success, for they did not learn about our escape till eleven o'clock in the morning, five hours after my departure and fifteen after Coutisson's.

So at half-past six I left by the main

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door of the fort, which I passed through without the least difficulty. We had decided that I should go to Amsterdam; at Leyden, however, I met a messenger from ——, who asked me to join him at The Hague. Fearing lest I should be held up at Leyden by a telephone call from Wiericherschans, I looked for and found an automobile that took us to The Hague, where we arrived at nine o'clock. An hour later we were assembled at ——'s, where I found Coutisson, who had arrived the evening before. Shortly afterward we were taken to Scheveningen. There we waited over an hour for the arrival of a person who was to hide us, and who took us to the houses of a Mrs. Westman-Kramer and her sister who lived in two small connected pavilions at 250 Van Aersenstraat. One of these ladies gave us her apartment, where we spent the day. As we were worn out with fatigue, we retired immediately after dinner.

Toward one o'clock in the morning (April 1) Mrs. Westman-Kramer came rushing into the little drawing-room where I was resting on a couch and cried out, 'Get up! You are caught!'

Awakened abruptly from a sound sleep, I rose quickly without understanding exactly what she said, and went to the door, where I ran into a police inspector. In the street were half-a-dozen policemen. Soon Coutisson was brought out. We were somewhat anxious about the persons who had been so kind as to take us in. A gentleman, introduced to me as Mr. de Vos, assured me that the ladies would not be prosecuted. No sooner were we dressed than they took us in a motor-car to the police-commissioner's office, where we passed the night in separate rooms and under a heavy guard.

The next morning the police commissioner came to question us, — he was very courteous, too, — but we refused to make any statement. Brought back in a motor to Fort Wiericherschans under a heavy guard, we were received very coolly by Major Van Boecop, who prevented us from communicating with our comrades and proceeded to examine us, assisted by a law officer, in the presence of General Onnen, who was in charge of the camps for interned soldiers.

They put us under close arrest, in solitary confinement, the windows of our cells being heavily barred, while sentinels were placed before our doors. It was only after repeated protests and complaints that they finally allowed us to walk for an hour each day, under guard, in a small yard.

A few days later, Coutisson and I received orders to prepare to leave for an unknown destination. That signified, we knew only too well, that we were to be sent to the island of Urk, where the Dutch government interned the 'dangerous' officers of the Allies.

II

Urk is a picturesque little island, in the middle of the Zuyderzee, forty kilometres from the coast, with a population of about 2000, mostly fishermen. It is one large family — for all are more or less related — which has kept the manners and customs of the past.

The sympathies of these simple people are with the Germans, who buy their fish, whereas the English seem to them to be only competitors. Thanks to this circumstance (which the Germans have made the most of) and also to the fact that the garrison is recruited on the island and that each soldier has been notified that he will be transferred to some other place if any interned officer should escape, the whole population can be said to guard us.

At the time of our arrival there were not many interned officers, — only three Englishmen and seven Belgians. The

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Englishmen had been interned there after they had failed in an attempt to escape, the others for having asked for a return of the parole which, after the hardships of a retreat and of painful forced marches, their superior officers had requested the Dutch authorities to give them. The number was soon increased by the arrival of some Belgian officers, a few Englishmen, and Lieutenant Chauvin, who joined us for having attempted, like us, to escape from Wiericherschans. By September, 1915, there were about forty of us. We were housed in a one-story portable wooden building, surrounded by two barbed-wire fences between which armed sentinels paced. At night powerful lights illuminated the building and grounds about it. At the beginning each of us had his own room; but later we were obliged to share our quarters with one or two comrades when the interned officers became more numerous.

They did their best to make us comfortable. The food was very bad in the beginning, but improved little by little. Every month we could spend three days at The Hague; besides, during the summer, there was no lack of diversion: we could bathe and play tennis. Until nightfall we were allowed to tramp about the island under guard. Although we were not permitted to enter the houses or talk with the people, those walks were our happiest moments. When winter and the rainy season came on, however, confinement there became exceedingly disagreeable. The building was cold and damp and could not be sufficiently heated; the rain entered certain rooms.

We arrived at Urk fully decided not to remain there, but we realized, all the same, how difficult it would be to escape from that place. The very strict supervision that we were under had been made even stricter after Rainey, the English aviator, had attempted to get away. From that time on a torpedo-boat was kept in the roadstead and a watchman in the top of the church-steeple, whose business it was to make known the approach of any suspicious-looking boats.

After a thorough examination and discussion of the situation, we decided to dig a tunnel. This solution — the most complicated, the most risky, and the least sure of success — seemed, on first consideration, to be a very foolhardy one. All the same, it certainly must have been the only one possible, as French, English, and Belgian officers, of different temperaments and good judgment, did not think of any better. The scheme was not such a crazy one, after all, as it almost succeeded.

This decision arrived at, we set to work at once — it was the beginning of July — but were discovered at the end of three weeks. This mishap, far from discouraging us, taught us a lesson, and toward the middle of August we bored a new tunnel, which, starting from my room, would come out in the middle of a cemetery, in a little room that was used as a morgue, about fifteen metres distant from a hole that we dug under the floor of my room.

We made very slow progress in the beginning, for there was room for only one workman; but soon we made the hole wide enough for four men to work in it at a time. A little later the work was divided into two periods, one from two to half-past six in the evening, the other from eight till midnight. For tools we had our knives; afterwards, children's shovels that we were fortunate enough to get hold of.

From the very beginning a serious problem had to be solved, — namely, how to dispose of the earth taken out of the tunnel. We soon had to give up carrying it outside in our pockets and there disposing of it, as we accomplished nothing by pursuing such a slow

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method. The idea occurred to us next to put it in the narrow space between the floor of our room and the ground. To accomplish this, we dug a whole network of trenches and piled up the earth that we took out of the tunnel on the edges of the trenches. We then pushed it back under the floor as far as possible and heaped it up by means of scoops. We dug forty metres of such trenches.

As the tunnel was only three metres below the surface of the ground, we were much annoyed by the water that entered it on rainy days. We partly provided for a drainage-system by sinking a series of sumps, one of them three metres deep, with a diameter of one and one-half metres, at the tunnel's entrance. These sumps were about large enough to hold the water that filtered down from above, but we still had to dig a large reservoir, ten metres from the tunnel, and carry the water to it in five-litre jugs.

We were also annoyed considerably by the walls of the tunnel caving-in rather frequently. We soon had to brace them up with small boards that we had untold difficulty in procuring and that we fastened in place with metallic clamps. Finally, as we made headway, our lamps went out in the foul air. After we had propped up the walls, we then had to ventilate the tunnel. This we succeeded in doing by means of bellows and a rubber tube about thirty metres long. One of our comrades in the room above worked the arrangement.

The earth was hard and cold and often mixed with large stones that we had great difficulty in digging out and carrying off. Every few moments a stream of water came rushing in. We were in mud and water all the time; we crawled along in slime, as we could work only when stretched out flat, now on our backs, next face-down, sometimes on our sides, and almost always in a cramped position. Under such conditions, we were lucky if we could advance forty centimetres in twenty-four hours.

The fatigue brought on by this wearing work could not compare with the nervous strain that we were kept under by our anxiety to quiet the restless vigilance of our guards so as not to compromise the success of our enterprise by any indiscreet act.

Before we arranged our reservoir, we carried off the water in the tunnel in bottles, concealed under our clothes, and emptied them into the toilets. As we had more than two hundred bottles to empty every day, we were continually going back and forth between the toilets and our room. More than once we happened to meet the colonel or some Dutchmen, when the fear of having our trick discovered can be only too easily imagined. Quite frequently some of the interned soldiers who were not in the secret, or some Dutch officers, visited us, when we were obliged to stop ventilating the tunnel. The men working below suffered considerably at such times.

In order to avoid arousing the slightest suspicion, we had decided to leave the door of my room wide open. Coutisson and I took turns watching. When the time came for shifting gangs, we closed the door for about ten minutes, but, as it could not be locked, this period was a critical one and full of excitement. We had to move quickly and without speaking to one another. As soon as we had hung up our working clothes in the closet and put on our everyday suits, one of us who was not on duty in the tunnel cleaned up the dirt left by the workmen and threw back into the hole the earth that the men had brought up on their shoes or that had stuck to their clothes. Besides, every morning, at daybreak, it was absolutely necessary to wash out the rooms thoroughly, so as not to leave

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the slightest trace of anything that could cause suspicion.

The opening of the tunnel was hidden by a large chest on which the bed rested. Under the bed we had heaped up such a pile of bottles, hand-bags, boots, and the like, that it would never have occurred to the most inquisitive person that the entrance to a tunnel could be concealed at that spot. After working three months and a half like dogs, we had dug forty metres of trenches and twelve metres of tunnel; scarcely two metres of earth separated us from freedom.[1]

After much difficulty we had succeeded in procuring a boat, and made ourselves thoroughly familiar with the routes around the Zuyderzee and in the northern part of Holland, and we were preparing to leave early in December, when an indiscreet remark or act, by somebody outside of the island, caused General Onnen to telephone to Colonel Vreedenberg that there must be a tunnel under the Frenchmen's room. The colonel immediately examined our room from top to bottom, without finding the entrance to the tunnel, so well had we hidden it; but, in spite of the perfectly natural arrangement of everything in the room, hitherto our best safeguard, the information was too definite to be disregarded. Coutisson and I were taken out and put into another room, and the moving of our belongings disclosed the whole plot.

An officer of the Dutch Engineer Corps was sent out to draw up a report on our work. He was amazed, and did not hide from us how sorry he felt that such a work had not been carried to a successful issue. The inhabitants of the island did not take the thing so well; they were sure that we had intended to place a mine under the building and blow it up.

As a result of this work, I fell seriously ill of inflammation of the liver, due to poisoning contracted in the tunnel, and I had to be carried to Amsterdam, where I passed more than two months in the most absolute immobility. Meanwhile, I did not lose sight of my objective. As the physicians believed that my return to Urk might bring about a dangerous relapse, I succeeded in getting the authorities to send me to the military hospital at Utrecht.

III

I arrived at Utrecht preceded by a reputation that argued ill for the success of my plan. Captain Van der Minne was taking the place of Colonel Folmer,[2] the Director of the hospital; he was not pleased at all to see me arrive. He called my attention to the fact that he not only had to keep watch over an officer whose only thought was to escape, but that a hospital was not a place to intern men in, and that I occupied, without any reason for it, the bedroom intended for three patients. Then he arranged with a physician to declare that I was completely cured, and took official steps to have me sent back to Urk.

These plans, about which I was kept posted in a roundabout way, were about to be carried out when I finally succeeded in escaping under the following circumstances.

The room that I occupied at the hospital was on the second story of an old and very high building. My windows, heavily barred, looked on a garden twenty feet below. A steel grating,

[1] Coutisson and I were helped at first by four officers; two Englishmen and two Belgians. A little later three more Belgians joined us, so that our group was finally made up of nine persons. — — The Author.

[2] In March, 1915, Colonel Folmer had been brought up before a court-martial for having failed to prevent an English officer from escaping. — The Author.

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locked by a chain and padlock, had been erected before my door. This the officer in charge of me personally locked; he also kept the key. My guard, besides this officer, consisted of a non-commissioned officer, a corporal and twelve men.

This officer occupied a room next to mine while he was on duty. There was no bed in it, his orders being to keep a sharp look-out all night, with the windows wide open. The room above mine served as a guard-house, the one below being occupied by the doctor on duty. Two armed sentinels stood guard at my door while two more were stationed in the garden under my windows.

The walls were thick and, of the four windows of my room, — all sash-windows, — two opened with great difficulty and at the top. The other two were nailed up, but one could be opened at the bottom. I succeeded in forcing it up, and it was plain that, by sawing two bars, I could lower myself, by means of a rope, down to the roof of a building which divided the garden into two parts. From this roof I could reach that part of the garden where there were no sentinels, and then should have only to climb over the wall surrounding the hospital to find myself in the town.

Before undertaking anything, I talked the matter over with ——, who had shown an inclination to be of service to me several times during my illness. I told him how I dreaded to return to Urk and what I planned to do. He gave me the two hundred florins I asked him for, but expressed his regret at not being able to help me more, on account of the strict watch that was kept over his colleagues. Evidently he had his doubts about the success of a plan that must have smacked of the romantic to any reasonable person. As for myself, determined as I was to succeed, I set to work alone.

Meanwhile I had got a rope and a saw, both absolutely necessary, and I began to saw the bars. I could work only at night, for during the daytime I was free, on parole, from ten o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock in the evening. During that time I was under obligation, not only not to escape, but also not to prepare to escape. I spent all the time that I was outside visiting my new acquaintances, my sole occupation apparently being to make the most of the pleasures of society. I acted as if the last thought to enter my mind was to escape. On my return in the evening I reported to the officer on duty, who gave me back the written pledge that I signed and handed over to him every time I went out. After that I was at liberty to prepare my flight.

It took me fifteen nights working all night long to saw the bars in two. I worked in the dark with the shutters drawn down over the window through which I was to escape. I tried to lessen the noise that the saw made in biting into the iron by giving two or three rasps, then stopping and beginning again after a moment. The least noise that would have interrupted the deep silence of the night could be heard by the officer on guard, the sentinels posted at my door, or the soldiers in the guardroom, whose windows overlooked mine. Now and then I had to wait hours at a time for a favorable moment, for the guard under my windows was made up of young soldiers, who, with a respect for discipline that was meritorious but extremely annoying to me, did not remove their eyes from my windows while they were on duty.

When it was time for me to stop work I cleaned the bars and covered up the cracks by sticking pieces of black paper on them and rubbing the whole over with coal. When I had at last

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cut the bars in two, I wedged them in place with match-ends soaked in a little glue, again covering the whole over with black paper. As the sentinels in the garden had the habit of walking up and down beneath my windows, I thought that I could avail myself of the short interval when they had their backs turned, to slip to the ground; but I was disagreeably surprised to learn, after four whole nights spent watching, that (as a result of new orders undoubtedly) they no longer walked to and fro, but stood still directly beneath my windows. As to bribing men who were changed every twenty-four hours, it was no use to think of that.

This supervision, the minute perfection of which annoyed me exceedingly, had, all the same, one flaw in it which I finally discovered and of which I took advantage. When I came in at nine o'clock in the evening, the officer accompanied me to my room and then went to arrange the night-watch — no sentinels being on duty during the daytime. But he often gave me back my parole before he went to station the guards. With a little good luck on my side and by acting quickly, I should have time to reach the garden before the sentinels came down from the guardroom, situated, as I have previously said, just above my chamber.

On the evening that I had set for my escape, I returned at half-past seven instead of nine o'clock, and invited, as usual, the officer on duty to take tea with me. At nine o'clock I told my guest that I should have to ask him to excuse me, as I was very tired, and wanted to retire, and I bade him good-night — taking good care, before he left, to burn up the written pledge that he had given back to me.

He went out. Without losing a second, I turned up my coat-collar, to cover the white of my shirt, and went to the window. At that moment the officer came back, made a few remarks to me which I did not understand and to which I made some indefinite reply, then went out again without noticing my confusion.

I turned down the lamp, ran to the window, and glanced outside; not a soul was in sight. I pulled the bars aside, arranged the rope, opened the shutters, and slipped through the small opening that I had made. It was a tight squeeze, and in struggling through I tore my trousers badly. I slipped down the rope. In the room below the doctor was reading his paper with his back turned to the window; he started to turn round, saw nothing, and went on with his reading.

I had reached the roof of the adjoining building and was beginning to cut the rope, when I noticed two soldiers at the window of the building about ten metres away from the one I had just got out of, staring at me without apparently understanding what I was doing. They did not remain quiet long, but commenced to shout to the guard at the top of their voices. The racket they made soon aroused all the others, who began to shout in their turn.

Leaving the rope where it was, I ran to the edge of the roof, which was much too high for me to risk leaping to the ground. There was a small fir tree two metres away from the roof; I jumped for it and grasped a branch, which broke under my weight and let me down gently to the ground. Across the officers' garden I ran, climbed over the hospital wall, and found myself in the street near a good old soul who stood glued to the spot with fear. I continued to rush on and did not resume my ordinary gait till I had turned twice to the left. I had wrapped up one of my hands, which was bleeding, in my handkerchief, and held up my torn trousers with the other.

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I was now free, but somewhat worried lest I should be caught, for I knew I should be acting very unwisely if I followed my first plan and tried to leave Utrecht. This hitch in my programme did not take me unawares. I went and called on a Hollander whom I scarcely knew, but who I felt sure was favorable to our cause. This kind gentleman hid me four days in a garage. During the daytime I hid in a tool-closet; at night I slept in an automobile.

He kept me posted on what was going on outside, with special regard to the inquiries that were being made for me. All the roads leading out of the town were guarded; all the automobiles were examined. At the railway stations policemen, with my photograph in their hands, stood at all the ticket-windows, while the trains were carefully searched before their departure. They telegraphed the news of my escape all over Holland.

As the police did not find me at Utrecht, they believed that I had left the city. Consequently the search for me relaxed somewhat, except in the large cities and in the ports. On the evening of the fourth day after my escape from the hospital, I left Utrecht on a bicycle at nightfall, with moustache shaved off and wearing eye-glasses, accompanied by my good friend. We rode along for forty kilometres, looking as innocent as two persons off on a pleasure-trip, until we came to a small dwelling situated in the country, where I remained a fortnight, going out only for two hours each night.

My departure was arranged in the greatest mystery and with great success, as I was able to go aboard the boat without even being seen. I was first hidden in a sort of locker used to keep odds and ends in, where I remained fourteen hours without stirring, closeted with ropes, paint-pots and cordage. After the boat got under way, they had me come out of my hiding-place and took me to a little store-room, into which I climbed through a trap-door; for, as all vessels underwent a final and very thorough search just before leaving the Dutch coast for good, it was necessary to take every possible precaution. I did not consider that they had taken sufficient precautions; and as I felt, beneath my feet, a metallic plate, I unbolted it and discovered a hole into which I got with great difficulty, and there I remained for five hours, astride the cylinder inside of which the screw-shaft revolved.

Toward half-past seven in the evening I could tell, by the rocking of the vessel, that we were at sea; so I came out of my hole, where I was beginning to suffer considerably from lack of both space and air. A little later they came to tell me that all danger was over; I was safe at last. On my arrival at London on the following day, I had some trouble with the police. This was quickly straightened out as soon as I called at the consulate-general and the embassy.

A few days later I returned to Paris *via* Southampton and Havre. I reported at once to the Director of Aeronautics, Colonel Régnier, then to the Director of Cavalry at the Ministry of War, and finally to the headquarters of the 27th Regiment of Dragoons at Versailles, where I was reinstated, for the time being. I have been given a leave of absence for thirty days, at the expiration of which I hope to enter an aviation-school and be put in command of a fighting aeroplane.

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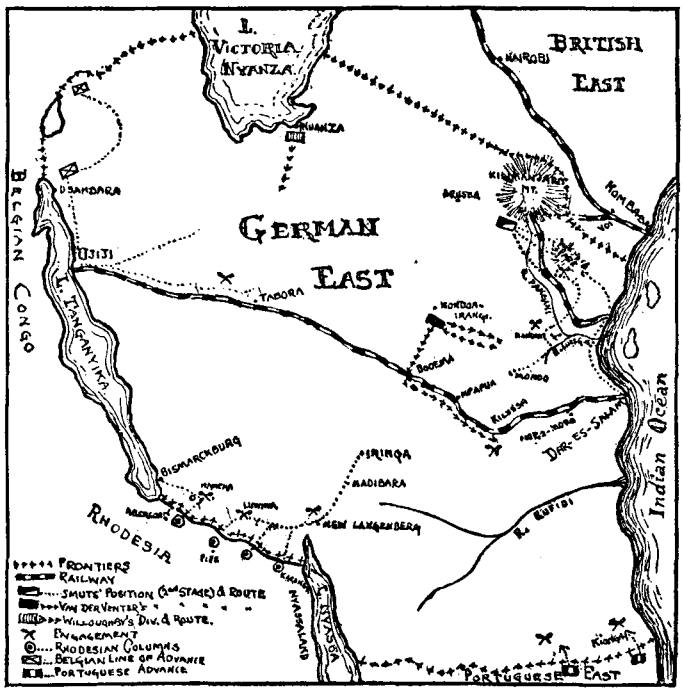

WITH SMUTS IN GERMAN EAST

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

D' ye ken Jan Smuts when he 's after the Hun?
D' ye ken Jan Smuts when he 's got 'em on the run?
D' ye ken Jan Smuts when he 's out with his gun
And his horse and his men in the morning?
Yes, I ken Jan Smuts and Jourdain too,
Van der V. and the sportsman Selous,
Springbok and Sikh, for they 're all true-blue,
When they 're strafing the Hun in the morning.

Marching song of the South African Troops.

My previous account[1] of the initial operations in this campaign brought the tale of events down to the seizure of Moshi, the railhead of the Tanga–Kilimanjaro line, and the establishment of Van der Venter at Kondoa-Irangi, threatening the central railway from Dar-es-salam to Tanganyika. Since then Smuts's men have made steady progress through a dense bush country, under blazing suns and torrential rains, turning elaborately prepared positions, and fighting an endless series of minor engagements which have ended, without exception, in the retirement of the Germans.

The first task of the invading army was to clear the enemy away from the Tanga railway, and Smuts set to work methodically, sweeping the country from the frontier to the Pangani with three mobile columns, which throughout their advance maintained constant communication with each other by means of wireless. It was a strange route that the invaders followed, es-

[1] In the *Atlantic* for August, 1916.

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pecially the brigade operating along the foothills of the Pare Mountains, for they were working through practically virgin bush, under the most anomalous conditions. The tire-tracks of the latest-pattern armored car mingled with the spoor of ostrich and eland, while the reconnoitring aeroplane, ever in advance of the column, scared away the startled game in thousands.

By May 31 two of the brigades effected a junction, and drove back a German force which was astride the railway on a narrow neck of land between the mountains and the river. From here the lights of Wilhelmstal were visible at night, and on June 13 that important centre was occupied by the Union troops. In the meantime Van der Venter had been left at Kondoa-Irangi to attract as many troops as Vorbock, the German commander, thought fit to detach; and the importance placed by the enemy on the British grip of this strategic spot could be best estimated by the furious attempts they made to recover it. For four days Van der Venter was beleaguered, and the garrison was on very scanty rations, since some expected convoys, warned by the firing, did not dare approach until reinforcements came up. At last, however, the pressure relaxed, and the brilliant cavalry leader lost no time in opening a new sweeping movement eastward, as soon as he was apprized of Smuts's intention of moving south from Wilhelmstal and trying to corner the Germans, who were retiring sullenly on Handeni.

Smuts's plans for the capture of this centre were elaborate to a degree, for, after detaching a brigade to complete the clearance of the railway and occupy Tanga (which was done by July 12, with little difficulty), he divided his main force into four different columns, all of which were timed to reach the same objective at dawn after a night march by different routes; and the success of this delicate manœuvre speaks volumes for the ability of his staff and divisional commanders. Unluckily the Germans were warned in time by natives, and withdrew into the bush at the sacrifice of the big dépôt they had established close to the village.

On the following day a small force of the Fifth South African Infantry, under Colonel Byron, while moving through the bush in battle formation, discovered the enemy in a strong prepared position commanding an open *laagte* with a *spruit* running at right angles; and, despite the fact that they were outnumbered, forced an engagement. Attempts made by the Germans to outflank their assailants to right and left were defeated by counter-attacks, while the South Africans threw up improvised cover and prevented any rush *en masse* by the accuracy of their rifle-fire. After three hours of this, Byron found it necessary to consolidate the perimeter of his defense; with darkness coming on, however, the positions of the German machine-guns were revealed by spits of flame, and the British reëngaged with such insistence that on the arrival of reinforcements the enemy fell back once more.

Despite the difficulties and dangers of pressing the pursuit through such country, Smuts moved off as soon as his scouts had learned something of the native tracks. On June 23 secret orders were given for a night march with unwheeled transport, the guns being carried on mules; and late that afternoon long lines of infantry, in Indian file, vanished into the dim recesses of the forest. The march was accomplished in silence, even smoking being forbidden. On the 24th the enemy was located on an intrenched ridge, protected by the Lukigura River, and General Sheppard contained this force with various feints at a frontal attack, pend-

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ing the arrival of his colleague, General Hosken, who had been intrusted with a wide enveloping movement. About noon he was heard heavily engaged on the flank of the intrenched hill, which was finally carried in very clean style by a mixed force of Fusiliers and Kashmiris, while Sheppard repulsed an attempt to break back across the river.

That this position had been long and carefully prepared by the Germans 'in case of accident,' was evident from the elaborate care given to its construction. One of their gun-pits in particular was a masterpiece. Imagine a trench thirty yards in length with sleeping-cubicles for the gunners and galleries leading to the officers' dug-out, magazine, and pit, the whole being covered with heavy timber and earth mounds on that. These were planted with aloes 'all alive-O,' so that everything looked innocent enough even in the case of aerial reconnaissance. Thorn *bomas* and machine-guns guarded every possible avenue of approach — from the front. The Germans seemed incapable of imagining an attack from any other quarter.

Any artillerist will understand at once that the unique nature of this forest fighting demanded the evolution of a special system of observing; and, as a result of some study of the local conditions, Brigadier-General Crewe developed the 'forward observing officer' into a 'coöperating officer.' Whenever infantry were attacking with artillery in support, he was sent forward to accompany the infantry unit; it was his special business to 'see for himself how and where the artillery fire may best be directed, and pass on and, as far as possible comply with, the requests of the commander of the regiment or brigade with whom he is working.'

This modern development meant that the artillery fire was directed from the advanced infantry firing-line — an immense advantage in such country. The big field-guns now in use are so sensitive that their accuracy is affected, not only by different lots of ammunition, but also by the weather and temperature, more especially in a tropical climate; consequently, the registering or ranging shots are of the utmost importance in correcting idiosyncrasies of the moment and judging distance. It was the duty of this forward observing officer to 'record the effect of such ranging shots, and to submit to his battery commander suggestions as regards the distance and direction of the areas to be bombarded or searched by shell fire'; points of reference which are particularly useful in indirect fire — that is, for guns firing from covered positions on an unseen target.

Another development introduced by the artillery brigadier was the 'artillery reconnoitring patrol,' riding with the screen or, at any rate, the advanced mounted troops of a brigade or division going into action. Once the enemy was brought into touch in position, or whenever an outpost line or chance encounter prevented further advance, the officer commanding the patrol was intrusted with the task of reconnoitring suitable positions for guns, and of sending back in a report to the battery or brigade commander any information concerning the best lines of approach, roads for the advance of guns, and any other details likely to be of use from an artillery point of view. These measures converted artillery into a forward arm, and increased its mobility enormously — a consideration of the highest importance in this country of long distances. The Great War has forever quashed the old dictum that 'big guns never kill anybody'; and as for the artillery fire in this minor theatre, a pathetic but welcome tribute to its effectiveness was contained in a half-finished letter found on the body of a

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German officer and addressed to his wife: 'The English have brought up their 5-inch guns, and that is why we have had to abandon our positions.'

But to return to the main narrative. With the taking of Handeni, and the defeat of the enemy on the Lukigura, the resistance in the coast area died away, and Smuts was able to consolidate his positions and to occupy at his leisure, in coöperation with naval landing parties, the smaller ports of Pangani and Sandani. Tanga, as we have seen, had already fallen, and this afforded a new and valuable base, since all necessary supplies could be brought there direct by sea, thus saving the circuitous route from Mombasa along the new light railway linking Maktau and Moshi. Smuts then advanced to Mondo, and awaited further developments.

The cordon was now fast drawing close. On May 24 the Rhodesian column under General Northey made its first big offensive movement in the campaign, and cleared the enemy forces which were threatening the Stevenson Road, that great artery connecting Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. Northey had divided his force into four small divisions, with their respective bases at Karonga, Fort Hill, Fife, and Abercorn: and a simultaneous movement was directed against the German positions which dominated the frontier. These had been strengthened enormously during the previous period of inaction, and they evidently anticipated a frontal attack. If this had been attempted, the British losses must have been severe; indeed, it is doubtful whether any of the German intrenchments could have been carried in face of machine-gun fire. But Northey had not spent months in Flanders for nothing. He did not intend to throw away lives in a direct assault without the heavy artillery to blast a way through. Consequently, for a week previous to the attack, his column commanders were ordered to threaten the enemy continuously at various points along the two-hundred-mile front, and thereby keep him in a state of uncertainty as to when or where the blow or blows would fall.

These tactics succeeded admirably; the first position on the extreme German left was evacuated for some reason without even a pretense of resistance, whereupon the garrison of the second fort, finding its communications threatened to right and left, also promptly retired without firing a shot. The two remaining contingents, at Luwiwa and Namema, were invested. Colonel Rogers, who was in charge of the tiny force round the former place, threw up a circle of fortified posts all round the enemy and gradually drew closer; but even so he had a perimeter of five thousand yards to hold with insufficient men, so that it was scarcely surprising that one night the Germans found a weak spot in the cordon and broke through. The Namema garrison, rendered desperate by scarcity of water and shortage of food, also smashed a way through, but their sortie cost them dear, and they were obliged to sacrifice their guns and supplies, while Colonel Murray followed hard on their tracks in the direction of Bismarckburg. On June 8, hearing that Simson, who was in command of the Lake Tanganyika Naval Expedition, had shelled the town he pressed on and occupied the place, the Germans retiring up country.

In the meantime the other three Rhodesian columns had coalesced, and pushed the enemy back on New Langenburg, from which they were driven out, and Northey's army advanced boldly straight through the colony toward Iringa, their ultimate object being to join hands with Van der Venter and Smuts. It is easy to criticize the failure to capture the two garrisons, but it must be remembered that the

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column commanders had neither the men nor the guns for a frontal attack; that the German positions were enormously strong against light field-guns; and that the perimeter to be held was so great that any determined enemy, careless of sacrificing lives, could pierce the line at some point and escape before supports could be brought up. Against this should be set the fact that even the temporary investment of these garrisons prevented the concentration of troops for the defense of New Langenberg, and that the separation of the German forces facilitated the rapid advance of the invaders.

Events now moved on apace. The Belgians, who had been engaged in the slow and laborious task of clearing away the Germans from the broken country between Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, made a sudden swoop under General Tombeur on to Usambara, which formed a most convenient base for the succeeding descent on Ujiji, the lake railhead of the central line. From here they steadily rolled back the enemy on Tabora, the inland capital and seat of the last official wireless installation which maintains communication with Berlin. During our advance, we had secured some amazing examples of the information ladled out to the troops: the total destruction of the British grand fleet in the Horn Reef battle; the capture of Calais; the burning of London and Paris, and fictitious victories fought and chronicled solely by Wolff's Bureau correspondents, and intended doubtless to spur on the drooping spirits of the colonial troops. That many of these ridiculous reports had been swallowed wholesale was evident from the naïve remarks made by prisoners; and in consequence no little importance was attached to the destruction of this wireless, since that would cut off the enemy from all communication with the outside world, and make them dependent on their officers for scraps of encouraging information. To assist the Belgians therefore, Sir Charles Willoughby was placed in command of a separate British column; and after the motorboat squadron had cleaned up the myriad tiny islets which stud the southern half of Lake Victoria Nyanza, he established his base of operations at Muanza, and struck down country on the same objective. In the far southeastern corner the Portuguese had also come into action, and repulsed two German raids on Kionga and Unde, after which their forces crossed the frontier in combination with a light cruiser that sailed up the Rovuma and detached naval landing parties at two strategic points, and occupied a fairly extensive strip of territory along the northern banks of that river. The Germans were being quietly rounded up on all sides, and the time had now arrived for a vigorous effort by the main force, which had been steadily massing within striking distance of the rail.

The blow was struck, not for the first time in this campaign, by Van der Venter, who made one of his characteristic sudden dashes with a quadruple mounted column, and cut the line at Dodoma. His force met with a determined resistance, but once again Van der Venter's dispositions rendered absolutely abortive a magnificent series of intrenchments on Dodoma Nek. Commanding a tortuous ravine, and buttressed at either end by hills with a well-defined glacis, this position, with its guns, trenches, rifle-pits, and barbed wire, might have held up a bull-headed general for a month. The weaker party, if he be wise, makes up for his weakness by intrenchments; the stronger party should leave the intrenchments alone and use his strength to go round them. Van der Venter went round them, and by these tactics — at once simple, efficacious, and, best of all, almost blood-

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less — forced them to evacuate the *nek*, and in a few hours established himself astride of the railway, while the Germans fell back on Mpapua. But this turning of their flank had not prevented them from doing a lot of indiscriminate firing, and an examination of their gun-pits proved instructive, many of the shell-cases being found marked,—

Patronenfabrik

XI. 1915

Karlsruhe

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thus affording the most damning confirmation of what had long been suspected — that even up to the end of last year, and despite the British command of the sea and the total disappearance of the German merchant marine, the enemy had obtained secret supplies from some source. Doubtless many an ostensibly neutral cargo consigned to Beira or Delagoa Bay could have told a strange tale, had it found speech, before the intervention of Portugal put an end to a profitable trade.

Having secured a firm grip of the railway, Van der Venter now swung eastward again, and after a real old-fashioned action in the open took Mpapua and linked up with an advance column sent by Smuts from Mondo. The position of the Germans was now precarious in the extreme. Not only were their two main forces hopelessly cut off from each other, but the severed remnants had to face the prospect of being driven very shortly from the tiny span of railway left to each respectively.

The pressure was not relaxed. Van der Venter, continuing his rapid progress, came up with the German rearguard outside Kilossa, and after a brisk engagement scattered them toward the coast, and occupied that important post; while Smuts, losing no time in following up this advantage, sent one of his brigades to coöperate with a strong naval landing force, which on September 6 entered Dar-es-salam. In this way the British flag was hoisted over yet another German capital, while the Germans notified the removal of their seat of government from Dar-es-salam (which means in the native tongue 'The Haven of Peace') to Moro-Moro. Some time later the news came through that after ten days' desperate fighting the Belgians had occupied Tabora, so that there is no alternative left the enemy save surrender or a desperate attempt to carry on a guerilla war among the swamps and forests.

The accompanying map will give a better idea of the various moves in this campaign than the unavoidably disconnected narrative I have patched together. To give a detailed account of the operations of even one column would exhaust an issue of the *Atlantic* and be very dull reading for any but a military student; but the broad lines on which it was worked are sufficiently clear, I hope, to show that it might well be taken as a model by any general who has to fight in a difficult country. Danton's maxim, 'De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,' was Smuts's motto, to which he added, Mobility, mobility, mobility.

The men themselves cannot be praised too highly. Though it would be an idle exaggeration to compare their troubles with those cheerfully undergone daily in Flanders, it is no small test of fortitude to march and fight for months in a tropical climate, often on the scantiest rations, and always tormented by the myriad insect pests of the bush. The motor-cycle despatch-riders in particular had a most arduous task, and it was marvelous how they and their machines stood the strain; but perhaps a true incident will best illustrate something of their dangers.

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One day a Rhodesian patrol came across a white man, stark naked and apparently insane, staggering along a native path. They brought him into camp, and after some days' rest and attention he recovered his senses and could narrate his experiences. He was bringing a despatch for Northey from Van der Venter, and left the main road in order to escape a nasty bit, where it was also possible he might run into a German outpost. His détour took him into a terrible maze of bush, and, as he bumped along, he lost an important part of the machine, and was unable to find it. He spent a day trying to contrive a makeshift from odd spare parts, but failed, so he was obliged to abandon the machine. As luck would have it, he came across no game, and though he managed to shoot a small bird with his rifle, he was too weak by the fourth day to carry this weapon. Then he could remember nothing more save walking blindly forward, till at last, half unconscious, he turned into the track where he was so luckily picked up.

One of the most gratifying things, from the point of view of the future, was the hearty welcome accorded the invaders by the natives of the colony. The strict respect paid to property won the chiefs over at once, since the Germans had requisitioned all the foodstuff they could lay their hands on, and gave nothing in exchange save handfuls of the Austrian 20-*heller* piece of 1916, which is valueless, for the equatorial savage disdains all save gold and silver coinage. From these willing allies we learned of the depression among the enemy native troops, who never fought with the same vim after the Salaita battle; while the porters and carriers melted away from the German camps whenever they had the chance. Fair and honest treatment, even in the purchase of a little Indian corn, works wonders with the native, although the Teuton colonizer was never able to master this simple fact; and the square dealing of the invaders will go far to establish a sense of friendliness and security despite the change of masters.

Common justice demands that, before closing the article on the campaign, a few words should be said about the great leader and organizer of the operations, though space will allow but a thumbnail sketch. Smuts was born near Malmesbury in the Cape Colony, and after doing well at school was sent to Cambridge, where he took a brilliant degree. He was given a government post under Kruger, and was marked out as one of the rising young men whose possibilities were bounded only by their talents. The outbreak of the South African War changed his prospects, but he soon came back into prominence after the war by proposing at the Pretoria Customs Conference of May, 1908, six resolutions on the subject of closer union. On the realization of union, he entered Botha's first cabinet, which was dissolved and reformed owing to the independent attitude of Hertzog. But trouble soon threatened the government from a new quarter. At the beginning of that eventful year, 1914, the Johannesburg strikes threatened to paralyze the communications of the country. The crisis called for a strong man; and just as Briand had shown his mettle in smashing the French railway strike by utilizing the military despite the howls of his quondam colleagues, the Socialists, so Smuts displayed no hesitation in calling out the burghers for the protection of law and order, while the subsequent rioting afforded him the pretext of deporting the Labor leaders — an act which, though it may be condemned as arbitrary and unconstitutional, was eminently effective at the time.

The autumn of the same year saw

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the opening of the Great War and the South African Rebellion, with the consequent disclosure of Beyers's treachery, which first became known by the publication of the correspondence that had passed between the two former comrades. The letter of Beyers, announcing his resignation, was a specious but laborious apologue, based on false premises and therefore leading to false conclusions. The reply of Smuts was a masterpiece of trenchant remorseless logic, with the skilled brain which belongs by training and profession to the lawyer apparent in every line. An intellect that combines such delicacy with such massiveness can aptly be compared only to one of those machines which can be regulated at will to crack an eggshell or crush to powder some stubborn substance. Smuts then took over the portfolio of Minister of Defense, and on the victory of his party at the October polls, offered his services to the Imperial Government. That fifteen years of civil life have not blunted his military skill can be seen in the above narrative; and after a careful study of the campaign, one might well think that it had been intrusted to a man who had spent his life in absorbing the manœuvres and combinations of the great masters of war. Despite all the alterations in the methods of war, the principles of strategy are immutable, and Smuts has grasped them to some purpose.

His tactics in the Cape Assembly are just what one might expect from his record in the field. His powers of debate are of the highest order; his speaking would command attention even in the hall whose walls have echoed to the voices of Pitt, Sheridan, and Burke — for it is a model of all that has, in every age, been held in the highest estimation by English Parliaments — ready, weighty, perspicuous, condensed. His sense of the feeling of the House is exquisite, while he is a past master of parliamentary tactics; indeed, such is his dexterity on occasions that, if one fault can be found in a demeanor otherwise faultlessly courteous, it is that he sometimes displays a contempt for consistency or accuracy in petty details. In political circles, even among his own friends, he is marked by an air of lofty reserve and cold indifference, which does not suffer his person to be familiarized out of reverence.

No one can study the features of this great Afrikander, the lofty forehead, the keen penetrating eye, the resolute chin, and the firm indomitable mouth, without realizing that here is a man who has the talents and the will to achieve anything. Much indeed has he done already, and if Germany's two sub-continental colonies are to be added to the Union, Smuts must be ranked with Rhodes and Botha as the third member of the great Triumvirate which foresaw and strove for the realization of a great ideal — the foundation and construction of another great white nation, fit to rank with the other great offshoots of Anglo-Saxon stock.

Not unnaturally it is work of this kind which is gall and wormword to bigoted recalcitrants like Hertzog and his Nationalists, and forms the mainspring of their usual gibes against 'The Englishman' or 'The Imperialist.' But the stirring words which Smuts sent to the British Parliament on the second anniversary of England's declaration of war were by no means the empty grandiloquent phrases of the patriotic platform hack. They are redolent of the fragrance of liberty, and in soundness of judgment, unselfishness, and rectitude of intention, they might have been uttered by any of the great figures of the past who have striven for the good of humanity.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IO FORTUNA!

We of to-day do not, as any part of our philosophy, believe in Fortune. Some of us consider every possible event as decided by the conscious providence of God; some of us regard all happenings as linked inevitably together in a logical infinity of cause and effect; and most of us perhaps think of the world about us as a sort of combination of the two, wherein at least nothing can fall by chance. And yet, though we admit abstractly this philosophy, it fails of application to our concrete circumstances. Doubtless, the coin falls at the will of God; but that will we can neither fathom nor forecast. Surely the turn of the card is due to natural causes, but to causes intricate and remote beyond our possible knowing. So that for practical purposes we dwell among continual accidents; and in no such very different case from our own children, for whom life is all one wild and wanton tissue of adventure. All things are dreamed of in our philosophy, but few are clearly seen: it may be true, but it does not fit the facts.

The child is forbidden an apple because mother says no; or because there is none on the table. Even the cultured mother who believes in reasoning with her child can hardly alter that, for he has but to ask why, half a dozen times, to reach the limit of her understanding. The child is given a toy because father has brought him one, or because it is his birthday. How may these good things be, that they may come about more often? And there the child goes hand in hand with all the saints and sages of the world up to the closed doors of that dark temple where the Sphinx, inscrutably smiling, answers the universal question with 'Because.'

And so we are not after all much wiser than our forefathers; and we may well enough accept, for actual concerns, their fable of Lady Fortune with her wheel, wantonly false or fair, mocking her followers and favoring them who pay her small regard, sure only of changefulness. Ultimately false, it agrees none the less truly with our seeing, as a picture showing the world flat instead of round. Wiser still is that more ancient vision of affairs as governed by the gods, beyond and above whom lurks an arbitrary Fate. For it more represents our actual state, able to know and to control our destinies to some extent: while yet, through and over all, incalculable chance remains.

It is fashionable to deceive ourselves upon this point; in endeavoring to do so we have worn threadbare sundry fine quotations. If 'man is man and master of his fate' we must allow that he has failed somehow to solve the servant problem. 'You can have what you want, if you want it enough' may serve to strengthen weak desires. But you will some day want a thing as much as you can bear, and remain wanting; while again some best thing in your life will come as a free gift, neither toiled nor longed for. Even Henley's famous boast has a rather hollow sound, as of one crying aloud that nothing can make him cry. It was well for his head to be unbowed, no doubt; yet he might have been better pleased if it had not been bloody. We cannot face things as they are, for we cannot see them as they are; but we shall do as wisely, and perhaps as bravely, to face them as they appear.

And how to face them? The ancient wisdom bade us go against fortune as a gambler may, scorning her favor and

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her frown, striving to be neither elated nor downcast. But this is to turn down the light alike upon good and evil, and so become merely less alive. The later wisdom bids us believe by faith that all is well: cold comfort when we happen to be feeling far from well ourselves. And the most recent fashion bids us to bluff and bluster and pretend, with every ass flaunting a lion's skin and every ostrich hiding from trouble. Perhaps the child is really wiser than all. At least, he is proverbially happiest, though he lives more than any of us among unreasonable accidents. For he looks backward without shame and forward without fear — passionately attentive to pleasure, and of pain as easily forgetful as may be. Weep he must, but in a moment you shall find him laughing. In the midst of both, he will make the most of his joys and the least of his sorrows. And his deepest secret is this, that he looks upon all fortune as adventure. For it is not for nothing that upon one stem have grown the two words *Happen* and *Happiness*.

HERITAGES OF THE LORD

THE sun shone through the high windows on the judge's yellow hair. It touched the calf-skin volumes on his orderly desk. It glowed through the folds of the large silk flag above the bookcase. Yes, the court-room was tolerable. But not the sun itself could brighten the sordid room across the hall, — that room packed with grimy, lowering fathers, grimy, worried mothers, grimy, sullen, abnormal children.

'Next case,' said the judge curtly.

A starchy probation officer laid papers before him. She looked like an animated ledger. She, if any one, could convince you that we are made of carbohydrates and proteids, and that the joy of life is a mere figure of speech.

The ushers fluttered about a grimy caravan that came in from across the hall. They ranged their charges before the court. In front were a small boy and girl. Their clothes seemed impregnated with the dust of ages. The little girl's dress alone would have sufficed to silt up the multitudinous seas.

'Your Honor, Mr. Housel asks the court to commit these children to homes,' said the probation officer.

The judge fumbled the papers. He turned calm, blue eyes on the father.

'I committed two of Mr. Housel's children last year,' he remarked.

The man's hat, once black, was now green. He turned it round in his stiff fingers. With a face all anxious goodness, he watched the judge.

'The mother can't keep them from running the streets,' stated the probation officer. 'She's feeble-minded. She has no control over them.'

The grimy woman plucked at her husband's sleeve, and muttered unintelligibly.

'How about the father?' asked the judge.

Shuffling his lumpy boots, the man cast his eyes on the judge's blue silk socks and patent leather shoes.

'*He's* all right,' the probation officer replied. 'Sober, kind, hard-working. He makes two dollars a day regularly.'

'Why can't he control the children?'

'He's away all day, your Honor. He works on the railroad.'

'Can't the mother be advised? Is there no hope of improved conditions?'

'No, your Honor. She's feeble-minded.'

The judge frowned at his neat fingernails. He addressed the father, mildly.

'Where does your wife come from?'

The grimy man lifted his gaze from the blue silk socks to the blue eyes.

'From Virginia, Judge,' he stammered.

'You married her in Virginia?'

'Yes, Judge.'

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'How old was she?'

'Seventeen.'

Evidently this draggled creature, who looked as if she had been salvaged from an ash-barrel, was actually seventeen, once upon a time.

'Virginia allows feeble-minded persons to marry,' commented the probation officer.

The probation officer was clean and practical. Life showed her only its black and white. No dusty section-hand had ever courted her in Virginia in May. And yet perhaps even probation officers are marriageable at seventeen. Now, with unemotional ease, she discussed the feeble mind of the grimy woman in the grimy woman's presence.

'You wish me to commit these children as I did the others last year?' the judge turned to the father.

'Yes, Judge.'

The woman plucked again at her husband's sleeve, inarticulate.

'She wants to keep the baby,' he ventured to the probation officer. He dared not address this bold demand to the court.

'Which is the baby?' inquired the judge.

'The baby is n't here,' explained the probation officer. 'It's a little baby. Only a few months old. Born since you committed the others, last year.'

'What do *you* think?' the judge asked the probation officer.

'Oh, she might as well keep the baby,' she conceded, indifferently. 'She can't do it any harm, yet.'

The grimy woman's face relaxed its tension.

The judge signed commitment papers. The hearing was over.

'Next case,' commanded the court as the grimy family filed out.

'But you can't let her keep the baby when it gets older,' protested the visitors to the probation officer.

She shrugged.

'By that time there'll be another baby,' she predicted.

'For the state to support!'

'For the state to support. Exactly.'

'And the mother feeble-minded!' The visitors were horrified.

'They're all subnormal,' added the probation officer.

And, remembering great families that have died out in Virginia, the visitors asked, 'What of a state that lets its best stock perish, and permits a feeble-minded woman to bear five children?'

'Don't blame Virginia,' remonstrated the probation officer. 'She just happened to be from Virginia. Plenty of other states do the same thing. They won't restrict the liberty of the citizen.'

The visitors exclaimed indignantly.

'Laws are much occupied with the rights of citizens. The right to be born, especially. Why should the law overlook the right of the citizen not to be born feeble-minded?'

Nobody seemed to know the answer.

'You say the father of those children works hard?' continued the visitors.

'He earns good wages,' agreed the probation officer.

'Should n't the law have protected him and his descendants from this blight? If he had known that his children would be defective, can any one suppose he would have married such a woman? How could he know that she was feeble-minded? And he had a right to know.'

The probation officer smiled commiseratingly. She was not paid to worry about the law.

POETS' HARD TIMES

THESE are hard times for the honest minor poet: not because, as Mr. George Moore adventurously asserts, Art is dead under the curse of universal locomotion, nor because the singer is denied a just hearing by the public. What

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has happened bears some resemblance to a tragedy; but like certain other tragedies, its result is bound to be wholesome, like the pure touch of fire.

The honest minor poet wakes up in these days to find himself a child in a world of energetic, serious maturity. Even the daily headlines bring home to him that no one needs his songs of hills and leaves and clouds, of elfin things and gypsy feet, even of love and death, touched as they are in his music with the kind deceiving shimmer of dreams.

> He listens when the trumpets cry;
> He dreams through all the battle-thunder.
> His bloodless battles climb the sky,
> Cloud-legions, led by wide-eyed wonder.
>
> And when the torn and panting hosts
> Limp back to dull sleep or swift dying,
> Still is he generalled by ghosts,
> With dreamy sunburnt banners flying.

Probably, even if the War had not shaken the world into a sort of passionate, if unwilling, seriousness, the dreamer of quiet dreams would have found himself quite as much an innocent among hard able-bodied and able-minded men. Social and industrial battles surge up to our very doorsteps; and the man or woman who clicks the latch and sits by the fire within is accounted a fool or a criminal by the strugglers in the street.

But with the nations reeling like drunken regiments, with blood and death on land and under sea and up in the clean clouds, and an overpowering uncertainty at the heart of every vision of peace and progress, it is no wonder that the little singer finds himself beaten into humble silence.

If he is honest, he knows that the world needs the burning insight and power of a prophet, or the simplicity of eternal child-like Truth. If he is not great enough in complexity to attain the one, nor great enough in simplicity for the other, he has nothing to say. His stars and brooks will stand the test only if somehow he can weave them into the vast troubled web of human experience. Pale pools, white birds, green fishes, blue gardens, are truly the playthings of an artistic moment; and 'all the little emptiness of love' is like a rose blown down the wind, unless he can give it the substance of life more mightily than any sweet-chiming words alone can do. Poetry cannot dabble in strange forms, nor try to spice itself to vitality with new labels for old devices. Now, more than ever, poetry must speak for itself.

It is because of this high necessity that the singer is cast back into silence. He is like a young person in a house of tumult and sorrow. He yearns to help, but he is dumb before the terrible or noble facts about him. If he utters himself, he is aware of inadequacy, and expects to be brushed aside. Even if sometimes he feels sure that his dream-knowledge sees deeper than the darkened eyes of his friends, he dares not insist, till Time has given him the right to be heard. He must grow up before he can speak.

Even so the little poet who is clear-sighted enough to take himself less seriously than he takes the passionate and various vividness of life, knows that he must grow up. Or, to put it more plainly, he must be great to be worth hearing. When he can never be great, nothing is left for him but silence, and wonder. He may always keep the wonder.

Herein lies the wholesome beauty of this small tragedy of still-born dreams and songs. After all, silence and wonder are better than empty speech and eyes blind to the purifying fires of Experience. The world will not miss the little poet, nor he the world too much. His courageous silence will leave more sky-room for the great songs sure to come. His wonder will open to him some private port of Paradise, gleaming with the proud light of Truth.

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